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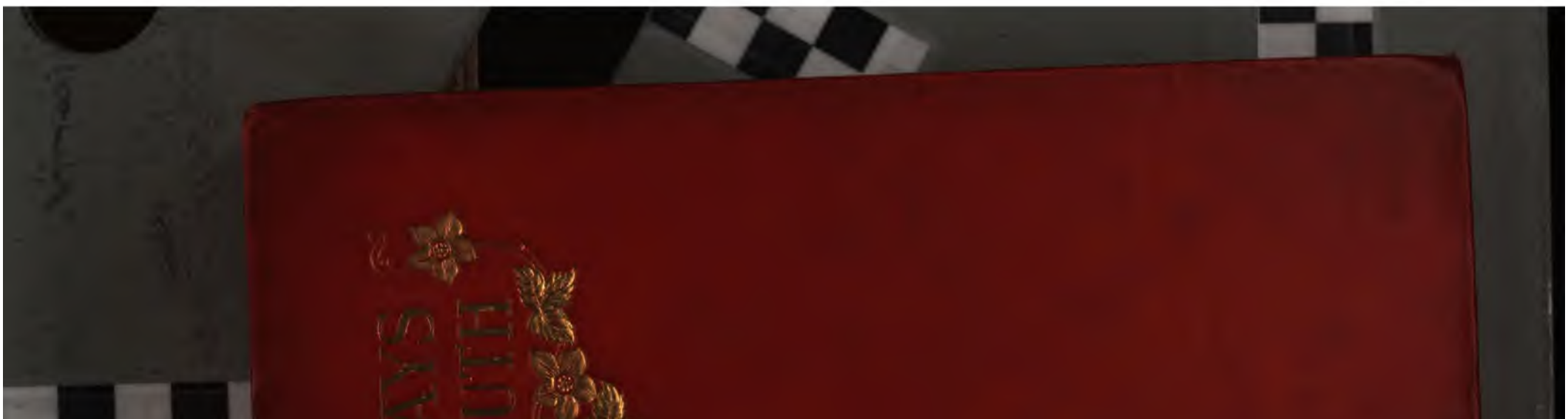
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Asa Horner



IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH





Ellis & Walery

JULIA NEILSON
AS "HYPATIA"

Frontispiece

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH





IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

T. P. O'CONNOR

Containing the Autobiographies of Thirty-Four well-known Men and Women of To-Day

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON
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PREFACE

This volume does not require any lengthy introduction. Indeed, it would be contrary to its purpose and origin that anybody should speak of those who figure in it but the persons themselves.

The series owes its origin to two ideas. First, I deemed it better that men and women who are worth hearing should speak for themselves and not through the refracting medium of others. In other words, that the human document which was interesting and valuable should be an autobiography and not an interview.

The second idea which gave rise to the series was that the world would probably be glad to hear of the early strivings of those who have struggled through unfavourable circumstances to recognition and success. The volume is really the record rather of the early and youthful beginnings than of the whole career of those who figure in it.

The reader will find representative men and women of most departments of human activity—of the stage, music, literature, art, politics. These chapters of autobiography may, in addition to the amusement they offer, act as a stimulus and encouragement to the many who have still

their way in the world to make; and whose consciousness of gifts may be damped by adverse surroundings and great obstacles.

I take the opportunity of renewing the expression of my gratitude to the hard-worked and successful men and women who have made leisure to contribute these chapters of autobiography first to the paper in which they originally appeared: and now to this volume.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

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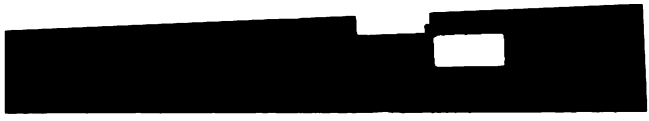
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THE STAGE

MRS. KENDAL

I owe what I am largely to heredity—to the long line of ancestors associated with the stage from whom I spring—to the encouragement and the training I received in my earliest youth from the veterans of my art.

Some time ago, a lady sent me a number of playbills; they belonged to the Spalding Theatre in Lincolnshire, and to the year 1785. Among the actors who took prominent parts in the pieces played were Mr. Robertson and Master Robertson.

'I presume,' wrote the lady to me, 'the Master Robertson named was your grandfather?' He was.

The association, you see, then, of my family with the stage is of very ancient date. My grandfather built eight theatres, all in the Lincolnshire circuit—one of the great circuits into which stageland in England was divided in the days when there were coaches and stock companies. The association of my father with these theatres helped me indirectly, as well as directly, as will be seen.

Let me say this one word about my father and mother—that they were the most faithful and loving couple I have ever seen. When they were old people they still took their toddy at night out of the same glass, in the dear, old-fashioned way.

I cannot recollect the first time I went on the stage

very clearly, and I have to trust to what other people tell me. The general impression I retain of those early appearances is that I sadly marred the effect of the pieces in which I appeared.

For instance, on my first appearance—I was two years old at the time—the legend is that I appeared in the character of a blind child; but when I got on the stage, I forgot all my blindness when I caught sight of my nurse; and called out to her: 'Mary, do you see my new shoes?' This is the legend, and possibly it is true, for I have always had the love of expressing strongly and promptly what I felt.

I have a more flattering description of my appearance at seven years, for I was seen by Mr. Charles Sennett, the well-known actor, whose wife is a member of our company. He says I acquitted myself well; and when some critics, owing to the number of years I have been before the public, give me not only my full tale of years—which Heaven knows is sufficiently lengthy—but add on to them as many as would make me an antediluvian, Mr. Sennett tells them that when he first saw me on the stage I was about seven years of age.

Indeed, there is a good deal of misapprehension with regard to me. Many think, for instance, that my dear brother, Tom Robertson, the dramatist, was my father, not my brother. These mistakes are due partly to the fact that my father and mother had a large family; I was the twenty-second child and the youngest. I was born at Cleethorpes, a little village in Lincolnshire, near Great Grimsby.

Those early years were full of struggle. In those far-

off days the young actresses, like me, went on the stage to augment their parents' small and uncertain incomes. I was glad often to receive a salary of twelve shillings a week. Nor did I jump into a first position as early as is sometimes supposed. Though while still young I often played lead, I also often played the lighter parts. I have played second to Kate Terry and Ellen Terry. When *Much Ado About Nothing* was played, for instance, Kate Terry played Beatrice, and Ellen Terry was Hero, while I was Ursula or Margaret; I can remember as if it were yesterday the lovely appearance of Ellen in her part. She looked truly beautiful, and she acted perfectly. So did Kate Terry—the lucky woman whom I envied so long for having left the stage at thirty, in the very zenith of her power and her beauty.

I was first employed as leading lady at the theatre in Bradford. Mr. Buckstone was the lessee, and it was this fact that brought me to the Haymarket Theatre, of which he was for so many years the owner. It was at this period that I found that assistance from my father's connection with the stage to which I have alluded. Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Compton, as well as Braid, Rogers, Clarke—all these great actors had been in the employ of my father, and I was regarded, and indeed was called, 'The Daughter of the Regiment.'

These fine veterans were only too glad to give me all the assistance in their power. When I played in any of the classical parts, I always had one of them to tell me that this was the way in which some of my great predecessors in the part had performed it, and so I had the advantage of knowing all the traditions of the stage. I

must confess that I believe I get more credit than I deserve for originality; much ought to be put down to these advantages of early training and constant encouragement from these great masters of my art.

I remained in the Haymarket for seven years. It was then that the cycle of plays in which Mr. Gilbert was so successful was produced: *The Palace of Truth*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *The Wicked World*; and in all these pieces I took the part of the leading lady.

I must tell an amusing incident that occurred in the Theatre Royal in Dublin, while I was playing Galatea. You remember that Pygmalion has a jealous wife named Cynisca. At the moment when I was about to throw myself into the arms of Pygmalion, an old Irish lady shouted out, 'Don't, darlint! His wife has just gone out.' It destroyed the scene. Everybody, including myself, had to burst into laughter.

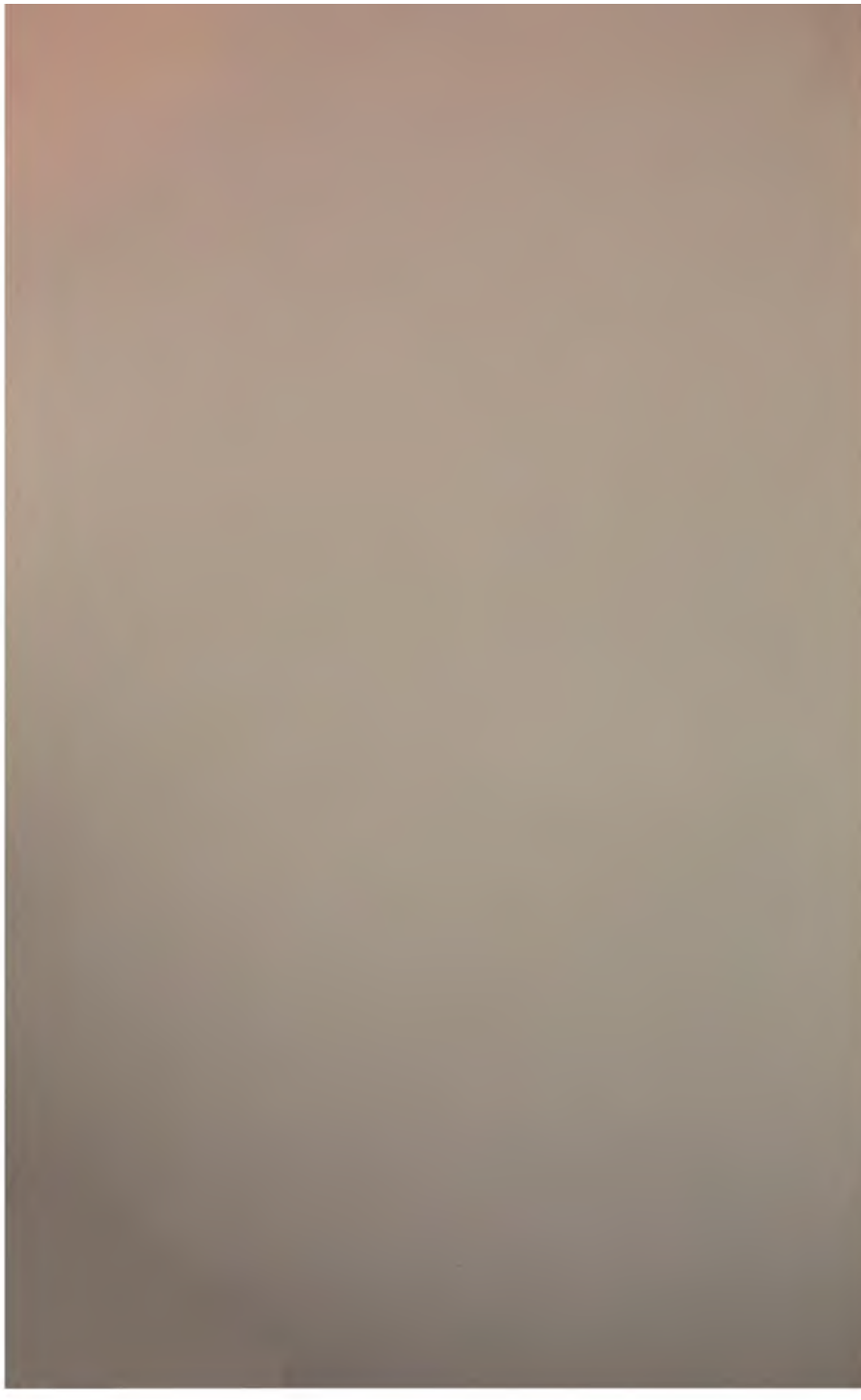
It was in 1869, and while I was a member of Mr. Buckstone's company, that I was married. A good many versions have been given of the curious circumstances of my marriage, but this is what really occurred:

In the Haymarket we had no star in the modern sense of an actor who so far outshone all the rest that the members of the company were not to be taken into account. We were all—every single one of us—supposed to be good actors or actresses. But still we had several actors who were bright particular stars in different towns. Thus the late Mr. Compton—a very great actor—would fill the house in Manchester. Mr. Chippendale was the great attraction in Edinburgh. My husband was the popular favourite in Glasgow, where he started his



Barraud

MRS. KENDAL



career. Now we happened to be in Manchester—the city in which Mr. Compton was particularly popular. We used at that epoch to remain for a month in Manchester, and for three weeks of the tour of 1869 the plays were those in which Mr. Compton took the chief part. The plays were *The Poor Gentleman*, *The Country Girl*, and *The Heir-at-Law*.

In none of these pieces had I any part, and so it seemed a handy time to get married. It was arranged that I should spend the first week in making preparations for my marriage; the second and third in getting married and in a honeymoon.

It will be remembered that Mr. Compton's real name was Mackenzie; he was uncle of the celebrated doctor, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and great-uncle of Mr. Morell, the young and successful manager of to-day, of whom I may call myself the dramatic godmother, for it was on my advice that his father allowed the boy to follow his bent for the stage. Well, Mr. Compton's brother—Sir Morell Mackenzie's father—was a doctor at Bradford, and at the time of this engagement at Manchester he was seriously ill. Mr. Compton used to run up to see him, for they were very much attached to each other.

I was married at nine o'clock in the morning, and was just about to start on my honeymoon, when Mr. Buckstone sent a messenger to our lodgings with the news that Dr. Mackenzie was dead, that Mr. Compton had to leave immediately, and that we should appear that night, I as Rosalind, and my husband as Orlando, in *As You Like It*. I had rehearsed the piece often; but I had never appeared in it, and you may imagine how taken aback I was. But

still I thought that the news of our marriage had not got out—for we had kept the thing quiet; indeed, we had been married by special licence—and I went down to the theatre that evening in the full faith that nobody in the great audience knew anything of the momentous event in my life which had taken place that morning.

And, indeed, at first there was no sign of the audience having any such knowledge; and I went through the piece smoothly, and delighted to think that I was going to escape so easily. But when we came to the passage: 'Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?' Orlando: 'I will, . . . as fast as she can marry us,' the audience burst from all parts of the house into loud applause. It was some minutes before I could proceed. I at first was so surprised, that I did not guess the reason of the demonstration; but it soon dawned on me, and I recognised that the audience not only knew my great secret, but wished me all the happiness which I am glad to say that day has brought to me.

Another and a very different event also took place in Manchester. A friend of mine gratified my desire to see a prison; and he took me to see, among others, a woman whom he described as a very bad case—a hardened creature whom nothing could subdue or soften—refractory beyond hope or cure. This unfortunate creature had had a baby while in prison; and the baby was in her arms at the moment when I entered the cell. She was supposed to remain absolutely silent during the visit; I was also supposed by the rules to maintain the same absolute silence.

But women laugh at rules—especially where their feelings are concerned. I have always adored children. At

that moment I was still suffering poignantly from the death of a little boy; and when I saw this babe in this poor woman's arms, I took it from her, pressed it to my own breast, and kissed it. I could see that the tears came into the eyes and fell down the cheek of this hardened face.

My cicerone gave me a round and almost violent lecture on my breach of the rules, but I found consolation in the information conveyed to me afterwards that from this time forward the woman was changed. Sympathy for her child had softened her heart; she ceased to give trouble ever after.

I should also mention among my reminiscences of those early days our friendship with Frank Lockwood. I knew poor Frank so long that I came to regard him as a brother, and loved him as one. We knew him when he and we were poor, and many of my happiest recollections are from that time.

It was in the days before he had received his first brief. Indeed, I may claim part of the honour of having got him that first brief. I knew well Sir Albert—Mr. Rollit as he then was—who at the time had his practice as a solicitor mainly in Hull. I said to Mr. Rollit that he must look out for a young friend of mine, Lockwood by name, and it was from Mr. Rollit that the first brief came.

But before that epoch Frank had something like £1 a week to live on, and as we had £4, he regarded us as at the height of prosperity. How often used he to come to us on a Sunday, and enter into a discussion as to how we should spend a happy day!

'I'll tell you what it is, Madge,' he would say, 'a penny boat to Greenwich, then a 3s. 6d. dinner, and we'll come

home like John the Grand!' and we often carried out that programme. Ah! those happy days of poverty and obscurity and youth!

Frank Lockwood was a man of many sides and many moods. I have seen him lying on the floor, with my children crawling over him, and he would be just as boisterous and merry and as childish as any of them. And then, all in a moment, his brow would get dark, and a spasm of pain and melancholy would cross it—the true foreshadowing of his sad and early death.

When I left Mr. Buckstone, my husband and I set up on our own account, and our history since then is perhaps well known enough not to require detailed recapitulation. Let me pass on to tell how I treat my part in a play.

I try to live in it and with it for weeks before I appear in it. I like to work best at night. There is a stillness which you cannot get at any other time. In the silence I read my part, and as I read I make certain marks—intelligible only to myself—which indicate my ideas.

There is a certain excitement—perhaps a little morbid—in one's studies in the silent watches of the night; and I find it necessary to correct or modify my impression by further work in the day. When I have attended to my household duties, I take up my part, and I go over it again. Then, in addition, my husband and I thoroughly rehearse our parts at home, before we rehearse them with the company at the theatre.

May I illustrate the feeling of an artiste with regard to his or her part by a bold but homely figure? When the curtain rises on the first night of a production, the play and all about it are quite new to the audience; but the

artiste has lived with it for weeks, perhaps months. A mother lost her baby once when it was but six weeks old; and when she grieved deeply, and for a long time, her husband remonstrated with her, and said, 'Why grieve over a child that was but six weeks with you?' 'Ah,' she replied, 'you forget that it was much longer than six weeks with me.'

The true actor, consciously or unconsciously, always carries his art along with him. If I go out to a reception I am at work—often unknown to myself. I see that a certain woman is interested in a certain man—is given either joy or grief through him. I watch her expression, I follow the play of nerve and muscle in her face, and thus I learn how the human face reveals the workings of the human soul; and endeavour to follow what I have learned thus by observation.

Let me give a further illustration of what I mean. Actors and actresses, like others, have their sorrows, and I have had some bitter ones. But there are sorrows on which silence is the only possible course—the heart must burst rather than the tongue should speak.

Strangely and unconsciously the art of the actor or the actress gives Nature the outlet it craves. The mimic emotions of the stage are not unreality, pure and simple, to the artiste—are not impersonal abstractions. Nay, they are often his or her very self. Through the gestures, the words, the looks of the character she is portraying, the actress is pouring forth all the unfathomable and unexpressed grief of her own heart.

People tell me that my acting has increased in its pathos as I have grown older. I' faith it should. It is difficult

for even the best artiste to express emotions she has not felt in her own person; if my acting have more of pathos, it is that I have seen and have felt more of life's sorrow. The scene that elicits thunders of applause, that draws up the curtain again and again, that brings down praises for its art, is often not acting at all. It is the soul laid bare of the man or woman who has been praised for the mimicry of the unreal!

I am told that the papers have been generous in their praise of my present performance. I am grateful to them; but I only know of what they say by hearsay. In my husband I have my severest and my kindest critic. Nearly every night we freely criticise each other's performance; go through the different points of our parts; point out to each other an error here, an improvement there. It is from him, too, that I have to learn what is said about me.

I made it a rule many years ago never to read any criticisms of my performance until they were three weeks old. I was forced to this habit by the knowledge that the reading of criticism is calculated to demoralise an actor or actress if they be ordinarily sensitive. Either they are praised too highly, and then they may lose their heads and get careless, or they are assailed unjustly, and then they imagine that the condemnatory things written about them are in the minds of their audiences, and thus they may get morbid, and be untrue to their best. After three weeks, however, what has been written is forgotten. You have settled down to your part, and you can read the criticism with impunity.

I have finally to thank the public of these countries and of America for a kindness and a generosity that have never

failed me. I have to thank fortune for a home, and I love my art, but I will make a confession which, I dare say, will surprise many people. My keenest longing—my greatest ambition—is to leave the stage. And if ever I do take a farewell of the stage it will be once and for ever. Those who know me give me credit for being a woman of some strength of purpose, and if, therefore, I ever say I am leaving the stage I will be true to my word. Oh! if only, when the curtain falls for the last time on *The Elder Miss Blossom* at the St. James's, I could feel that the stage was all over for me, how happy I should be! And I have felt that way every day since I was thirty-seven.

Why? I can give no reason but a bad one, perhaps one of which I ought to be ashamed. It is sheer, empty, crass vanity. It is that I may leave when everybody thinks me at my best, and would be glad to see more of me, and will think of me with regret. But 'to lag superfluous on the stage'—Heaven save me from that dark destiny!

MR. FRED TERRY

My father was an actor and my mother an actress. My sisters—Kate, Ellen, Marion, and Florence—had all selected the stage as their profession, so you may naturally suppose that I followed on in their footsteps as a matter of course. Nothing of the kind. I was intended for business, and my education was planned out with that end in view. First of all I was to go to a school in France. When I had mastered French, it was intended that I should go on to study in Germany, and then finish up my education in Italy. The first part of the programme was carried out, but there it stopped.

My father was a delightful old man, always a favourite wherever he went. He was genial and courtly, and his manners were quite those of the old school. I don't think he ever made a great name as an actor. He would, I believe, have done well as a comedian; at least, so he told me himself. He was always very active. When he was seventy-two I have seen him vault over some iron railings in a way many a younger man would have envied.

My mother at one time acted with Macready. She played the queen in *Hamlet* with him, and he told her that she was a very clever actress. I don't know whether his opinion was confirmed by the British public, but I won't presume to question his judgment.

I was eleven years old when I was sent off to a school in France. I was tall for my age, and lanky, but not very strong, and I have a sort of idea that at that time I was a very good little boy. The school was at a place called Guines, and was kept by a M. Liborel. A good many English boys were there. Fred Leslie had been at the school, but he was senior to me.

When I was starting off, my mother told me that she hoped I would be a good boy, and would not quarrel or fight. I promised her that I would not. You see, I had never been away from home before, and I thought it would be quite easy to keep my promise.

When I arrived I had a terrible time. No matter what anybody did to me, I submitted patiently, and never attempted to take my own part. It wasn't that I had no pluck, but I felt bound to keep the promise which I had made to my mother. For two or three months I must have been the most miserable little boy in Europe. Everybody hit me. Everybody kicked me. Even little fellows of seven or eight, not much higher than my elbow, used to amuse themselves by pommelling me. For it was quite safe—I never hit back.

At last, I could stand it no longer, and I wrote to my mother, asking her if I might be allowed to break that promise about not fighting. In a few days I received a letter from my father—it was as nearly as possible in these words :—

'My Dear Son,—I have just read your letter to your mother. I am greatly grieved to think that you are unhappy in your surroundings. Your mother only meant that you were not to be quarrelsome. But if your lot would be ameliorated

by fighting [my father used very simple language when he spoke, but when he was writing he loved to employ a good long word or two], then you had better do so. And if you *must* fight, my advice to you is to *get in the first hit* and *hit hard*——'

I was sitting on a form reading the letter, and had just come to those words, which were doubly underlined, when, biff! there came a tremendous box on the ear from some one standing behind me. I started up. All the concentrated rage that had been bottled up for the last three months was let loose, and I flew like a madman at the unfortunate boy whose bad luck it was to have hit me at that particular moment. I seized him by the throat in the unfairest manner, knocked him down, and jumped on him. In my frenzy I didn't know what I was doing, but I hurt him in every way I could until I was presently pulled off from my unhappy victim. He, poor chap, had to be taken up to the sick-room.

In the course of the next few days I fought four pitched battles, and after that I was quite happy. We were allowed by the masters to fight, provided that everything was fairly and properly done. My last combat was with a Yorkshire boy, named Wood, from whom I received an awful licking. However, I went on until I got in one good blow, which blackened his eye. And then, honour being satisfied, I gave in.

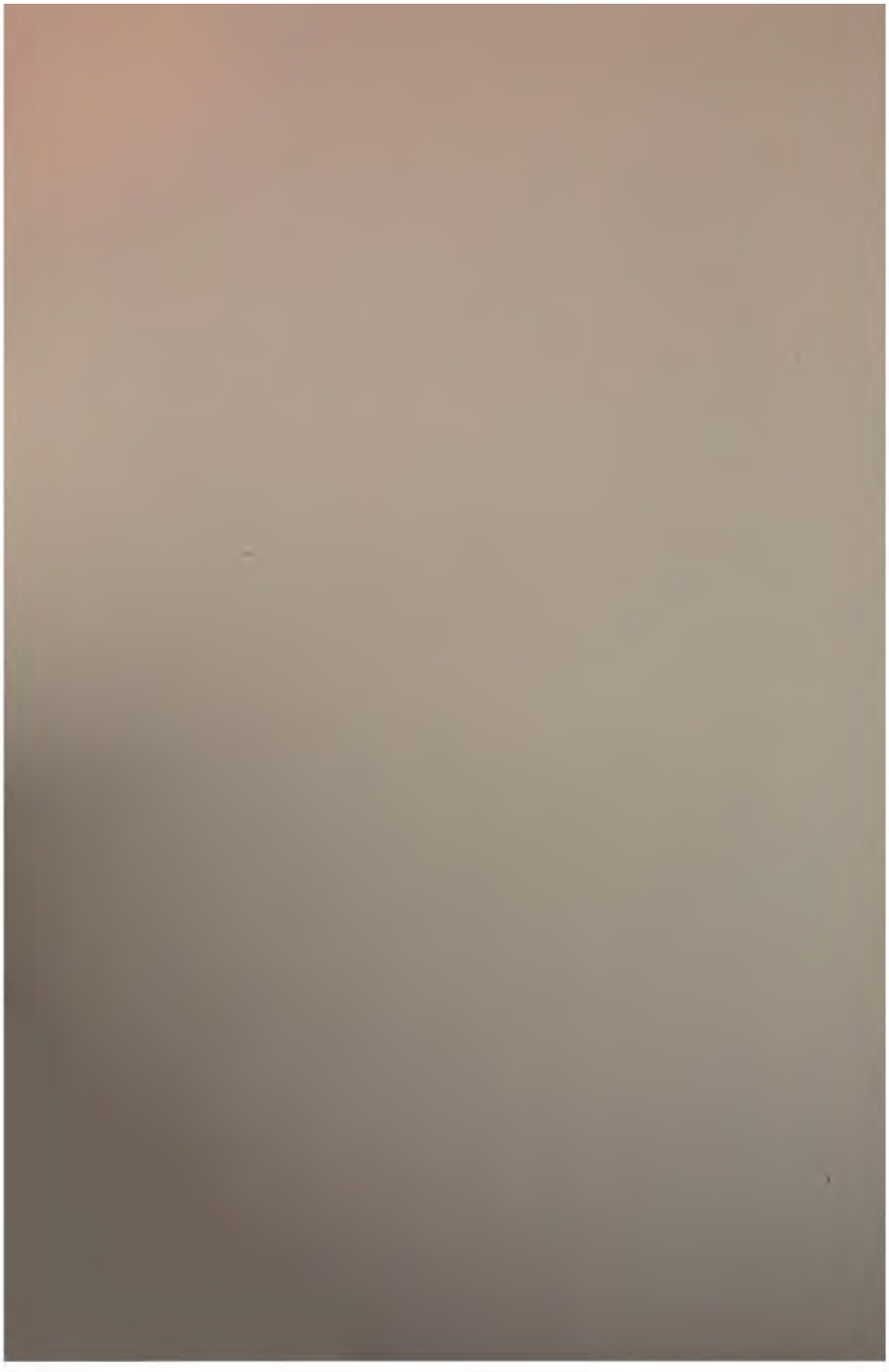
I remained at Guines for two years, and then went on to Geneva, where I lived with a German family in order that I might learn German and presently get into the College at Geneva. But I was abominably lazy, and didn't learn a word of the language. The consequence was that when I eventually went in for my preliminary



Ellis and Walery

FRED TERRY

AS PHILAMMON IN "HYPATIA"



examination, I failed completely in German, and so was unable to enter the College.

However, I stayed on at Geneva for some little time longer. I was now about fifteen, and though still so young, I was quite a man in appearance. I was fully six feet in height, and had side whiskers, which, of course, helped to make me look much older than I was. I went about with men, mixed in men society, and was treated as a man. I rather fancy that some of the acquaintances I made at this time were not particularly desirable. Night after night I used to go to the 'cercle,' and sat up till all hours playing baccarat.

As a set-off against this, however, I used now and again to shoulder my knapsack, and start off on walking expeditions in the mountains for a week or so at a time. This I enjoyed thoroughly. I was very fond of walking in those days, and I walked a great deal; but I have made up for it since.

Of course, this sort of life was not to last very long. I was not doing much good. I had got into debt, and what I was learning was not likely to be of much use to me. So my father decided that I had better come back to England.

This was in the winter of 1879. My sister Marion was rehearsing in *Money* at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Street, off Tottenham Court Road. The Bancrofts were preparing to open the Haymarket Theatre, which they had just rebuilt. I walked down to the Prince of Wales's one day with my sister when she was going to rehearsal. There I met Mr. Bancroft, as he then was. He was exceedingly pleasant to me.

'What are you going to do?' he asked.

I said that I hadn't the remotest idea. And I hadn't.

'Why don't you act?' said he.

I told him I didn't think I could, and that I was afraid to attempt it.

'Well,' said he, 'suppose you try walking on in the club scene. Then you can see how you like it.' And he told me that my salary would be a guinea a week.

This was a tremendous inducement to me, and I determined to make the attempt.

The Haymarket Theatre was opened at the end of January 1880. The 30th of January, I think, was the date. It was a memorable night. There was a dense fog, and, what was much more serious, there was a very hostile audience in the cheaper parts of the house, furious at the abolition of the pit, and determined, too, to make themselves heard. I only had to appear in the club scene, which would not come on till past ten o'clock. But I felt that the success of the evening depended on me, and I was down at the theatre by seven o'clock. It is true I only had to wear evening dress and to make-up. But making-up was no easy task. I spent over an hour upon it, and even then I fear the result would have been a complete failure if Mr. Arthur Cecil had not come to my aid. He painted a beautiful black moustache on my upper lip, and made me generally presentable.

Meanwhile an awful scene had been going on upon the stage. When the curtain rose the cries and yells of the angry audience drowned every word that the actors attempted to say. In a few minutes the curtain was lowered, and Mr. Bancroft came forward and made a

speech. After about the stormiest twenty minutes that ever passed in a theatre, the malcontents consented to hear the play, and the curtain was raised again. But I fancy that the company must have been unnerved, and quite unable to do themselves justice.

It was long past ten o'clock when the club scene came on. Of all awful sounds, I know none which will compare with the music of the orchestra when it is playing just before one makes a first appearance on the stage. It is quite impossible to describe the abject nervousness which I felt. When the curtain went up I was piteously miserable. I thought that the whole audience was looking at me, and at me alone. I had a few words to say with the rest of the crowd, but the wretched syllables would not get themselves pronounced. Of course, everybody else shouted them out, and my silence was quite unnoticed. But I had a horrible feeling that I was being marked down, and that I should be told next day that I was useless, and had better not come on any more.

After the play was all over I walked home in the fog with my father. We did the best we could, but after an hour's steady walking we found ourselves in the colonnade which runs at the back of Her Majesty's Theatre, about two hundred yards from the place where we started. It was past four in the morning when we reached home at Notting Hill.

I stayed at the Haymarket for three or four months during the run of *Money*. After that I played Bertie Fitzurse in *New Men and Old Acres* at a matinée with my sister Ellen. It was my first speaking part. Unhappily, my voice broke, and one of my words went off in

a little squeak. My sister imitated the squeak in the sentence with which she replied, and the audience roared. I felt utterly humiliated.

Mrs. Chippendale was playing Mrs. Vavasour, and she offered me an engagement to play in the country, at a salary of a pound a week. I did my best, and I supposed she was pleased with me, for she presently raised my salary to a guinea. Not a very big rise, you may say; but it made a good deal of difference to me. I was living on my salary, and the extra shilling meant a bottle of stout every day. After a time I had a further rise to twenty-five shillings a week, and I was very happy.

I spent a year and a half with Mrs. Chippendale, and then I joined Marie de Grey, and remained in her company for two years. I owe a great deal both to Mrs. Chippendale and to Marie de Grey. They were very kind to me, and with them I gained plenty of experience. I played every sort of part, from the Black Admiral in the burlesque of *Black-eyed Susan* to Joseph Surface. In *Romeo and Juliet*, during these two years, I played every male part except Romeo and the Apothecary. Marie de Grey was wonderfully good to me. She noticed one day that I was looking pale and ill, and she called me to her.

'I don't know what's the matter with you,' she said, 'but you are to go to the best doctor you can find—at once, do you hear?—never mind what it costs. I'll settle that, and you shall repay me when you can.'

When I was at Torquay in this company I very nearly lost my life. A party of us went down to bathe, the idea being that we should go some little way out in a boat,

and swim to the shore. But I, in all the conceit of a boy of nineteen, thought I would perform the feat of swimming out and back again. I started off by myself, met the others, and returned with them. When I was a little way from the shore I suddenly felt intensely sleepy. I just managed to land, and then wanted to go to sleep on the beach. In fact, I was in a very bad way. Mr. Somerset, who was one of the party, ran off at once to the hotel in his bathing-drawers, seized a brandy-bottle from the horrified barmaid, and got back to me just in time. The doctor afterwards said that he had saved my life.

I went to the Haymarket in 1890, and there met Miss Julia Neilson, who, in the following year, took pity on me, and became my wife. I had seen her play in *Brantinghame Hall* at the St. James's Theatre, and had been impressed with her acting.

'There is a Miss Neilson there,' I remarked to my father. 'You really ought to see her. Upon my word, I think she is awfully good.'

While we were playing in *The Dancing Girl* at Dublin, Miss Neilson suggested that we should go out for a ride in the Phœnix Park. I didn't like to own that my powers of horsemanship were limited to a degree; so I went to a man who let out horses on hire, and ordered two.

'At least,' said I, 'I want one horse and one sheep.' The sheep proved rather more than I could manage, and I tumbled off. Miss Neilson fortunately was a little ahead of me when the catastrophe happened. She looked round just afterwards.

'What are you doing?' she asked.

'Only tightening one of the straps,' I replied airily, and then I contrived to get on again. But I was not to escape so easily. Just as I mounted, the British Army, under the command of Lord Wolseley, began to fire. They happened to be having a field-day. I had one, too. Somehow or other my legs got round the sheep's neck, and the frightened beast turned its head and reproachfully looked me in the face. This was more than I could stand, and again I came to Mother Earth, splitting my head open this time. An officer's servant accompanied Miss Neilson back to Dublin, and I made the best of my way to a doctor, who sewed up the wound. He wanted to shave my head, but to this I objected.

A fortnight afterwards I was all right, and I went to see my friend the doctor.

'The wound is quite healed, you see,' I remarked.

'Well,' replied he, with a pleasant brogue, 'I *am* surprised! I thought you 'd have erysipelas.'

I had another rather amusing experience at Montreal in 1895. We were playing there at the Royal Academy of Music. I had an introduction to a Mr. Charles Hosmer, now one of my best friends.

Mrs. Terry and I went to lunch with him the day after we made our first appearance in Montreal. Somehow or other, he had not realised the fact that we had been acting on the previous evening, and began to speak of the performance.

'An English company seems to have made a big hit last night,' he said. 'Do you know anything about them?'



He didn't give us time to answer the question, but went on—

'A woman called Julia Neilson has made quite a success. They say she is very good-looking. Is it true?'

'Judge for yourself,' I replied, laughing, as I turned from him towards my wife. 'This is Miss Julia Neilson.'

HERMANN VEZIN

On the 9th of September 1654 was born my great-great-grandfather Pierre de Vezin in St. Florentin (Yonne) in France. He was the son of a vine-grower. Although a Roman Catholic, Pierre saved the lives of some Huguenot friends at the risk of his own. Compelled to fly from France, he in Hanover obtained the post of viola player in the orchestra of the French theatre there, and married the seventeen-year-old daughter of the manager, Marie Charlotte de Chateauneuf. I need hardly say how delighted I am to know that my great-great-grandmother had been a French actress. Of their ten children my great-grandfather, Jean Baptiste Vezin, was Kapellmeister in Hanover. His son Henri Auguste Vezin was my grandfather, and of his fifteen children, Charles Henri Vezin was my father. He was born in 1782. About 1813 he sailed from Bordeaux to Philadelphia. His ship being captured by the English, he was lodged with some eight thousand other prisoners of war in Porchester Castle for a while.

He settled finally as a merchant in Philadelphia, and in 1821 he married Emilie Kalisky, a young German lady, aged seventeen. I was the fourth of their fourteen children.

Some little interest may attach to my school-days from

the fame achieved years afterwards by some of my schoolmates—'Hans Breitman' (Mr. Leland), Geo. H. Boker the dramatist, General Maclellan, and General John Parke, who was my dearest school friend until he went to West Point. I spoke to General Grant about him, and he said, 'Oh yes, he joined me at Vicksburg, and was with me till the end of the war.'

In 1847 I graduated B.A. at the University of Pennsylvania. I was only eighteen, much the youngest in the class. My father promptly placed me in a lawyer's office to study law, but I found it impossible to fix my attention on Blackstone. At what age I was first allowed to visit the theatre I don't exactly know, but some of my earliest recollections are of Tyrone Power, the great Irish comedian, Fanny Elsler, Mdlle. Calvé, and the French Light Opera Company from New Orleans, Arditi, Bottesini, and Signora Tedesco from Havana, Madame Anna Bishop and other Italian operatic stars.

Later on I spent all my pocket-money in going to the pit. Edwin Forrest was one of my greatest favourites, and I went time after time to see him in the same part. Yet all this time the wish to become an actor myself had never occurred to me. I must have been affected by the general prejudice that places the actor's calling on a somewhat lower social stratum than the few professions that 'gentlemen' were allowed to follow. One night I saw Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean play Benedick and Beatrice. I had never read or seen *Much Ado About Nothing*. I had never witnessed any acting at once so brilliant and refined, and the wish to go on the stage came upon me with a suddenness that frightened me.

I told my college friend, Arthur Jackson, and we argued the matter out. I read all the books I could find in the Franklin Library antagonistic to the theatre, and was amazed at the futility of their arguments. I told my father, and I don't think he was very well for several days afterwards. Then commenced a long siege on his part. Every Sunday he would quietly, but earnestly, argue with me. I listened in silence, and then wrote him a long letter answering his arguments as best I could. Sometimes he would at dinner—we sat down twelve to table—repeat some anti-actor story. On one of these occasions I rather scored with an apt retort. He told us how Sir Robert Peel had crossed the floor of the House of Commons to shake hands with Liebig, the eminent chemist; and, added he, 'I don't think he would have done that to an actor,' and he went on carving the joint in triumph.

I allowed this crushing observation to make its tour of the table, and after the approving murmur had quite subsided, I said: 'In a House of Commons in which Sir Robert Peel would have been a schoolboy, an order having been given to clear the Strangers' Gallery, Edmund Burke rose and moved that David Garrick, the great master from whom they had all learned so much, might be allowed to remain!'

There followed an awful silence, and the rest of the dinner was not interrupted by any further uncomplimentary remarks against actors.

The siege went on, but as the citadel showed no signs of yielding, it was at last decided to send me to Berlin, partly to consult Dr. Jüngken, a noted oculist, over-study

having injured my eyes, partly to give the enlightened Germans a chance of curing me of my 'insane idea' of going on the stage. The oculist ordered complete rest for the eyes; the 'insane idea' was not regarded as a sign of incipient lunacy, but gave me an interest that procured me many friends. This was a revelation to me: I had expected to be tabooed.

Geheimrath Kalisky (a cousin of my mother's) and his family treated me as one of themselves, so that, taking it altogether, the eighteen months I stayed in Berlin were the happiest of my life. Constant visits to the art galleries, opera houses, and theatres taught me much. I had the advantage of knowing Hermann Hendrichs, perhaps the most accomplished actor I have ever seen.

I stored up all the instruction I could gather from him; only one piece of advice I did not follow. He strongly advised me not to go on the stage, 'because,' he said, 'you are too short.'

'But,' I objected, 'not too short for Shylock or Richard III.?'

'Certainly not,' said he, 'nor for many other great parts; but you 'll be forty before you play them.'

He could not have anticipated that I should play Shylock when I was twenty-two, and all the other big Shakespearian parts when I was twenty-four. As to my height, I was much consoled by being told by a lady who had known Talma that he was just about my height, if anything a trifle shorter.

I left Berlin 1st January 1850, and reached London on the 7th, the delay having been caused by floods that trains could not plough through, ice that made the Rhine

impassable, and a stormy passage of twelve hours from Ostend to Dover. Once here, I soon looked up Charles Kean again, and he very kindly took much trouble to get me an engagement in some provincial theatre. After failing to procure me an opening in some of the larger theatres, he finally succeeded in York at the Theatre Royal, in which town I made my first appearance on Easter Monday, 1850.

Engagements must have been more easily got then than now, and yet one of our then leading tragedians was over three months vainly trying to place me in the humblest position in a provincial theatre, although I did not ask for a salary. My first part was that of a soldier in the comic scenes of a pantomime. I had to ask the clown, in dumb show, to enlist, and afterwards, in what were called the 'rally scenes,' join the crowd on the stage who threw carrots and fish, etc., at each other for no earthly reason.

The only speaking parts I had in York and Leeds were the Gaoler in *George Barnwell*, the Bleeding Sergeant in *Macbeth*, and Balthasar in *Much Ado About Nothing*. I could not get the words of the Bleeding Sergeant into my head, and the audience very properly and heartily hissed me. I wrote a comic account of my fiasco to Kean. Two years after he cast me to play the same part before the Queen at Windsor Castle and at the Princess's Theatre. At my first rehearsal Kean with a roguish twinkle said: 'Hullo! Vezin, this is an old part of yours!'

My second engagement was with George Owen at Southampton at 10s. per week. On my way from Leeds

to Southampton occurred the greatest dramatic event of my life. I saw Rachel.

I shall not attempt the impossible task of describing that transcendent genius. At seventeen years of age she made her *début* at the Français as Camille in *Les Horaces.*

In the November of the same year the house could not contain the crowds that came to see her. When she was twenty she first appeared in London at Her Majesty's Opera House. One night the receipts rose to the enormous sum of £1500! And that to see a girl of twenty, who acted in a foreign language. I asked Fanny Kemble her opinion of Rachel. She answered in a voice of muffled thunder: 'She is the only actor since Edmund Kean!'

Charles Kean, not understanding a word of French, saw her one night as Camille. The next day he took me down to Windsor, where he was going to consult the Prince Consort about the Windsor Castle plays. On the way, speaking of Rachel, he said: 'I never in my life have seen anything that reminded me so much of my father's acting in the fifth act of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, as Rachel's acting last night.' So I may congratulate myself on having seen the highest. I saw her twice in every part she played that year and the next, and four times in *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and *Camille.* Mrs. Charles Kean said of her curse on Rome in this last character, 'She was drunk with frenzy.'

Talking of great actors, let me repeat what I heard from B. W. Wood, an old retired actor and manager in Philadelphia, the only man from whom I had a few lessons in elocution. He told me he had seen Home's *Douglas* played

in London with this cast: — Young Norval, Master Betty; Old Norval, John Kemble; Lord Randolph, Charles Kemble; Glenalvon, George Frederick Cooke; and Lady Randolph, Mrs. Siddons! It makes one dizzy to think of it.

But to return to Southampton. I opened as Cool in *London Assurance*, with Mrs. Nisbet as Lady Gay. She was very nice to me, though she didn't quite remember my name when she wanted me for some particular part. Then it was: 'Oh, give it to Mr.—Mr.—oh, the punctual man.' Among the stars we had to play with were the Keans. I played Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and, calling on him the next day, was greeted with: 'Well, Vezin, you are the best among the bad.'

On leaving Southampton I saw Macready at the Haymarket as Hamlet, Shylock, and Richelieu: I cannot say that I appreciated him. I then had a season with Murray in Edinburgh, and saw some fine acting, especially from Murray and Mackay—'Bailie' Mackay. The *ars celare artem* was never carried nearer to perfection than by this actor.

In 1851 I thought I should like to have a shot at some of the big parts, and I began with Shylock in Ryde, Isle of Wight, following it up with Young Norval, Claude Melnotte, Sir Edward Mortimer, Richelieu, and the fifth act of Sir Giles Overreach.

In 1852, on Easter Monday, I opened at the Princess's Theatre with Charles Kean as Pembroke, *King John*. I made a point of meeting Kean behind the scenes after the curtain had fallen. He said, 'Very good, very good indeed, Vezin; I wish I had a few more actors who could



speak blank verse as well as you do. But you do look so like Macready when you are made up for the stage!' 'Like Macready?' I exclaimed. 'Why, I have always been told I looked like you!' 'Like me!' he cried with mock horror. 'Good God! if I had such a nose as that I'd cut it off!' and his nose was his worst feature!

For some years after this I played Shakespeare in the provinces and in America. In 1859 I took the Surrey Theatre for six weeks, just to test myself by the light of criticism. It was a very hot Whitsuntide. I opened in *Macbeth*, and read next day that I was the greatest actor since Edmund Kean, and so on, and so on. Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, King John, followed with similar gratifying results, but the most important feature of the season, to me, was my arriving at a firm conviction that these characters were human beings, and not mere stage figures, to serve as vehicles for the display of the actor's tricks.

And so I arrived at the mature age of thirty.

MRS. LANGTRY

I AM English—English to the backbone—for I was born in the island of Jersey, which has been a British possession from the time of the Conquest,—and, indeed, we islanders claim to be the oldest English. My father, the Venerable Dean Le Breton, was a direct descendant of the Le Bretons of Normandy.

My family has been in the island since the eighth century, and has figured in most of the historic events of Jersey. Tombs of the Le Bretons are to be seen everywhere in the church of St. Saviour's; Le Breton's figure in the famous Bayeux tapestry. In the well-known picture of the Battle of Jersey my great-great-uncle is seen urging the troops to the fight, though he was a Dean; the flying figure of a woman represents my great-grandmother, and the child in her arms is my grandfather.

Thus it came to pass that the deanery of St. Saviour's, Jersey, in which I first saw the light, was a kind of hereditary holding. My father was appointed to it at the early age of twenty-eight, after a very short apprenticeship in holy orders as a curate at St. Olave's, Southwark, and as the chaplain of Newgate.

My father was undoubtedly a very brilliant scholar. He was educated at Winchester, and then was a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. He left college at an age when

most youths are entering it: for he was only nineteen when he took his degree. He was a very fine elocutionist. The Shakespearian readings, or rather recitations, which he gave for different churches from time to time, were flocked to by the whole island, and there is little doubt that he would have made his mark as an orator. Perhaps any aptitude that I may have shown for the stage has been inherited from him.

Nobody took greater interest in my professional career, or was more pleased at any small success that I may have obtained, than my father. He had a marvellous memory, and could recite a whole play of Shakespeare without a mistake. I inherit that quality: my memory has been of great use to me in my profession. I do not always read carefully; but what I read attentively I never forget.

It was a great mistake ever to have accepted the family living, and he felt it to be so himself. His fine ability, his great charm of manner, and, perhaps I may add, his stately and handsome presence, would have made his success in London certain. In addition, he was a man who made and who always retained friends, and among those who were attached to him to the end of his life was Dr. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury.

By my mother's side I am of Scottish descent. She was a Martin, and a woman of remarkable beauty.

The deanery of St. Saviour's is an old granite building some parts of which date from the year 900. It is in the midst of a beautiful scene, which I can recall at any moment by closing my eyes. The building is overgrown with roses of every hue, from the blush to the damask, mingled with myrtle and jasmine, and is perched on the brow of a cotille,

as a hill is termed in the Jersey *patois*; and overlooks a perfect stretch of meadow land, tenanted by numbers of soft-eyed Jersey cattle.

Sometimes in the evening, as I look into the fire, I seem to hear the lowing of the cattle, and with it is mingled the sweet sing-song of the *patois* of my own people—a *patois* which, amid all changes of fortune and travel, I can still speak as fluently as when I was a child.

My father had advanced ideas, for his time, with regard to the education of women. That accounted for the peculiar way in which my education was carried on.

I never went to school, but started under the charge of a governess. She, however, was soon supplanted by tutors, and I had to learn Greek, Latin, and German, among other things, from the best masters that Victoria College could supply. Music and drawing I worked at enthusiastically—especially music; and I showed some musical talent, for I played more than once at the local concerts.

And then I would dream sometimes of being a singer, sometimes of being a painter; but, strange to say, never once in those early days did the thought enter my head of becoming an actress. I never appeared even once in amateur threatricals, and I had no particular love for the theatre. In that respect I was a faithful echo of my surroundings, for at that period we heard and knew, within the granite walls of the deanery, little of the dramatic companies who visited the Theatre Royal. Puritanical ideas were still dominant in the island generally.

To be one of seven children and the only girl might convey the impression that I was likely to be spoilt. On the contrary, I had to take my position on the 'battlefield'

of sport, with six robust and athletic brothers, all of whom, with one exception, were older than myself, and all of whom were wild creatures, full of animal spirits and the love of mischief. To this very day I shudder at the thoughts of the kicks I received at football, the dangerous position of wicket-keeper I was invariably forced into at cricket, and the blows on the nose that made my mother insist upon my giving up boxing, much to the disgust of my brothers, who were doing their best, as they proudly observed, 'to make a man' of me.

Their efforts did not end with these endeavours, by any means. Amongst other wild pranks, I remember, they conceived the idea of sending my youngest brother and myself, mounted on stilts, enveloped in sheets, with phosphorus paint smeared on our faces and hands, to patrol the ancient churchyard, adjoining the deanery paddocks, at the witching hour of midnight. It was the very same churchyard from which our great-great-uncle harangued the troops on the morning of the battle of Jersey. But what a change in the circumstances! He was there to inspire his men with courage; our object was to fill belated islanders with dread; and to such an extent did we succeed, that letters were written to the local newspapers threatening to shoot anything in the neighbourhood that looked like a ghost.

At the same time, everybody on the island, the police included, knew full well that the ghostly apparitions were probably the result of another of the innumerable pranks of the mischievous family of the dean. There is no doubt the 'natives' had a pretty shrewd idea of where to look for the offenders. But they never took us seriously;

their love for the Le Bretons seemed to condone everything.

Another freak of ours was the annexation or exchange of door-knockers. I am ashamed to state that I have walked for miles with my upheld skirts filled with these useful and decorative articles, with the sole object of giving them a change of air, or, rather, a change of paint, for we would place a highly-polished brass knocker on a labourer's cottage, and transplant his broken apology for one to a mansion three miles off.

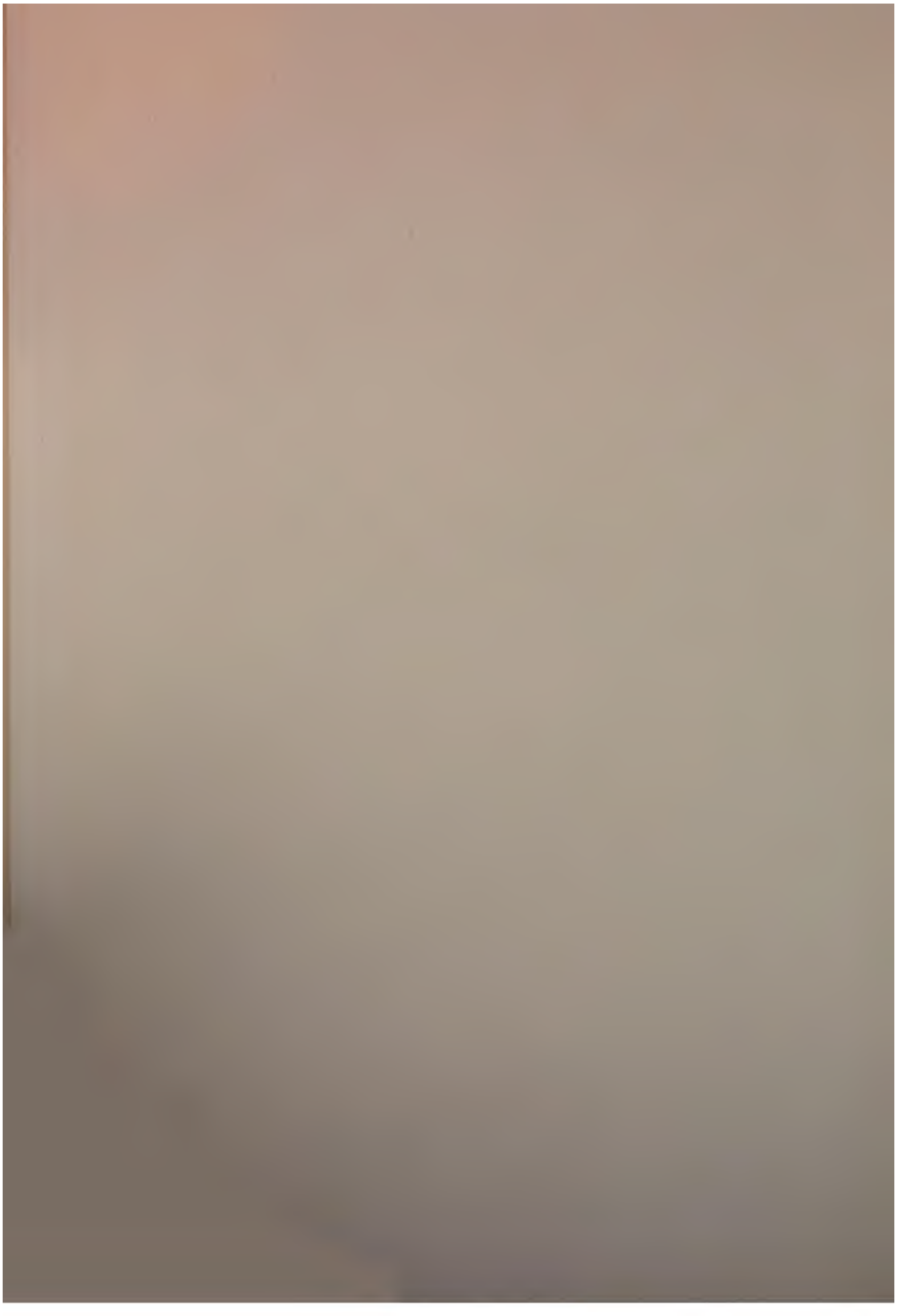
On one occasion, I remember, we carefully—very carefully—removed a knocker and substituted a large pumpkin, attached to which was a long string, and at the other end of the string a huge stone, which we flung over a wall, across the highroad. Needless to say, the retired pianoforte tuner who occupied the *maisonette* spent a somewhat restless night, as the string was caught by every conveyance that passed, with the result that the pumpkin wildly rattled against the door in a manner that must have sharply reminded the unfortunate tuner of his early experiences in his profession. Years after, on a return visit to the island, assisted by one of my brothers, I unearthed the knocker we so unlawfully removed, and restored it to its former position.

Looking back on our childhood days, I am inclined to think that, in spite of our careless freaks, there was a softer side to our nature as well. I well remember a shrivelled old *blanchisseuse* named Madame Soyer, who used to trundle her washing up and down St. Saviour's Hill at most untimely hours. Many were the occasions on which we lay in wait for her, to throw her, in spite of her shrieks and expostulations, on the top of her barrow of linen, and



Lafayette

MRS. LANGTRY



wheel her home to her ivy-covered cottage. This traditional assisting of Madame Soyer in her home-coming clung to some of us long years after we had gone out into the world. I remember meeting one of my soldier brothers, who was paying a visit to his home, wheeling Veuve Soyer's burden of linen up the hill, whilst she reclined in state in a fly that he had chartered from the pier on his arrival by the mail-boat.

The love of horses has been with me always. This passion was shared by my youngest brother Reginald; that and the closeness of our age were the reasons why we were very great chums. Our first attempt at an equipage may be worth relating. We procured the rumble of an old carriage of my father's, had it put on wheels by the local carpenter—we got the shafts by abstracting the long poles from the old-fashioned shower-bath of my father's, which made him very furious, for he had a passionate love for his bath—and then we harnessed a donkey to it, with home-made harness of ropes and odds-and-ends.

At a stipend of twopence-halfpenny per week we secured a tiny boy to stand—as 'tiger'—on a ledge behind the turn-out. We made him wear one of the dean's hats, with rosette and strings complete, but in spite of all the paper we could ram inside it, the brim of the hat *would* descend, after half an hour's jolting in this most precarious position, to the top of the small servitor's nose. The boy also wore my brother's Sandhurst coat with buttons, which increased the absurdity of his appearance. I was then only ten years old, but I can quite imagine the effect we produced as we drove gaily about the place, feeling very pleased with one another.

My sporting career also began at the early age of eleven. I was still a child when this same brother purchased a racehorse. Most people interested in sport have heard of the victory of my horse Milford, but it is quite an error to suppose that he was my first winner, for I went through the trials and anxiety of ownership—I should say part-ownership—at a very early and tender age. The name of our purchase was Flirt; she was a bay mare of uncertain age and very uncertain forelegs. We gave the princely sum of four pounds ten shillings for her.

The Jersey races were at that time under no rules whatever, and the stakes hardly worth winning; only animals of somewhat blemished reputation and shady selling-plate antecedents ever found their way to the Jersey racecourse. One reason, no doubt, was, that if the horses that were entered failed in fulfilling their mission of winning a race, after their two hours' rough passage across the Channel, they were disqualified for any meeting, under Jockey Club rules, for the rest of their natural lives, and were therefore put up to auction and sold for whatever they would fetch.

My father was a very long-suffering and indulgent parent; but we feared the effect of introducing a racehorse to him. Flirt was therefore brought to the deanery stables as a hack, and put to steady training. In these proceedings I was again the victim. To save my brother's dignity, it was I who had to be responsible for taking out the alleged hack.

I had to mount, or rather was thrown, like another Mazeppa, on the back of the animal, while my brother, on the staid and quiet Peggy, a perfectly safe beast, of French

extraction, on which I was accustomed to take my exercise, ambled by my side. But when we reached an adjacent common the saddles were exchanged, and Reggie and I led the thoroughbred as well as we could on her exercise gallops. Reggie must have had a natural gift for training—for he certainly had had no experience in turf matters—and the upshot of it was that, ridden and trained in this way, Flirt won a race, worth thirty pounds to the winner, the 'first time of asking.' It is sad to relate that this race broke Flirt down completely, and though we expended the whole of the winnings on advertised stuffs for blistering, and so on, we utterly failed to get our heroine on her legs again.

Nothing succeeds like success, however, and, emboldened by the manner in which it was received by the head of the family, we subsequently made various purchases of broken-down or vile-tempered thoroughbreds. These, however, unanimously failed to place us any higher on the list of local winning owners.

One animal, a 'chaser,' called Rhododendron, cost us a great deal of worry. Our first difficulties with him arose on account of an abnormally large foreleg. But worse than this was his acrobatic manner of using his hind ones, which he did to such good purpose that he rid himself of my brother on several grievous occasions. After all our endurances and troubles, he rewarded us by falling, somehow and somewhere, every time he started. Disgusted with failure, we disposed of our racing stud, and so ended the first part of my turf career.

I was very fond of pets, and rabbits, birds, guinea-pigs, and squirrels formed part of my collection. I suppose, like most children, I was guilty of alternately overfeeding and

neglecting them, and I remember a canary of mine dying. Whether my conscience pricked me or not, I don't know, but I decided to bury it, with full funeral honours, in my garden. The rest of the pets were placed round the grave, swathed in crape, and a tombstone was erected on which was inscribed, 'Alas! Poor Dick!' That little grave and tombstone still exist, and the grave is carefully railed round and piously tended by the present gardener.

As the only daughter of the dean of the island and a most precocious miss, any duties shirked by my mother fell upon me, and I was frequently called upon to present the prizes at the various parochial and national schools, often to pupils older than myself.

This was the kind of life I led—healthy, free, unconscious—until the day I sailed away into the great world, the second wife of Mr. Langtry—for Mr. Langtry was a widower when he married me. I was a true daughter of the island—strong, full of life, but, at the same time, shy, self-distrustful, and with many of the misgivings of the Puritans, when people spoke as to anything which savoured of joy. I was a strict Sabbatarian; I dreaded the theatre; I felt myself abashed and miserable in society.

I was not a prophetess in my own country. I had never been spoken of, or spoken to, as having any attractions above the common. Once, and once only, was I paid a compliment before I left the island. A well-known man of fashion—still well known socially—said to me—but I must not repeat compliments.

You will judge, then, of the curiosity, the excitement, the mingled surprise and gratification, with which I began to find, on a visit I paid to London, that people showed

some anxiety to meet me. It all came upon me suddenly, and without the least expectation, much less searching, on my part.

I was just a month in London when it began. The first time I became conscious of thus attracting attention was at an evening party at Lady Sebright's. The party was on a Sunday evening; and I remember still the inner sense of wrong-doing with which I went for the first time in my life to a party on a Sunday. When I got there, I found that people seemed anxious to speak to me, and that several distinguished men and women, whose names were familiar to me—but who up to this were remote—were introduced to me. I could only think at the time that London people were extremely polite and good-natured; and that I was lucky in finding such kind friends. Then came invitation on invitation; then paragraphs in the newspapers; and in short, with much surprise and astonishment, and with certainly a good deal less reason, I awoke one morning, like Byron, and found myself, if not famous, at least a good deal noticed.

Then came a period of what I may perhaps call immense social success, winding up with a scene at a Drawing-Room in Buckingham Palace, when a great lady showed her interest in me—but that is another story. Suffice it to say that I found that even in the most exalted quarters my poor name and fame had excited curiosity, if not interest.

This was all agreeable, even intoxicating enough; but the day came when I had to face the terrible problem of making my own livelihood—a problem that, except for my health, strength, and good educational training, I was entirely unprepared for.

I will not speak of all the different projects which flashed across my mind or were suggested to me; and after all, the pursuits in which a woman can earn her own livelihood can be summed up with painful brevity, especially if she has had the soft rearing of a lady.

I will say nothing of this epoch of uncertainty and stress, further than I had abundant opportunity of seeing both sides and both faces of human nature—the side that greets those who are supposed to be successful, and the side from which comes the frown or the stare which confronts those who are supposed to have met with disaster. But let that pass.

After many vacillations I resolved that the best thing for me to do was to go on the stage. It was hard work to start with. I had to go over my part for hours every day for weeks, and often my heart sank within me. But I have, I am glad to say, a good deal of tenacity of purpose; and I was determined to succeed.

Before I ever appeared on the stage, two good friends, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, believed in my ability, and gave me a good engagement at what was for a beginner a large salary. I need not recall that *début* at the Haymarket Theatre; suffice it to say that I went on the stage trembling all over; scarcely able to speak from excitement, nervousness, and my sense of how much depended on my failure or success in this new departure in my life.

How I acted I do not know; but the result was that I was started on my profession extremely well; that I drew large houses in the Haymarket Theatre; and that when soon after I went on a provincial tour, I played everywhere

to large audiences, and when I came back there was a considerable sum of money to my credit, and an offer to go to America and play there.

And now let me tell an experience there. The circumstance was recalled to me by a friend lately. I had forgotten it; I had not, perhaps, seen its significance. I was to have appeared in the Park Theatre. The very day of my *début*, and within some ten or fifteen minutes of my leaving the theatre after the rehearsal, it was in flames; in a few minutes more it was destroyed.

I could see the front of the theatre from the window of my room in the Albemarle Hotel. In front of the theatre was a great board with my name printed in huge letters. This board was the last thing to be attacked by the flames. Somehow or other I got the curious idea into my head that there was some subtle connection between my fate and the letters of my name. I watched the flames—rising and falling, approaching and then receding, licking and then leaving the letters of my name; and I said to the companion who was by my side, and who was as deeply interested in my success almost as I was myself: 'If the fire destroys the letters of my name, I shall fail; if it doesn't, I shall succeed.' And soon after the board, with my name, fell with a rush into the flaming depth below!

I turned to my friend immediately, and said, 'I'll succeed anyhow'; and I think I may say I did, for my tour was everywhere attended by large pecuniary profits.

There, for the moment, I leave the story of my life.

EDNA MAY

I WAS born in the pleasant city of Syracuse, New York State, and spent a happy childhood there. I shall always cherish in my memory the long streets bordered with lovely trees, and the beautiful gardens attached to the homes, gardens where I romped and played with my hosts of little friends.

Here I am forced to make an awful confession—hoping that it will not prejudice my many kind friends in England against me. We are not descended from any one of the name of Crummles, and yet I was, through no fault of my own, an infant prodigy. Circumstances, responsible for so much in this world, brought it about.

There is always, for some reason or other, a great deal of amateur dramatic talent in Syracuse. The result is that people are constantly combining to give plays, concerts, light operas, and entertainments of all imaginable kinds. The amateurs furnish their costumes and services free of charge. The proceeds of the entertainments are given to charities. I was, so to speak, hardly out of the cradle before it was discovered that I could do a little something in the way of singing and acting. My dear mother, who was very proud of me, allowed me to perform about as often as asked. She could not resist the pleasure of seeing me show off.

Well, the particulars of my confession can be delayed no longer. I made my *début* as an actress at the age of four, and made an instantaneous hit—though I can't say I remember much about it. It was a boy's part, that of the child, Little Willie, in a dramatisation of Tennyson's *Dora*. The stage was strewn with straw. My mother is fond of telling how I strolled on like a veteran, with my hands in my pockets, kicking the straw about with my feet, and walking like a boy.

There happened to be a theatrical manager in the audience. He sought my mother after the performance, and prophesied such wonderful things for me that she was delighted. After that evening I became one of the well-known people in the town. I sang constantly in cantatas and musical pieces for children, where I was always the smallest of all, and always either the Queen of the May, the Fairy Princess, the Spirit of Love, or something of the kind. At the same time I was attending a capital day-school, where I did every injustice to their training by thinking constantly of the parts I was going to play, and dreaming secretly of going on the stage just as soon as I should be a big girl.

At the age of nine my ambition had grown considerably, and I wanted to go in for something more important than hitherto. There existed in Syracuse a 'Children's *Pinafore* Company.' After *Pinafore* was done they had gone on with others of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. I joined this company, and found it perfectly natural that they should give me the part of Mabel in *The Pirates of Penzance*. I studied the part thoroughly, or as thoroughly as one can at the mature age of nine, going in for diction, acting, and singing.

The performance went splendidly. We were showered with requests to repeat it, and had to give it a great number of times in Syracuse and elsewhere.

By this time it was quite decided I should go on the stage. Although none of our people had ever belonged to the profession, my father and mother made no great objection to my taking the step when they saw how my heart was set on it. The only point they made was that I should thoroughly fit myself for the life before entering upon it. Thenceforth I was kept a little closer at school, and plans were made for me to go to New York City, as soon as I was old enough to study in the Conservatoire.

But I managed just the same to appear in a number of new pieces, and every Sunday I had the happiness of standing on a box and singing in the choir. Of course I soon outgrew the box, and finally the day came when I was old enough to exchange the home school for the New York Conservatoire. That was three years ago, when I was seventeen.

I owe my musical education up to the time of leaving home to my mother. She is a fine musician, and a woman who is perfectly devoted to her children and beloved by them in return. She has been the only teacher of my sister Jane, who sings nicely, and is an excellent pianist. And even my little sister Marguerite, who is only eight, is already well advanced in music.

I wish now I had never had any teacher but my mother. I found the Conservatoire very confusing. They expected that I should study everything at once, and I blindly complied. What with diction, fencing, acting, dancing, breathing, singing, and a few other branches, my



W. & D. Downey

EDNA MAY

As for London, there are no words to express my appreciation of my kind reception here. Press and public alike have been lovely to me. Not a day passes but I am touched by some unexpected token of good-will. All sorts of things come—fruit, flowers, and game, sent up from the country by people I don't know at all. I received an astonishing number of Christmas cards, many of them from well-known people with whom I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted. One gift, timed to arrive on Christmas Day, came all the way from India. It was a solid silver umbrella handle, an exquisite example of the silversmith's art, and was sent by a gentleman I have never met and never expect to see.

Unlike the Rev. Mr. Spalding in *The Private Secretary*, I *do* like London. Above all other quarters I enjoy St. John's Wood, with its trees and gardens, and its many picturesque and old-fashioned houses. I lived there all last summer. I went when the lilacs were out and the thrushes were singing, and could not be induced to come in and take a flat nearer the theatre until the garden was dead and the last leaf had fallen from the trees.

In no great city but London can the worker in the theatre afford to enjoy a home where birds are heard all day long, where great old apple and pear trees make the spring beautiful, where one can study and exercise in the open air, and where one may be greeted by odours of mignonette and heliotrope every time the casement is opened. I should like to own a home in St. John's Wood.

It gives me pleasure to know that I shall probably be a long time in London: the longer the better, for when

one is very happy it always seems a pity to break the spell. After the run of *The Belle of New York* is over, I am engaged for the title-*rôle* in the succeeding piece, *The American Beauty*, by the same authors, Hugh Morton and Gus Kerker. It has been entirely rewritten for this public, and Mr. Kerker has added beautiful new numbers.

As the ventriloquist's little mannikin always says when he gets to the end of his recitation: 'I don't know any more,' except that my real name—isn't it intelligent of me to know my own name?—is Edna May Pettie. My first manager found the family name unromantic, and it was dropped. I am truly blessed in belonging to a very united and affectionate family. My sister Jane accompanied me when I came to London; mother and little Marguerite are living with me now, and father crossed the ocean just to spend Christmas with us all.

to play Dolly Birkett in *Betsy* with one of his country companies.

The ultimate goal, I felt, was already within reach! I saw before me a dazzling vista of brilliant engagements. I had conquered all difficulties at a bound; there was nothing more to learn; the drudgery of three weeks was over. On the strength of it, I ran up a large bill at the principal hotel in Newcastle, where I joined the company. My father liquidated the bill, and I was reduced to humble lodgings. The tour lasted five weeks, and, curiously enough, the next brilliant engagement did not present itself.

Through various grades of surprise, indignation, and despair, I was lowered to the conviction that I knew nothing, and had better begin at the bottom of the tree once more. I presented myself, therefore, to the great manager of the Lyceum, and was accepted as a supernumerary.

That was in the days of *Much Ado About Nothing*, when it was first played at the Lyceum. It was a rare encouragement to versatility, that early experience. In the first act I was a bronzed and moustachioed warrior, following in the train of Don Pedro; in the second, a simpering gallant in light blue, tripping a pavane in the halls of Leonato; in the third, a perverse destiny found me a sort of house musician, touching lightly the strings of a lute, with my back to the audience, whilst Mr. Jack Robertson, in the habit of Balthazar as he lived, sang 'Sigh No More, Ladies.' In the fourth act I seemed to have acquired civic propensities, and, as one of Dogberry's watch, was found useful in 'comprehending' the villainous Borachio.

This fall in fortune, however, was not permanent, for

the cathedral scene saw me once more the light blue gallant, but now supplying a background of surprise and horror as Claudio launched his terrific charges against Hero. The caprices of fate and the stage-manager again laid me low in the last act. My identity was reduced to one of many mourners at the sepulchre of Leonato (still with my back to the audience), and not till the final scene was I raised once more to the dignity of my light blue trunks and hose, in which I concluded my voyage over the social scale at Messina with a sprightly saraband in the train of Benedick and Beatrice.

Forbes Robertson, Terriss, Fernandez, and Howe were in the cast; but still more memorable to me was a certain little page who had followed the fortunes of Benedick. She (for it was a 'she') swaggered it in a smart little suit of red, wore a feather in her cap, and a fascinating pair of top-boots. She was the despair of my life. She held my painted moustachios in derision, she pointed the finger of scorn at the preposterous hang of my light blue cape, she referred with malicious delight to my attenuated silken hose, and held up to ridicule the gorgeous plume I had sacked the taxidermists of London to procure for my bonnet! Her name was longer than her little person—Angelita Helena Margarita de Silvo Ferro—and she is now my wife.

Those dear old days at the Lyceum! They have given me nearly all I have—the little knowledge I have of my art and the great love of it, the ever-present example then, and now the remembrance, of a great man's devotion to a great work; the inspiring spectacle of patience and endurance under every form of obstacle,



W. Blackall

MARTIN HARVEY



difficulty, and annoyance, the fine influence which the lofty conception, the broad point of view, the generous handling and the sense of dignity in effort must ever spread.

They gave me, too, the precious leisure which later days have robbed me of, when research among the manners and expressions of other ages was possible, when delightful days spent in museums and picture-galleries and over books were to help me later in giving some expression to a character, a period, or an environment not our own; and they gave me my home for many years, and my wife.

Can I look back to those inestimable opportunities without a thrill of gratitude to the man who gave them? The apprenticeship was long, often bitter; sometimes the outlook seemed hopeless, the promotion impossible, but, in the good old days, seven years was counted none too long to learn to make a boot, and it occurs to me that twice that length of period may be none too long to make something of an actor. Opportunities, too, to whet our ambition were at hand.

Every summer, when the Lyceum closed, my sometime partner, Mr. Haviland, and I would organise a small company, and, with some £50 or £60 as our joint capital, would float out upon the perilous but alluring sea of management, and tempt disaster and the derision of the gods in the smalls. *Othello*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Ruy Blas*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Two Roses*, *The Corsican Brothers*, and *Robert Macaire*, with an occasional farce or two, we looked upon with equanimity as an average week's work. Those were days fraught with danger for the continued friendship of the two managers, when the spoils of such great *rôles* were to be divided.

But we contrived to pilot our comradeship through these shoals; and for six years, no sooner was the Lyceum closed for the season, than we would shake the dust of 'utility' and London from our shoes, and solicit in 'lead' the suffrages of Swindon.

Meagre were the audiences at times, it is true, but, catching the spirit of our vaulting ambition, what they lacked in numbers they attained in encouragement. It seemed odd to us, sometimes, that, out of 10,000 British workmen, we could not capture more than nine, and that *The Bloodsuckers of Milan*, playing at the rival house, was a serious opposition; odd, too, that in a busy seaport town in South Wales that delicate comedy of character, *The Two Roses*, was always our trump card, and that a local *fête champêtre* could almost close our doors!

Better practice could not have fallen to the lot of any young actors. The faults and exaggerations we acquired in feeling our feet were certain to be remedied quickly enough on our return to the Lyceum, and sundry little bills also acquired could aways be met out of the steady salaries our humble work in town would earn. They were happy days, those small vacation tours, and the experience gained in holding a rough audience was of incalculable value. A sustained intensity was essential if we were not to be 'goosed' by the boys in the gallery, and that ever-ready terror was a wholesome corrective to any tendency to be careless.

Then there was the oft-recurring excitement and the charm of our American tours with Sir Henry. We would travel *en prince* from New York—west over the prairies and the alkali plains, the Rocky Mountains, and the great

Sierra Nevada to San Francisco and the Pacific Ocean; northwards to the furthest point in Oregon; east by the Columbia River, on the banks of which the Indians, clad in scarlet blankets, still spear the great salmon, which, degraded to a labelled tin, makes our relish of the up-river luncheon so dubious; east by way of Minnesota and the Falls of Minnehaha to beautiful Montreal; south again through the swamps of Georgia and over the bayoux of Louisiana to that region of strange romance, New Orleans.

We tobogganned in Quebec, stood under the falls of Montmorency—more beautiful than, if not so stupendous as those of Niagara—flew on our ice-boat over frozen Lake Ontario, shot the rapids of Lachine, explored the opium-dens of Chinatown and the toughest haunts of Chicago—perhaps the toughest city in Christendom—and crossed a tributary of the Yellow River after a heavy flood, with the water rising to within two inches of the smoke-box of our locomotive, anticipating that the tottering trestle-bridge would be swept away before we reached the other side.

Perhaps it was the never-varying note of enthusiastic esteem accompanying the progress of Sir Henry and his company through the States which left a *couleur-de-rose* glow over those days; perhaps it was that more ambitious work fell to my share in the pieces we played there, and that the first words which gave me hope of some future in my work were spoken in the American press. But, anyhow, for America and the Americans I have always felt a great warmth of affection. There is something in their quick response to independent effort, their alert perception of humour, character, and subtlety, their ready encouragement to the man who says, 'I have an idea; I am going

to work at it'; their almost Latin vivacity, and their broad welcome to the stranger within their broad gates, that fires the embers too apt to smoulder in our insular conservatism.

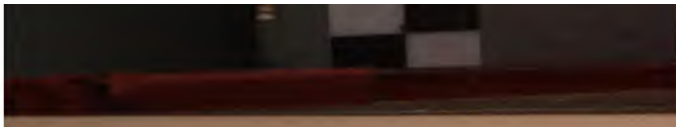
Something it was, I suppose, in this atmosphere of enterprise that inspired us with our first idea of *The Only Way*.

My wife and I were riding on an electric car in Missouri, discussing, as is our wont, the building of those castles in the air which sometimes take substantial form, when it occurred to the little red page—who inspires, I generally find, most of our plans—that one of the most universally loved characters in fiction, Sydney Carton, was a subject round which to build the play which was to contain *the great opportunity*.

Forthwith a copy of *A Tale of Two Cities* was bought, re-read with dramatisation in view, and my first scenario was jotted down on the paper of the hotel at which we were staying. Since then the form has gradually developed —very gradually, I reflect, when I call to mind that it is five years since we stayed at that hotel. The outlines of the drama were fitted in little by little, and the whole put into its present form under the skilful and sympathetic hand of Mr. Freeman Wills.

> 'That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things,'

as Tennyson sang in undying words, is the burden also of Charles Dickens's immortal story; and that this play, embodying this ideal, has held the emotions of its audience for some hundreds of nights, is surely as stout an encouragement to our poor humanity as to further steps in theatre management.



MISS JULIA NEILSON

I NEVER could quite understand why people have such a great objection to be called 'Cockneys.' It seems to me something to be proud of, to have been born in the biggest, the grandest, the most famous city that the world has ever produced. I am a Cockney, 'a citizen of no mean city,' and I rejoice in the fact that I was born in London.

My father died many years ago, and we were left in by no means easy circumstances. My mother, to whose kind care and wise management I owe more than I can ever express, made me understand from my childhood that I should have to fight my own way in the world. The idea was that I was to be a governess. My goodness, what a governess I should have made! What an escape somebody or other has had!

I had no brothers nor sisters, but this fact did not prevent my being a regular tomboy. I loved to climb trees, and to swing on gates, and to get into every kind of scrape that a prim and orderly little girl would safely avoid.

When I was ten years old I was sent over to Germany to a school in Wiesbaden, and there I remained for three years and a half. I suppose I was too young to appreciate the effort it must have cost my mother to give me so good

an education. At any rate I remember on one occasion writing home to ask for some pocket-money. My mother promptly replied that I might have five shillings, and told me to show the letter to the lady in whose school I was, and ask her to advance me the money.

I was delighted, but my poor mother must have written the 's' that stood for the shillings rather indistinctly. She could not have been quite so pleased as I was when she received a charming letter from the schoolmistress saying that I had presented her with a beautiful rug, and that I had been standing treat to all my schoolfellows for several days until the five pounds were exhausted.

I had a very good time at Wiesbaden. There were some beautiful woods in the neighbourhood, which opened out into lovely orchards where apple-trees and plum-trees stood covered with tempting fruit. I made my way there one day with some other girls, and with the help of stones and sticks we made a grand attack on the treasures that hung just out of our reach. But, alas! some dreadful men, who were dressed in a cruel invisible green, and whose duty it was to guard the orchards, pounced down upon us, and, though we ran like hares, captured us and brought us back in deep disgrace to our school. It was a terrible tragedy. I remember that all my pocket-money for some time went in payment for the damage that was done.

But I had my serious moments too. There were two Russian girls at the school with whom I struck up a great friendship. They told me of the beauties of the Greek Catholic Church, which, of course, is the national religion in Russia. So I wrote to my mother telling her that I

had been converted, and wished to join the Greek Catholic Church. My mother at once replied saying that it was a serious step to take, but that if I had really made up my mind I was quite at liberty to become a Greek Catholic. There being no opposition of any kind, the charm of the idea seemed to fade away, and I came to the conclusion that I would remain a devout member of my own church.

I always had a turn for music. A great deal of my time was devoted to the piano, at which I worked most conscientiously. One day, at Wiesbaden, I heard my teachers discussing my voice. They talked away regardless of the fact that I was present. It was a nice little voice, they said, and might some day develop into a good one. The subject did not interest me at the time, and I paid little or no attention to the conversation.

After leaving Wiesbaden, I returned to London, and when I was about fifteen went to the Royal Academy of Music. The governess idea still held good. I studied the piano and harmony, and I was also taught to recite by Walter Lacy. In my second year I took up singing under Miss Kate Steel. I got on very well at the Academy, and was fortunate enough to win the Llewellyn Thomas gold medal for declamatory singing. I also gained the Westmoreland Scholarship for singing, and the Sainton Dolby prize.

One day Sir Joseph Barnby told me that some amateurs were coming to perform an extravaganza, *The Yellow Dwarf*, and asked me if I thought I was competent to undertake the part of the Princess. I hesitated for a moment, and then I decided that I would at any rate try it. One can but try.

The performance took place in the Grand Stand at Ascot, and we played the piece twice. This was in the winter of 1887. Among the performers were Mr. Claude Ponsonby, Captain Gooch, and Mr. Colnaghi. Mr. Claude Ponsonby, I think, was responsible for the book. Lady Bancroft (Mrs. Bancroft as she was then) was one of the party, and she was exceedingly kind, coaching me and helping me in every way.

In *The Yellow Dwarf* I was the unhappy, ill-used Princess, and I was tied up to a tree. In good time I was rescued and carried off by the Prince. This part of the play, however, troubled me a good deal, for the gentleman who rescued me was not as tall as I, and the exit was attended with difficulties. However, Lady Bancroft again came to my rescue, and showed me how to be carried off gracefully.

We had a grand success. Large and enthusiastic audiences thronged the Ascot Grand Stand, and applauded us to our hearts' content. It was *The Yellow Dwarf*, I think, that settled the governess.

At this time I was in my third year at the Academy, and had been working hard in the hope of obtaining my certificate, and perhaps the Parepa Rosa gold medal. But all this I now determined to give up. My idea was to go on the stage and get experience in acting, in order that I might be able presently to appear in opera. So one day I plucked up courage, and asked Sir Joseph Barnby if he could give me an introduction to Mr. Gilbert. This Sir Joseph very kindly did, and Mr. Gilbert wrote, in reply, fixing a day and hour when I should call upon him.

It was an awful ordeal. My mother came with me,

and we were both of us terribly nervous, though Mr. Gilbert was very kind. He sat with his back to the window, having placed a chair for me so that I should sit with my face to the light. We had a long chat, and, of course, I had to recite to the best of my ability; but I felt all the time that I was doing it wretchedly.

However, all 's well that ends well, for Mr. Gilbert was quite pleased, and arranged for me to appear in a *matinée* of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, which was played for Mr. Abud's benefit at the Lyceum Theatre on March 21, 1888. Miss Mary Anderson played Galatea, and I was given the part of Cynisca, the jealous wife, a very difficult character for a young girl who was not yet out of her teens. I shall never forget the terror that I felt when I first went on to the stage.

All my strength left me. I shook in every limb, and when I spoke my voice seemed to belong to some one else. How I got through the performance I never knew. But I certainly thought that I had made a complete failure. At any rate, I felt that I had not done myself justice. When it was all over I went straight home and cried for two hours. I dare say that the reaction after all the excitement had something to do with this part of my performance.

The newspaper criticisms next day were kind and quite just. They said I was inexperienced, and so I was. Happily for me, Mr. Gilbert was pleased with my effort, and he arranged for me to appear at matinées of some of his other plays. And in November of the same year I was engaged to act the part of Ruth in *Brantinghame Hall*, which Mr. Gilbert wrote for me. The piece was

produced at the St. James's Theatre under the management of Mr. Rutland Barrington, but it was not a complete success. However, it gave me the much-needed opportunity, and in the following year I was engaged by Mr. Tree, first on tour, and afterwards at the Haymarket Theatre.

Here I worked on steadily, playing a number of parts and gradually gaining the experience which is so essential to success. I don't believe in heaven-born actors and actresses. I believe in good hard work.

In January 1891, *The Dancing Girl*, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, was produced, and in this I was given the character of Drusilla Ives. It was a splendid part, and it gave me a real lift forward. I think I rather like playing parts which have a dash of wickedness about them. There is more to grip. It has so often been my fate to act the good and gentle heroine, and it is difficult sometimes to give her much individuality.

I met with a rather funny accident while I was playing in *The Dancing Girl*. In one of the scenes there was a grand staircase, which I had to descend. I slipped one day, and sat down suddenly; and then I *did* descend, rapidly and not at all gracefully. In vain did Mr. Fernandez stand in front of me and try to cover my discomfiture.

The audience roared with laughter, and so did Mr. Tree. I was furious at the time, but afterwards I laughed as heartily as anybody.

It was nearly a year before this, in *Comedy and Tragedy*, that I first met my husband. Mr. Tree said to me one day, 'Oh, I've engaged Mr. Fred Terry to play lovers to you, because he's tall.' I was pleased, I

remember. You see, even in *The Yellow Dwarf* I had felt the inconvenience of being rescued by a short hero However, Mr. Terry seemed to take the situation seriously. I must say I think the love scenes used to go rather well.

After all, this is an age of realism. We were married in 1891, during the run of *The Dancing Girl*, and we have generally been acting together in the same theatre ever since. In this respect we have certainly been lucky, for in the theatrical profession husband and wife are often separated in business, unless they happen to be in management.

Of all the parts that I have played, I think I love Rosalind best. I still keep the piece of the bough with 'Rosalind' carved on it as a memento of *As You Like It* at the St. James's Theatre.

That is the story of my life. It seems to me to have been so simple and straightforward, that there is hardly anything to tell. Plenty of hard work, and some good fortune, and—well, I think that is nearly all. It has been very interesting to me—but to you—well, I wonder!

MISS FORTESCUE

Mine was a happy childhood: my father was well off, and we had an ideal home, close to a beautiful—ah! how beautiful!—Midland cathedral city. I was brought up in an atmosphere of outdoor country life. Each summer day was a delight—rowing, driving, riding, sculling, swimming. There is no country in the world where a summer is so picturesquely beautiful as in England. In winter, time was just as pleasant: work, when the days were such that one could not get out of doors—work and study; hunting when the hounds were afield, or running on foot with the beagles. Thus I was by the wisdom of my father and mother allowed to develop myself from being a fragile child into a strong, sturdy, straight-limbed, healthy girl.

Then came a German governess of great attainments, great energy, and great views. Outdoor hours were curtailed, and indoor study became much more a part of my life. Nothing wonderful in all this: hundreds, nay, thousands of girls have passed through the same experience. But that I have had such an early training will perhaps explain why I have such splendid bodily strength, and have never known an illness of any kind except the colds, coughs, and bronchial attacks brought on by stage draughts and obligations of scenic *déshabille*.

Then came that dreadful morning when we suddenly

learned that this luxury was a thing of the past, and that before us all there was the plunge from wealth and all its surroundings into hard work, never-ceasing worry, the struggle and wear and tear of having to win every sixpence, every halfpenny, that we needed in the rush of the every-day world. I did not know what to do, and then a sudden inspiration seized me. I would try the stage. I had never tried to act as an amateur, I knew nothing of the life or the work, and yet I was able to make the dread plunge into the very midst of that most admirably conducted theatre, the Savoy, presided over by Mr. Carte.

One week I was the happy irresponsible girl in Worcestershire, the next I was busily engaged in rehearsing the part of Lady Ella in the new piece by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, *Patience*.

How was this managed? Quite simply, and, therefore, in a way that would seem almost incredible. A letter of introduction to Mr. Carte presented at a lucky moment—*i.e.* when somebody was wanted—one interview—an agreement signed at once for a tiny salary—my new career began. This career I have pursued sturdily with never an interval, in, I believe, almost every town of importance in the United Kingdom and Ireland, in America and in South Africa—work never ending, study never finished, effort never relaxed, rest never achieved.

It was to Mr. W. S. Gilbert that I owed my first big part. He had noticed my work at rehearsals, and he knew that I was anxious to learn the business. I had laid myself out to play parts at *matinées* in new plays, for I thought that thus I could educate myself with a frequent change of part that would involve fresh study just in the same way

that the old stock companies were constantly changing their pieces and thus gaining fresh experiences. After three years of this Mr. Gilbert offered me the part of Dorothy in *Dan'l Druce*, the only female character in the play. I remember well how overjoyed I was to be photographed, with my dear collie, my faithful companion for years, in the dress of Dorothy.

From this time my life seems to have been one kaleidoscope of different parts. I have been Rosalind and the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith; Vere in *Moths*, and Gilberte in *Frou-Frou*; Daisy in *The Run of Luck*, and Julia in *The Hunchback*; Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*; Galatea, Lady Teazle, and Hypatia; Hermia in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Stephanie in *Forget-Me-Not*, and many other parts. To look back at them all is to bring one's brain into a tangle, the like of which could only be compared to a nightmare produced by reading a dramatic history after a heavy supper, which concluded with something of which a cocoanut formed part.

In my tours I have met with many experiences, which, however, have always terminated well for me. I have had fortunate escapes. I was in the last train that crossed the trestle bridge over the White River before the awful accident when the bridge collapsed beneath the weight of the train that followed us, and when 273 people were killed or injured. I was in a train boarded by 'mail-snatchers' or robbers in Virginia. I was asked afterwards what I did, and said that all I could remember was that I sat still. I was in another train accident in the Adirondacks, and here I escaped unhurt.

In my first visit to South Africa I was at Johannesburg



Ellis & Walery

MISS FORTESCUE



during the preparations for the Raid, at a time, too, when we had to wash in Schweppe's soda-water; and when but a tiny dot of a child I was smuggled out of Paris just an hour or so before the siege of the Communists commenced.

All through my life I have been always on the edge of danger and always safe.

I once travelled with a lunatic in the same carriage, and found him one of the most kindly and explanatory persons I have ever met. I have even nursed a lion—it was only five weeks old—and received no hurt; so that I may say that through my life Fate has turned a sunny face to me in return for a rooted determination never to grumble.

To-day, my chief recreation is reading. I am a devourer of books, an impatient and indefatigable swallower of all decent French and English literature. I have a good deal of time for this, for sometimes our journeys whilst on tour are very long. Only last month we had to travel from Jersey to the Isle of Man, and from the Isle of Man to Folkestone; they were journeys that could not be avoided, but all the same they took time, and that was time for reading.

But the best time of all in the day, or perhaps I ought to say night, to have a luxurious literary gorge—please forgive the word—undisturbed and alone, the time when one can really appreciate something to read, is just after the day's work is over, no matter what the hours may be, whether late or early.

I love art, and believe I have visited every picture gallery worth visiting, public or private, in France, Holland, Germany, and Italy. I have admired each, and have so

often broken the tenth commandment that sometimes I tremble.

One thing I thoroughly enjoy, and that is to poke around old curiosity shops. I shall never forget the face of the manager of a strange hotel I went to once on a professional tour. I was keen on buying old silver then, so I put to him what I considered a perfectly natural question: 'Have you a good pawnshop near here?' The poor little German went all colours at once, and it was only little by little afterwards that the various things he must have thought came into my mind.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST

I was born in London, but the early years of my life were spent abroad, and I grew so accustomed to the Continent that I looked upon it almost as my home.

I was educated in a convent in Belgium, and afterwards went to Paris. My childhood's years were very happy, and I have never enjoyed singing more than when, about three years ago, I went back to visit the Convent des Ursulines at Thildonck, and the nuns asked me to sing to them.

Their surprise somewhat resembled that of the men in *The Ugly Duckling*, for their recollection of me was as merely one of a great many girls, and if I had any pre-eminence in their minds it was only due to excessive insubordination.

My mother tells me that I used to sing before I could talk; and I suppose she ought to know. In my early days there was never any idea of my going on the stage. I studied music as an accomplishment, and for my own amusement, but for no other purpose.

Very fond of the piano, and also of singing, I studied the one at Trinity College, and the other at the Royal Academy, under Garcia. My teachers seemed to think there were possibilities in my voice, and by Garcia's advice I abandoned the study of the pianoforte.

While I was at the Academy, I won for my singing a gold medal, two silver medals, and one of bronze. I well remember the pride with which I appeared at my first concert engagements, with all my medals pinned on my frock, something after the manner of a Chelsea Pensioner!

One day, on the advice of my friends, it occurred to me to go on the stage. The opportunity came with the revival of *Boccaccio*, at the Comedy Theatre. I played the small part of Fiammetta, received the salary of £4 a week—a very good sum for a beginner—and was quite satisfied.

When people once heard me sing, I never had any difficulty in obtaining engagements, and I am in the happy position of saying that I never had to seek for one.

After being at the Comedy I went to the Opera Comique, for the *Fay o' Fire*, Drury Lane for *Frivolo*; then to the Prince of Wales's Theatre and the Lyric, for *Dorothy*, *Doris*, and *The Red Hussar*.

These engagements were followed up by a visit to America, where I remained for four years, appearing in *Dorothy*, *The Red Hussar*, *Carmen*, *Mignon*, *Manon*, *The Algerian*, *The Fencing Master*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Vogelhandler*.

I found the American people delightful, and brought away some very pleasant souvenirs of my visit among them. I sang to a great many audiences in America—including the prisoners in the 'Tombs,' the famous New York prison—and once I was invited by the president of the New York Press Association to the dinner of the Tenderloin Club, where I was the only woman present at a dinner of 800 pressmen. I sang the Nightingale song by

Zeller, and conducted the Hungarian band who accompanied my song.

My many successes in America leave a very agreeable impression of the country in my mind, apart from the charming people.

Since my return to London, what I have done is pretty well known to the public. I joined the company at Daly's for *The Artist's Model*, and there I remained until the severance of my connection with Mr. Edwardes's management.

It was rather an odd thing that the 'Jewel of Asia' song, which contributed to the popularity of *The Geisha*, was an after-thought, like the famous 'Queen of my Heart' in *Dorothy*, and was not introduced until the opera had been running for about a fortnight. I was struck with it when I first heard it, and thought that it would 'take.' Since then I have sung it at various concerts and 'at homes,' and it has never failed to be a marked success.

Carmen, on the whole, has been my favourite part. Long as it is, it was easier to me to learn, and more quickly learned, than many a less important *rôle*. Why? Because it interested me; and it is always easier to me to remember heavy *rôles* than light senseless ones, which, owing to a lack of interest, are far more troublesome to study.

I rely a great deal on rehearsals for picking up the words of a part. I cannot sit down and learn them right away, as many can. With music, of course, it is different. Sometimes, but not often, I have been called upon to study against time. On one occasion, I took up the part of Mabel, in *The Pirates of Penzance*, at a few hours' notice, and managed to get through it without a prompt.

Although I appreciate my good fortune in being associated with successes, I must admit my distaste for long runs. The monotony grows depressing, and has an unfavourable influence on art. One's work not unnaturally grows mechanical under such circumstances, though I have been told that this is not in the least apparent to the audiences who come fresh to the piece. It is no doubt more noticeable to the performers than to them.

I have rather decided opinions on the necessity of resting the voice now and again, even though one may not feel the absolute need of so doing at the time. I don't believe we were ever made for the purpose of singing through seven performances in the week, but even that—and by seven performances I mean six nights and a *matinée*—is preferable to the Continental system of no rest on Sundays. Personally, I look forward to that one day's complete rest as salvation.

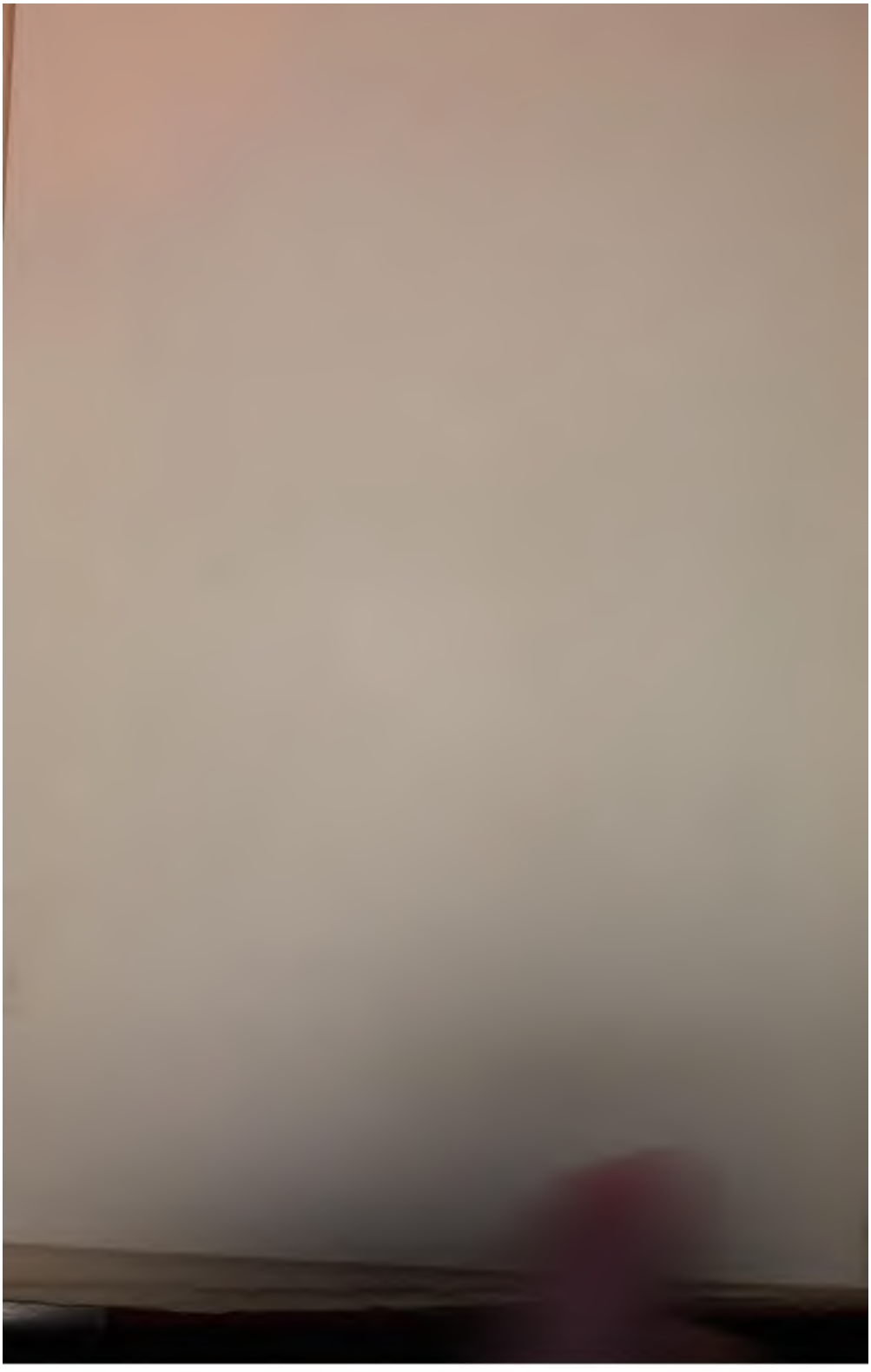
Complimentary friends have been kind enough to tell me that my voice was born, not made. Be that as it may, I am confident that, however beautiful the gifts of nature may be, they need proper cultivating if they are to remain good to the end. It is impossible to overstate the value of a good method.

I commenced my studies, as I have said, with the veteran Manuel Garcia, and since the day I left the Academy it has always been my greatest interest to find out all I can about the different teachers and methods that from time to time became fashionable. The greatest authority on voice production I have ever met was, oddly enough, neither a teacher nor a singer, but a



W. & D. Downey

MARIE TEMPEST



physician, Dr. Holbrook Curtis, of New York. Apart from his great skill as a throat specialist, I owe to him the knowledge of some of the most essential and valuable principles of voice production. I have been fortunate in this country in making the acquaintance of, and studying with, Miss Marie Withrow, a lady who is a native of San Francisco, established as a teacher of singing in London, and whose method of tuition is founded on principles identical with those of Dr. Holbrook Curtis.

It is an absolute lesson to me to listen to the singing of great artistes, such as Jean de Reszké, Mme. Melba, and Mme. Eames, and I should advise any student of singing never to neglect any opportunity of hearing really good singers.

Another thing about singing is that you can never say you have finished your studies. Every step forward seems only to show the vast extent of what still remains to be learnt.

It is very easy to overstrain the voice, for, however rich in quality it may be, it is after all a very delicate organ, and if it is used without discretion it will ultimately give but a poor return. Voices which are used every evening, almost all the year round, would be all the better for being rested for, say, a couple of evenings every two months or so. There are fundamental laws which govern every art, and even the natural voice is apt soon to lose its freshness and charm unless it is husbanded with due regard to its future as well as to its present.

I am a firm believer in regular exercise for a singer, in any form. Personally, I prefer riding and fencing. The latter is especially beneficial to the voice on account of the

necessary expansion of the chest and respiratory organs which it induces. My husband, too, is an ardent fencer, and a member of the Foil Club, an institution started by actors, under the auspices of Monsieur Félix Bertrand, the well-known son of the celebrated *maître d'armes*, and under the presidency of Mr. Pinero.

When acting, I have no particular method of studying parts. As soon as I have gripped the idea of the character, I proceed to clothe her—in my mind. Characteristic clothes are such an important factor in contributing to one's success in the modern musical entertainment. Indeed, I think many women who go to a theatre nowadays are as much interested in the clothes as in the acting.

Before I adopted the stage, I had thoughts of being a concert singer. It seems to me that one of the great peculiarities of the English public is that, music-loving as they undoubtedly are, there is no place in their affections for good light music, such as the works of Messager or Massenet. There appears to be nothing worthy of a place in their estimation between serious music—grand opera and the like—and works that are only catchy; consequently the roads to popular success are limited to Wagner or the *Belle of New York*. To this is due the decay of what is known in this country as 'comic opera,' and it is impossible not to regret the fact, as the construction of the old comic operas, though often feeble and weak, at least gave opportunities of characterisation, a very precious thing to composer and actor or actress. The enormous success of 'musical comedy,' or what might be termed 'salad' entertainment, has tended to develop a sort of variety show, which, while it affords opportunities for

individual members and detailed scenes or turns, leaves no chance of a continuous and coherent impersonation, and reduces the interest and story of the piece to the doings of a couple of characters of the type known on the stage proper as walking gentleman and lady—a form of character extremely trying to the audience, and still more so to the unfortunate actors intrusted with their representation.

Although even to-day I do not know what it is to go on the concert platform without a terrible and sinking nervousness, still, when I have been in long runs at the theatre, I cannot say with what pleasure I return to the fresh and better work that I have opportunity of doing at afternoon concerts; for though the audience is often inclined to be cold, when one has had the good fortune to please them, they are more than generous in their expressions of approbation.



MUSIC

MADAME ADELINA PATTI

Let me see! The first thing I remember doing was saying my prayers at night, and in all the years that have intervened since those days, or rather nights, of my early memories I have never missed saying my prayers before going to bed.

Madrid was my birthplace, and my mother was a well-known singer, Catherine Cheisa, who at fifteen years of age married her teacher, M. Barilli. Her second marriage was with my father, Salvatore Patti, a member of one of the first families in Catania, Sicily.

It has erroneously and constantly been stated that my father was a professional singer by tradition and environment. As a matter of fact, his connection with the profession of music was quite accidental; the possession of a very beautiful voice drew him, through the persuasion of his friends, to the stage, with which, however, no other member of his family had had any association. In this respect his case was much the same as that of Mario.

I never went to school, but was taught at home, as my mother had very particular views on this matter, so I cannot entertain you with any of the usually interesting schoolday reminiscences. As a little child, I travelled a great deal in America with my father and mother, and the glamour of their professional life early fascinated me.

At six years of age, during their absence, I one day decked myself out in one of my mother's stage dresses, and, having ranged all my dolls on a row of chairs in front of me, sang and danced with all my heart, as though I were capable of winning, and the dolls capable of showing, a full measure of appreciation.

In the midst of this scene my mother entered with Sontag and Alboni, and the latter was so impressed by my voice that she then told my mother I should one day become a great singer, and thereupon offered to undertake the training of my voice, but my parents would not allow me out of their care until several years later.

I was brought up in New York, where I made my first appearance when I was seven years of age. I sang because I had a pretty good voice, I suppose, and so I have kept on singing. My family got into difficulties—artistes were not then paid so well as now—and I determined to come to their rescue. An odd resolution for a little child, but I carried it through, and had the satisfaction of being acknowledged as a real tower of strength by my father and mother.

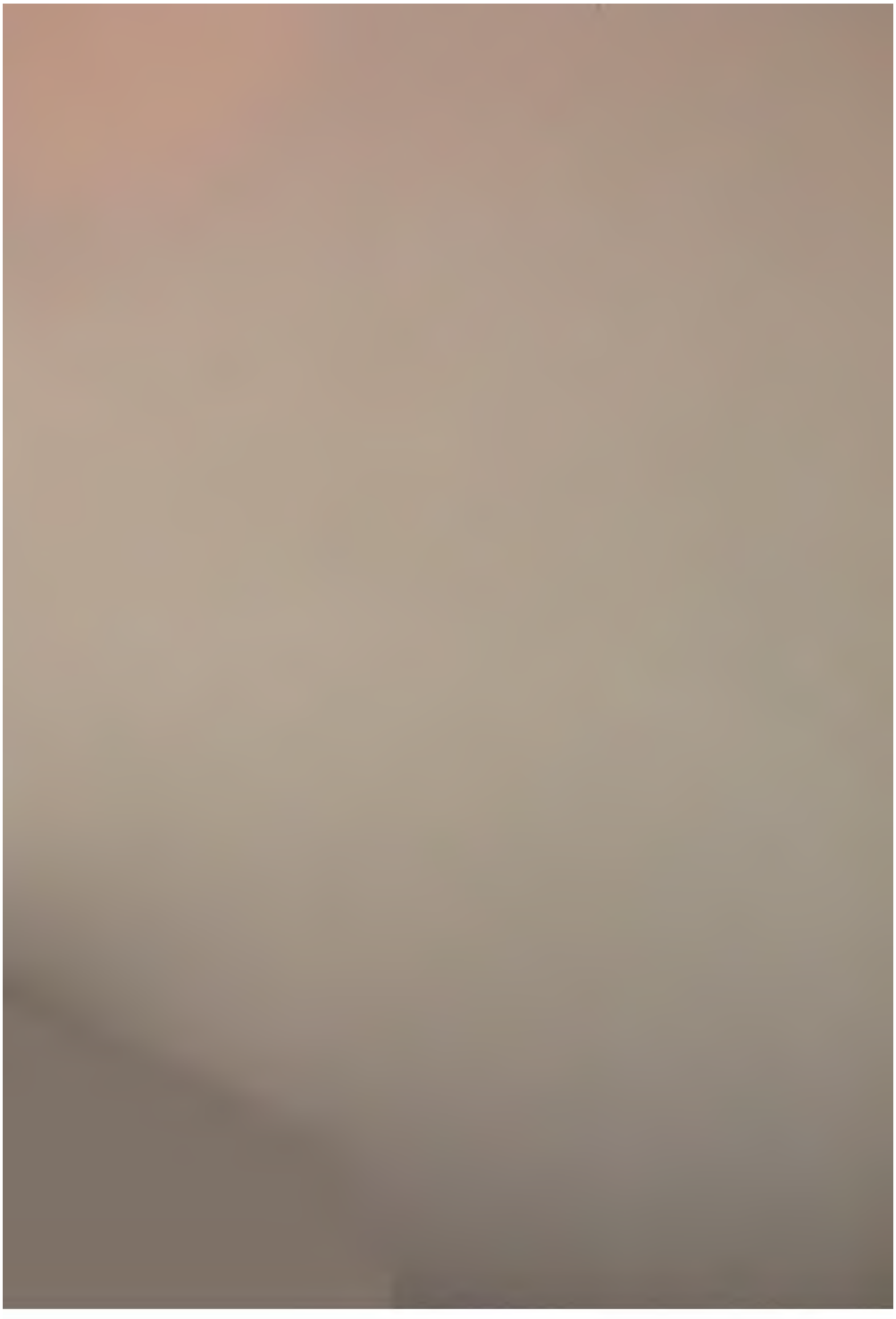
In these early days of my career I would never consent to go on the stage without a doll, and this exaction on my part led to all sorts of strange predicaments. If from the stage or platform I noticed any children in front, I invariably stepped forward and invited them to come and play with me in the interval. Rather an embarrassment for the managers, but yet everything seemed to go capitally!

I remember at this very time hearing Grisi and Mario in opera in New York, and I was profoundly impressed by



Ellis & Walery

ADELINA PATTI



their singing. After the performance I hurried behind the scenes, and, encountering Grisi, mutely held out for her acceptance a few simple flowers, which, in the exuberance of my childish enthusiasm, I regarded as an eloquent token of my admiration.

The great singer never noticed the modest offering, and, brushing me rather brusquely aside, said, as she passed to her room: 'Get out of the way, child, get out of the way!' The tears rushed to my eyes, and my heart throbbed with the pain of repulse as I turned and half mechanically offered the same flowers to Mario, who was following. He took them graciously and fastened them in his breast. Then, taking in the situation, he lifted me in his arms, and my tears sped quickly as, kissing me, he said: 'I shall keep these flowers always, always, in memory of you!'

Naturally, I thought Mario the best of all great people, and I still love his memory, because of that little incident in the long, long ago.

From seven until twelve years of age I sang regularly. Then my voice changed a little, and I retired for three years. My childhood was a very busy one, and I had abundant energy and perseverance. I went to Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, and other outside places, and I studied French, English, German, Italian, and Spanish, all of which I spoke equally well at a very early age, while I could also converse fairly in Russian and Portuguese. My gift of memory was, and is, remarkable, so that, after all, perhaps, I did not *work* very hard. I don't like the word 'work,' anyhow!

My first admirer, M. José de Rios, declared himself in

1855 at Porto Rico, where, at the age of twelve, I was giving concerts. I was sitting on the balcony, waiting for my turn to sing, when this tall, handsome young fellow first came under my notice. I don't know why he should have found any attraction in me, for I was a plain little girl with sallow skin, two black plaits hanging down my back, and eyes that, in an uncanny way, seemed much too big for my face. He was most kind to me, and in those days, when we had little of the world's goods, his consideration made a great impression on me.

I had by this time lost my mother, and when M. de Rios asked my father for my hand, I had little idea of even the meaning of marriage. On account of my tender years, his offer naturally met with a refusal. For five years I lost sight of him, and then, when I was seventeen, he came to Bath, where I was giving a concert one evening, and renewed his suit *in propria persona*, when I refused for myself.

My real *début* was made at the Academy of Music, New York, when I was fifteen. Two years later I made my first appearance in England, at Covent Garden, the opera being *La Sonnambula*. I need not now say how it went—most people know that; but, perhaps, most do not stop to think that ever since then—let me see, it's an awfully long time to remember: thirty-seven years!—I have never once missed a season in London, and nearly always in opera; but on the few occasions when I have not sung in opera I have never failed with my concerts.

Quite a record, is it not? Of all the audiences I have appeared before, I think the English have always shown the greatest sympathy and kindness, and yet it appears to

me that nothing could excel the ovations accorded to me in Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, New York, St. Petersburg, Naples, Milan, and Vienna.

I have occasionally found time for a few compositions. The little song, 'Il Bacio d'addio,' set to words of Byron's, and best known to English audiences as 'On Parting,' I have sung a great deal. I sang it all through my last provincial tour, and also at my Albert Hall concert; I think my valse, 'Fior di Primavera,' has also been a success.

Mind, I don't say I ever 'worked' hard, in spite of impressions to the contrary. My voice was natural, and so, I fancy, has been my use of it always, so there could be no question of labour. I notice now, when young artistes give an account of their doings, they say, 'I went to Milan to study with A.'; 'I went to Paris to study with B.'; 'I went to Berlin to study with C.,' and so on. Well, I never went anywhere to study—I never went in for experiments, and so I am still singing!

Contrary to the endless and seemingly authoritative assertions so constantly and emphatically made, I may say that I never studied with any one except M. Ettore Barilli—of the family of my mother's first husband—who knew the right method, and who did everything necessary in the way of training my voice and securing the best style of production.

How disappointed, painfully disappointed, he has often been on reading here, there, and everywhere, that my teacher was M. Maurice Strakosch, who really only helped me on matters of pronunciation, and in the working up of some of my songs! M. Strakosch, in later years, became the husband of my sister Amalie.

I don't believe in experimenting with the voice. Occasionally it proves a success, but I do think, at the present time, all that is best in the voice is very often sacrificed to this crazy notion of trying different methods and teachers. I have always advised all young singers in whom I have been interested to place themselves in the hands of Madame de la Grange of Paris, an exceedingly conscientious teacher, whose method of the Italian school early won my admiration. The true singer is the natural singer, and Nature is an excellent guide as to mentor and method.

I can't help attributing some measure of my voice's preservation to my careful avoidance of pastry and made dishes. I eat very sparingly of meat, and what I do eat I like plainly roasted, in the English fashion.

This reminds me of a *chef* I had at Craig-y-Nos, who, like most of my following, was devoted to music. One afternoon, when he could not be found in any of the usual haunts at the castle, I discovered him in the concert-hall, sitting with white cap and apron, and doing his best to play 'Home, sweet Home' on the piano. His confusion and apologies on my entrance were too much for me, and instead of the intended, and I suppose natural, speech of indignation, I had a piano sent to his own room, so that he might not lack an opportunity for future practice.

I find as much pleasure in singing to a few friends in my Welsh home as I do to the largest public audiences. It is a delight to me to be able to encourage young students, and during my recent tour I had a charming example of how deeply the little I do is appreciated. On the last night of the tour a promising young member of the company was discovered in tears, and at last I deter-

mined to question her as to the cause of her sorrow. 'Oh, madame,' she replied, 'it has been like heaven to be with you; now it is all over and I must go back to London and unkind people!'

I am going to write my biography at length one of these days, and then I'll have a good deal to say on this subject. Much, I hope, will be of service to young singers, in whom I take an almost unreasonable interest. But I won't venture on this undertaking until *after* I have retired from public life, which will be—when, I wonder?

For the rest, there is little more to be said now. It has already been confessed for me that Rossini is my favourite master, that Charles Dickens is the main inspiration of my fondness for reading, and that the human qualities I most admire are honesty in man and faith in woman.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

When I was not more than four or five years old, it became perfectly evident that my career in life must be in music and in nothing else. It was the only thing I cared for. When I was barely five, I used to go to the piano and make discoveries for myself. I struck the keys and found out what notes, when sounded together, were harmonious and what were discordant. And so I gradually discovered certain harmonic progressions, my ear telling me what was right, though, of course, I could not possibly know the reason why.

My father, Thomas Sullivan, was the bandmaster at the Royal Military College, at Sandhurst, from 1845 to 1856. He was an Irishman by birth, and my mother was of an old Italian family, named Righi. The band my father conducted was small, but very good, for he was an excellent musician.

I was intensely interested in all that the band did, and learnt to play every wind instrument, with which I formed not merely a passing acquaintance, but a real, lifelong, intimate friendship. I gradually learnt the peculiarities of each, and found out where it was strong and where it was weak; what it could do, and what it was unable to do.

In this way I learnt in the best possible way how to

write for an orchestra. I regularly attended the daily practices, in which I was always allowed to take part—although, of course, I was not permitted to play in public.

Boosey's *Military Band Journal* was then almost the only regularly published selection of music for military bands, and the music was scored for more instruments than my father had in his band, so that I always had the choice of playing flute, clarionet, althorn, French horn, cornet, trombone, or euphonium parts. The oboe and bassoon were the only instruments I was never very proficient on, although I could play them both a little.

My great ambition at this time was to become a member of the choir of either the Chapel Royal or Westminster Abbey. My father did not think the education good enough, however, and opposed this wish. In vain I urged. 'Father, Purcell was an Abbey boy.'

'Yes,' replied my father, 'but Beethoven wasn't, nor was the Duke of Wellington.'

I thought the argument weak, but, like the man in 'Happy Thoughts,' I had no repartee ready.

I was sent to a school in Bayswater, and there worried my excellent old master, whose name was Plees, until he consented to take me to see Sir George Smart, the organist and composer of the Chapel Royal, who lived in Great Portland Street. I went into the house awestruck, for had not Weber, the great composer, died there?

Dear old Sir George received me kindly, heard me sing 'With Verdure Clad,' in which I accompanied myself, patted me on the head, and sent me at once to see Mr. Helmore, the master of the Chapel Royal boys, who lived

in Onslow Square. Down we went to Onslow Square. Mr. Helmore had left, and I couldn't find out to what house he had moved. I was always practical, so I said to Mr. Plees, 'He must have had meat; let us ask at the nearest butcher's!' Fortunately, we went to the very butcher who supplied him, and found that he lived at No. 6 Cheyne Walk. I dragged my poor old master thither—found Mr. Helmore at home, was examined, sang, and promptly obtained the boon I coveted.

At the Chapel Royal I gained the same sort of practical knowledge of the voice and choral music that I had already acquired about the orchestra in my father's band at Sandhurst. It is only by this practical personal knowledge of each individual instrument, and each individual voice, that a man can qualify himself to become either a composer or a conductor. There are many men who, because they have learnt something about counterpoint, think that they are justified in sitting in front of an orchestra and waving a *bâton*, but who know no more about the real inner meaning of music than I know about astronomy.

When I was thirteen I came home for my holidays from the Chapel Royal, full of a work by Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, called *The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp*. Sir Frederick had written it as an exercise for his degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford. I sang the solo soprano part in the performance at Oxford, and thought that there never was such music. When I reached home I said to my father:

'There is a splendid march in *The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp*. You really ought to get it for the band!'

It was not published, but I was too much wrapped up in the music to allow myself to be beaten. I sat down to work early in the morning, and by night-time I had written out the march from memory in full military band score; and it was played with great success by the Sandhurst Band. I am happy to say that Sir Frederick Ouseley was delighted when he heard of the success of my effort.

When I was about fourteen, I heard that a competitive examination would take place at the Royal Academy of Music for a scholarship founded in memory of Mendelssohn. The nucleus of the fund had been derived from the proceeds of a performance of *Elijah* given at Exeter Hall for this special purpose by Madame Jenny Lind, who was then in the zenith of her powers. The examination was to take place in June; and as the minimum age of competitors was fourteen, and I had reached my fourteenth birthday on the thirteenth of the previous May, I was just qualified to enter.

There was a large number of competitors, as was only to be expected, and when I saw them I almost gave up all hope of success. However, when it came to the last day of the examination, it was announced that the scholarship lay between the eldest and the youngest of the competitors. Needless to say, I was the youngest. The eldest was Joseph Barnby. During that long summer day Barnby and I were put through a most searching final examination. At the close, the judges reserved their decision.

'We shall make known the result to-morrow,' said one of them. 'The successful competitor will receive

a letter announcing that he is the winner of the scholarship.'

I was living at No. 6 Cheyne Walk with Mr. Helmore, who was one of the Chaplains to the Queen, and the Master of the 'Children of the Chapels Royal.' I spent the day in a fever of excitement. Every time I heard a knock at the door, my heart was in my mouth. The day wore on, but still no letter. Two o'clock came—three—four, I was beginning to lose hope. At last, rat-rat! The postman's knock! It was unmistakable. I crept into the hall. The maid-servant passed by me, and went to the letter-box.

'A letter for you, Master Sullivan,' she said.

I took it from her, tore it open, and then—I had won it! I don't think I ever felt such joy in my life. I have that precious letter now, framed and hung on my wall, with other pleasant reminders of happy bygone days.

It was arranged that I should continue in the Chapel Royal, as my voice had not yet 'broke,' and pursue my studies at the Royal Academy at the same time. My masters there were Sterndale Bennett and Arthur O'Leary for the pianoforte, and John Goss for harmony and composition. I also attended, of course, the orchestral and choral practices under Charles Lucas. I worked fairly hard, and in the following summer I received a letter informing me that, in consequence of the progress I had made, my scholarship had been extended for another year. At the end of my second year at the Academy, it was again allotted to me, in order that I might go abroad and study at the Conservatorium at Leipzig.

The training I received in Germany during the next two and a half years was invaluable to me. I went to Leipzig at a very interesting time. In England, before I left, nothing was right but Mendelssohn. At Leipzig I found a bitter war waging between the admirers of Mendelssohn and those of Schumann. Besides these, there were the partisans of Wagner, who were already beginning to insist that he was the greatest of all composers, past, present, and to come.

My eyes were very quickly opened. I soon recognised that there was immense merit and beauty in the works of many writers who, so far, had been completely ignored in England. Happily, I was too young to be at all prejudiced, and my stay at Leipzig had the effect of opening my mind and broadening my views.

My masters at Leipzig were Moscheles and Louis Plaidy for the pianoforte, Hauptmann for counterpoint and fugue, Julius Rietz for composition (and afterwards Carl Reinecke, when Rietz left Leipzig for Dresden), and Ferdinand David for orchestral playing and conducting. 'There were giants in those days!' I think that on the whole Rietz was the best all-round conductor I have ever known. True, he was a bitter opponent of the 'new school,' but he never allowed his prejudices to stand in the way of obtaining a fine performance, which is more than one can say of many of the modern 'star' conductors.

Fellow-students of mine who afterwards distinguished themselves were Carl Rosa, John Francis Barnett, Ernest Rudorff of Berlin, Edward Grieg and his younger brother, Madeline Schiller, Franklin Taylor, and Edward Dannreuther. We had a 'lovely time.'

As the time approached for me to return to England, I became anxious to take back some work of importance—a kind of diploma work, in fact. It struck me that I could not do better than try to set music to some play of Shakespeare's, in the way that Mendelssohn had treated *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I had no copy of Shakespeare with me, and I borrowed one from my comrade, Edward Dannreuther. *The Tempest* struck me as being the most fanciful of all the plays, next to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and I fixed on that. I set to work, and completed my task when I was about eighteen years of age. The music was performed with great success at the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

When I returned to London, in 1861, I found that musical opinion had not moved in any direction during the two years and a half that I had been absent. Mendelssohn was still the sole representative of modern music who met with anything like cordial approbation. The songs that one heard sung in drawing-rooms were silly, amateurish ballads of the feeblest type. Cipriani Potter was then at the head of the Royal Academy of Music. He was a dear old man, with beetling eyebrows and huge stick-up collars. But he was a fine musician, and had known Beethoven well. I came to him full of my ideas about Schumann and Schubert and Wagner. Cipriani Potter was terribly disappointed in me.

'I 'm very sorry about Sullivan,' he used to say. 'Going to Germany has ruined him!'

'But, Mr. Potter,' said I to him one day, 'have you ever heard any of this music that you are condemning?'

'Well—no, I haven't,' replied he. 'But——'

'Will you play over some of Schumann's symphonies with me? I have them arranged for four hands.'

He willingly agreed, and I went to his house night after night and played them with him. At the end of three months he was a blind worshipper of Schumann. About this time, too, I made the acquaintance of George Grove, who was the secretary of the Crystal Palace, and of August Manns, the conductor of the concerts there. I showed them Schumann's First Symphony—in B flat—and they were so struck that they gave it shortly afterwards at one of the Crystal Palace winter concerts.

By the way, folks little know how greatly music in England is indebted to the long series of winter concerts at the Crystal Palace. For many years they were the only regular orchestral performances, with the exception of the Philharmonic concerts, to be heard in London, and every Saturday musicians and amateurs flocked down to the Palace with the certainty of hearing something interesting—new or old, creative or executive.

How many composers, singers, and players owe their success in life to the encouraging start given to them by those two genial, kind, and brilliant guiding spirits, George Grove and August Manns! And how superb some of the performances were! The standard of all was high, but there were some that stood out exceptionally.

Well, about this time music began to go ahead, and get out of the monotonous respectability that had kept it back for some time. A few of us, mere lads, fresh from Leipzig and elsewhere, worked with ardour and enthusiasm to break down the prejudices of both professionals and the public.

Honour to whom honour is due! I am convinced that

the extraordinary reaction that took place with regard to Wagner's music is mainly owing to the energy, both in preaching and practising, of my old friend, Edward Dannreuther. It was he who, amongst other things, started and conducted the Wagner concerts, which showed people that Wagner had written other things than the overture to *Tannhäuser*. He persevered, and eventually saw his efforts crowned with success.

Poor Walter Bach reduced himself to poverty in his struggles to obtain appreciation for the object of his worship—Liszt. Carl Rosa, Franklin Taylor, J. F. Barnett, all strove against prejudice; I myself lost no opportunity of either performing, or influencing others to perform, all that was good and unknown of Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Gade, and, of course, Wagner—but not his imitators. Some of us were too prejudiced, some of us were too eclectic, perhaps; but we made music *move* in England, and put life into it.

Early in 1862 I showed Sir George Grove and Mr. Manns the *Tempest* music I had composed at Leipzig. They decided to give it at one of their concerts. It was performed on Saturday, April 5th, 1862. This was the great day of my life! It is no exaggeration to say that I woke up the next morning and found myself famous. The papers, one and all, gave me most favourable notices, and the success was so great that the *Tempest* music was repeated on the following Saturday. All musical London went down to the Crystal Palace to hear this second performance. After it was over, Charles Dickens, who had gone down with Chorley to hear it, met me as I came out of the artists' room; he seized my hand with his iron gr[illegible]d;

'I don't pretend to know much about music, but I do know that I have been listening to a very great work.'

After this I determined to make my living as a composer. I did a little teaching at first, just to make ends meet, but gave that up as soon as possible. At this time I was the organist of St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, where I managed to get together a very good choir. We were well off for soprani and contralti; but at first I was at my wits'-end for tenors and basses. However, close by St. Michael's Church was Cottage Row Police Station, and here I completed my choir! The Chief Superintendent threw himself heartily into my scheme, and from the police I gathered six tenors and six basses, with a small reserve. And capital fellows they were. However tired they might be when they came off duty, they never missed a practice. I used to think of them sometimes when I was composing the music for *The Pirates of Penzance.*

But all this time my mind was set on composition. I was ready to undertake anything that came in my way. Symphonies, overtures, ballets, anthems, hymn-tunes, songs, part-songs, a concerto for the violoncello, and eventually comic and light operas—nothing came amiss to me; and I gladly accepted what publishers offered me, so long as I could get the things published.

I composed six Shakespearian songs for Messrs. Metzler and Co., and got five guineas apiece for them. 'Orpheus with his Lute,' 'The Willow Song,' 'O Mistress Mine,' were amongst them. Then I did 'If Doughty Deeds' and 'A Weary Lot is Thine, Fair Maid,' for Messrs. Chappell. I raised my price for these songs, and sold them outright for ten guineas each.

I was getting on, but by this time I had come to the conclusion that it was a pity for the publishers to have all the profit. My next song, 'Will He Come?' went to Messrs. Boosey, on the understanding that I was to have a royalty on every copy sold. 'And, oh, the difference to me!' I did very well with 'Will He Come?' and never sold a song outright afterwards. After that I published 'Sweethearts,' 'Once Again,' 'Looking Back,' 'Let Me Dream Again,' and many other songs, and these all brought grist to the mill.

My first dramatic venture was a musical version of *Box and Cox*, which Frank Burnand arranged and 'lyricised' in 1866. The history of this and its great success are facts so well known that I need not enter into them here.

Somewhere about 1871 or 1872, John Hollingshead, who was at that time the manager of the Gaiety Theatre, asked Mr. W. S. Gilbert and myself to do a piece, with parts for J. L. Toole, Nellie Farren, and other leading Gaiety lights. The result was *Thespis; or, the Gods Grown Old.* The fact that most of the principals possessed voices with a compass of only six or seven notes somewhat restricted my creative efforts. But the piece was fairly successful all the same.

In 1875, Mr. D'Oyly Carte was managing at the Royalty Theatre for Selina Dolaro. She was not doing at all well, and Mr. Carte, meeting Gilbert and myself one day, asked us if we could write something which would give her a little help forward. Mr. Gilbert had previously suggested to me the idea of an operetta, with the scene laid in a court of law, and he now proposed that we should utilise the idea in a piece to play about half an hour. I agreed, and in

a few days he brought me the book of *Trial by Jury*. The whole thing—words, music, and all—was completed in about a fortnight, and was immediately put on at the Royalty.

The result was a surprise to us all. Night after night rows of carriages drew up outside the little theatre, and the house was crammed. All London went to see it. The success was so great that not long afterwards Mr. D'Oyly Carte arranged to take the Opera Comique for the production of light English opera, and in 1877 Gilbert and I wrote *The Sorcerer* for him. This piece was founded on a story called *The Elixir of Love*, which Gilbert had previously published. *The Sorcerer* did fairly well, but the public had not yet learnt to appreciate Mr. Gilbert's peculiar style. They were not quite ready for it.

After *The Sorcerer* came *H.M.S. Pinafore*, which was produced in May 1878, and fell rather flat at first. Business was so unsatisfactory, in fact, that in July it was determined to put up the notice, and bring the piece to an end. Just then, however, a sudden change took place, and the theatre began to fill so well that the notice was withdrawn.

At this time I was conducting the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, and every night I played a most spirited arrangement of the *Pinafore* music which had been prepared for me by Mr. Hamilton Clarke. It always went exceedingly well, and proved, I think, an excellent advertisement for the piece.

But besides this, the play had caught on in America, and raged like a fever all over the States. In New York

alone, eight theatres were performing it at the same time, and the words were so constantly quoted that at last it was decided to impose a fine each time a phrase from *Pinafore* was used in general conversation.

My dear old friend, Frederic Clay, was in church one Sunday morning with the Barlows, one of the best known families in New York; and the preacher concluded a most eloquent sermon with the impressive words: 'For He Himself hath said it!' Clay whispered into Sam Barlow's ear the continuing line: 'And it's greatly to his credit,' promptly took out half a dollar, and silently placed it in Mr. Barlow's hand!

It is, perhaps, rather a strange fact that the music to *Pinafore*, which was thought to be so merry and spontaneous, was written while I was suffering agonies from a cruel illness. I would compose a few bars, and then lie almost insensible from pain. When the paroxysm was passed, I would write a little more, until the pain overwhelmed me again. Never was music written under such distressing conditions.

In this short sketch I have confined myself mainly to a few episodes in my early life, for as to the long series of cantatas, oratorios, and Savoy operas with which I was associated—is not the history of these written in the chronicles of the Press, where all who run may read?

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, K.B., Mus. Doc.

I was born at a place called Oldbury, in Worcestershire, on December 5th, 1844. I was very fond of music, even when quite a child, and it was determined that I should have an opportunity of turning this propensity to some account. I was placed in the Cathedral School at Rochester, under John Hopkins, and there my treble voice was heard in the cathedral choir. Little boys in white surplices look wonderfully good, but when the surplices are taken off (and sometimes, I fancy, even when the surplices are on) they are very much like other little boys.

I remember one day in Lent, when we had a holiday, we all went out bird's-nesting in Cobham Woods. We were very successful. All sorts of pretty little nests were discovered by us, and we carried off a large number of beautifully coloured eggs. Then came temptation—and we fell! A hen-pheasant rose whirring from her nest, and there we looked and found about a dozen eggs. We took them in the most shameless manner, and no sooner had we done so than we were aware of the keepers. We ran—and they ran too! Luckily for us, we ran the faster. Not one of us was caught, and so we escaped what ought to have been a just retribution. I am glad to say the eggs were not broken.

One Christmas Day, during the afternoon service, I became very faint. For a little while I struggled against the feeling, but I was really unwell, and so I came out. In the nave I met the verger, who was standing in front of a large crowd of visitors. He looked at me with a severe, unsympathetic eye, and then remarked, in the loud voice in which vergers habitually indulge, 'Too much pudding!' My indignation was intense!

On another occasion we got up some impromptu theatricals. They took place in the afternoon, and the drama was founded on a story of Red Indians. So far as I remember, there was no audience—we all acted. The principals wore no clothes, but were smeared with red ochre from head to foot. Talk about realism on the stage! The climax of the play had not been reached when the bell commenced ringing for afternoon service. That was a trying moment for Red Indians. The red ochre had to be got off somehow, and as we were innocent of such articles as vaseline or cocoa-butter, there was nothing for it but the pump. It was a severe but wholesome discipline. In a few minutes the Red Indians were transformed into rosy-faced choristers in white surplices, and nobody was any the wiser. Quite a quick change, wasn't it? Altogether I had a very happy time at Rochester. My great friend there was Joseph Maas, who afterwards became the famous tenor.

When I left the cathedral I went home, and there I stayed for some little time. At length I determined to make my plunge into the world, and, hearing that there was a vacancy for an organist at Faversham, in Kent, I made up my mind to compete. The judges were Mr.

Turle, the organist of Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Jones, of Canterbury Cathedral. There were a good many competitors, and I was very nearly successful—but not quite. This was in 1865, when I was not yet twenty-one; therefore I had no reason to be discouraged. How astonished Mr. Turle would have been if any one had told him that the boy whom he and Mr. Jones placed second would be his successor at Westminster Abbey!

As luck would have it, there was just at this time a vacancy for an organist at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor. The Rev. H. C. Hawtrey, who was the rector, wrote to his friend, the clergyman at Faversham, suggesting that as no doubt he had had a number of good men trying for the appointment there, it would be unnecessary to go through another examination at Windsor. 'Send me,' said he, 'the man who is placed second.' Accordingly I was advised to go to Windsor and see Mr. Hawtrey. When I called at Church House, the rector was out, but I saw his brother, the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, the Eton mathematical master, who was also living there.

Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, so well known to generations of Eton boys as 'Stephanos,' was a very remarkable man. To him I consider that I owe a great deal. He received me very kindly, and chatted away fluently in his own genial manner. While we were having tea his brother Henry came in.

'Henry,' said he, 'this is our new organist, Mr. Bridge.'

The rector looked me up and down as he shook hands.

'What a stripling!' he remarked.

However, stripling as I was, he gave me the appoint-

ment, and I entered on my duties without delay. But although it was Mr. Henry Hawtrey who appointed me, it was through dear old 'Stephanos' that most of my opportunities came. He introduced me to his brother John, who was also an assistant master at Eton, and who had a boarding-house there. The consequence was that I immediately obtained a considerable number of pupils, which at that time was a matter of no little importance to me. Young as I was, I had no difficulty in keeping order among the boys, even at the classes in vocal music. They never attempted to play the fool with me. Indeed, I made many pleasant friendships among my Eton pupils, with some of whom, I am glad to say, the friendship is maintained up to the present day.

But in quite another direction Mr. Stephen Hawtrey was able to give me invaluable assistance. He was, as I have said, at the head of the mathematical department at Eton; but in addition to this he was the founder and proprietor of a large and important school at Windsor, which he named St. Mark's.

He was a man of very broad ideas, and, partly for the benefit of the school, partly for the sake of Windsor and its neighbourhood, he instituted a series of oratorios and other high-class concerts, which he gave in the great schoolroom at St. Mark's. This hall he had himself designed with a view to its possible use as a concert-room. The chorus was made up from masters and boys at St. Mark's, from the choir of St. George's Chapel, and from ladies and gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood. The nucleus of the orchestra was found in the Queen's Private Band, and assistance was also procured from the bands of

the regiments stationed at Windsor, and from some clever amateurs.

I had never had control of an orchestra before; but in spite of my inexperience and my youth, Mr. Stephen Hawtrey insisted on giving me the post of conductor.

At one of the concerts we were giving Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The part of the prophet was to have been sung by Mr. Henry Barnby, a member of the St. George's choir, and Sir Joseph Barnby's elder brother. He was, however, taken ill on the day of the performance, and we were at our wits'-end to find a substitute in this emergency. Fortunately, we succeeded in finding one, and, strange to say, it was an Eton boy! The boy had a fine voice, and although he came at such short notice, he sang the music splendidly, but at a tremendous speed. It was an astonishing performance. But your surprise will grow less when I tell you that the Eton boy's name was Hubert Parry.

Sir Hubert Parry and I have had many a laugh about those pleasant old days. I heard him sing the music of *Elijah*, and he, on the other hand, heard me play a pianoforte solo at one of these concerts, the only occasion in my life when I did such a thing.

I had another very interesting experience during these years that I spent at Windsor. Mr. John Hawtrey, at whose Eton house I had so many pupils, used to get up some theatricals every Christmas, and I superintended the musical part of the performances. Mr. John Hawtrey himself was an admirable actor, and it is not at all surprising to me that his talent should have manifested itself in the succeeding generation. I remember well his performance of Samson Burr in *The Porter's Knot*, which was one

of Robson's favourite parts. There was a very pathetic scene in which he sat on his barrow and read a letter to his wife. During this bit I used to play very softly one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, No. I, Book 4—the one in A flat—and everybody cried. I know the tears used to trickle down my own nose while I was playing.

On another occasion I witnessed Mr. Charles Hawtrey's first performance on any stage. He was one of Mr. John Hawtrey's sons. The piece was *Bombastes Furioso*, played by boys. Charles Hawtrey was then about ten years old, and he was given the part of 'Distaffina.' He was dressed in powder and patches, and made one of the loveliest little girls imaginable. An old gentleman who was present at the performance used to say afterwards: 'The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life was a boy!' We introduced a good deal of music in the play, and Distaffina sang a song of Sullivan's, 'She is not Fair to Outward View,' the words of which were slightly altered to suit the character. I taught Charles Hawtrey the song, and I am pleased to think that I assisted at what has since proved to have been a very important *début*.

During my stay at Windsor I took as pupils the sons of Mrs. Oliphant, the authoress. Mrs. Oliphant was very kind to me, and I have the pleasantest recollections of her.

In 1868 I took the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford. The question has arisen lately whether residence at the universities should not be made compulsory for musical students. This question has really another side—namely, whether it is not desirable that Oxford and Cambridge should interest themselves in the music of the United Kingdom, for it is obviously impossible that young

men making their way in the musical profession should give up their positions and go up to reside at the University for three or four years. They cannot afford to do it. I myself could not possibly have done it. If residence were made compulsory, the result would simply be that the great majority of musical men would not bother themselves about degrees at all; and if the most prominent musicians in the country systematically disregarded the University diploma, a degree would soon cease to have any value whatever.

In 1869 there was a vacancy for Manchester Cathedral. I competed and was successful. My principal adversary was Haydn Keeton, who also came up from Windsor. He was a pupil of Sir George Elvey, the organist of St. George's Chapel, and was a great friend of mine. I am glad to say he obtained the very next cathedral vacancy that occurred, for in the following year he went to Peterborough.

At Manchester I spent six busy years. I was appointed to teach music at Owens College, which has now become the Victoria University. The work prospered—so much so, that music was soon recognised there as a subject of real importance, and a Professorship of Harmony was founded. I took my Doctor's degree at Oxford in 1874.

In 1875 Mr. Turle determined to retire, and Westminster Abbey became vacant. One day I received a letter from Canon Duckworth, saying that my name had been mentioned among others as a likely candidate—would I compete?

And so it came about that at the age of thirty I was appointed to Westminster Abbey. I used to be very

it. Surely it is foolish to generalise. I don't mean to say that everybody is musical, but we *have* a musical public in England, and it is to be found in every stratum of society.

Before I come to a close, I must tell you a curious experience that I had on the day before the Jubilee in 1887. I held my tongue about it at the time, and the story has never yet appeared in print. There was a great scare about dynamite. The police had received information that some Anarchists intended to make an attempt on the Jubilee day, and that the Abbey itself would very probably be the scene of the explosion. Extraordinary precautions were taken. Every approach was carefully guarded by the police for days before, and nobody was allowed to enter until he had explained most carefully what his business was—and not always then. Indeed, one afternoon the Dean himself was stopped by a policeman who didn't know him, and was refused admittance. Especial danger was supposed to lurk in any small bag, and even at the present time a bag is regarded with suspicion by the police anywhere in the neighbourhood of Westminster.

Colonel Majendie, who at that time was the Government Inspector of Explosives, came to the Abbey and made a most careful search for anything that might be suspicious —and he paid particular attention to the organ-loft. The organ-pipes were covered over with wire netting, and I received special injunctions to try every note in the organ on the morning of the Jubilee, to make sure that each pipe was free from any obstruction.

'Clockwork machines are what we are afraid of,' said Colonel Majendie.

On the day before the Jubilee, we had a rehearsal of the music. The band came in the morning and played over their part in the organ-loft. They went out for luncheon, and were to return in the afternoon to rehearse with the choir. During their absence I stayed behind and tried something or other on the organ. While I was playing, my assistant, who was sitting by me, suddenly exclaimed:

'Doctor, don't you hear something?'

'No,' I said. 'What is it?'

'A ticking—clockwork!' he whispered.

'Good gracious! Where does it come from?'

'That black bag!' And he pointed to a small black bag which was lying in a corner.

We were horribly frightened, but we crept towards it and listened. There was no doubt about it. Something was ticking inside.

In half a minute my assistant and I were out of the organ-loft. I managed to find the worthy old engineer who has charge of the gas-engine used for blowing the organ, and told him to fetch the bag, and bring it out of the Abbey. Perhaps his imagination was not so highly strung as mine, for he brought the bag out without the least fuss.

When we got into the cloisters, we opened it, and there was a cheap American clock!

It turned out that the bag belonged to one of the cornet players, who had brought his instrument in it. On his way to the Abbey that mo[illegible]had tak[illegible]ncy to

the clock, which he had seen in a shop window, and had bought it.

That was all! But it gave every one a terrible fright, for it showed that, in spite of all precautions, it had actually been possible to bring into the Abbey, unobserved, the very article that the police were doing their utmost to exclude!

BLANCHE MARCHESI

In looking back upon my childhood the first thing I remember is passing by Hyde Park and receiving some lovely sweets from an old white-bearded English gentleman. They tell me I was eighteen months old at the time.

I was born in Paris, as the tenth and youngest child of my parents—alas! the only surviving one to-day. My parents went, when I was a baby, to live at Cologne. They were both singing-teachers at the Conservatoire, and were also concert singers; hence my whole childhood was passed in a musical atmosphere, and music—singing in particular, in which my parents excelled—became part of my life.

When I was very young I was taken to see a light opera. There was a ballet in it, and it made a tremendous impression.

At three years of age I sang song after song; always, oddly enough, I pretended to take the second voice in the little duets with my sister. Then came the day when I saw a chance. Ah! what an effect it had upon me. I determined to be an actress. I was always, always acting; morning, noon, and night.

It became a passion with me—tragedy, always tragedy; I was never satisfied with anything but tragedy of the most blood-curdling description. Every day I and my

sister enacted a tragedy, for which I always invented the plot. There was no joy in the world like dressing up in one of my mother's gowns, putting a crown on my head, decking myself with flowers and baubles, and killing my sister or being killed by her.

I suppose I was an extraordinary child, unlike others; when quite small, very soft and weak; later on, very wild. One drawback from which I suffered was my extreme delicacy.

When I was about eight years old another passion devoured me. It was for verse. On every possible occasion I wrote verse—on the table, under the table, in bed, out of bed, but always secretly. For I received no encouragement; I was only laughed at, as children always are for any hobby that is to all appearance in advance of their years. But no amount of ridicule affected me. I continued to write day after day, hour after hour. I could express my thoughts better in verse than in prose, and always in German.

Until I was twenty-two I wrote all my dramas in German; then I wrote in French. I used to tell all my secrets to the poetry, and lay bare my heart in a language with which I was absolutely *en rapport*, and that came sympathetically to my strange nature, craving for something other than I met with in everyday association. To me poetry was as food to a starving soul.

Sometimes when friends came, my parents would say, 'Blanche, my child, repeat some of your verses,' or 'Blanche, recite, or dance, or sing.' But if I did—well, I hid behind a mask, as it were. I abandoned myself to a frivolous mood, and laughed at myself and joined in th

laughs against me. People would say to my parents, 'What a funny girl your Blanche is!' Yes, but they didn't know what that funny girl had in her head.

I suppose the barrier between me and other girls was largely due to my peculiar constitution—the strong mind and the weak body. I could never do as other girls did, never share in their sports and amusements, never go to parties. If I ran too quickly, I suffered for it. And so I lived my girlhood to myself, as it were. I lived inwardly, not in the world.

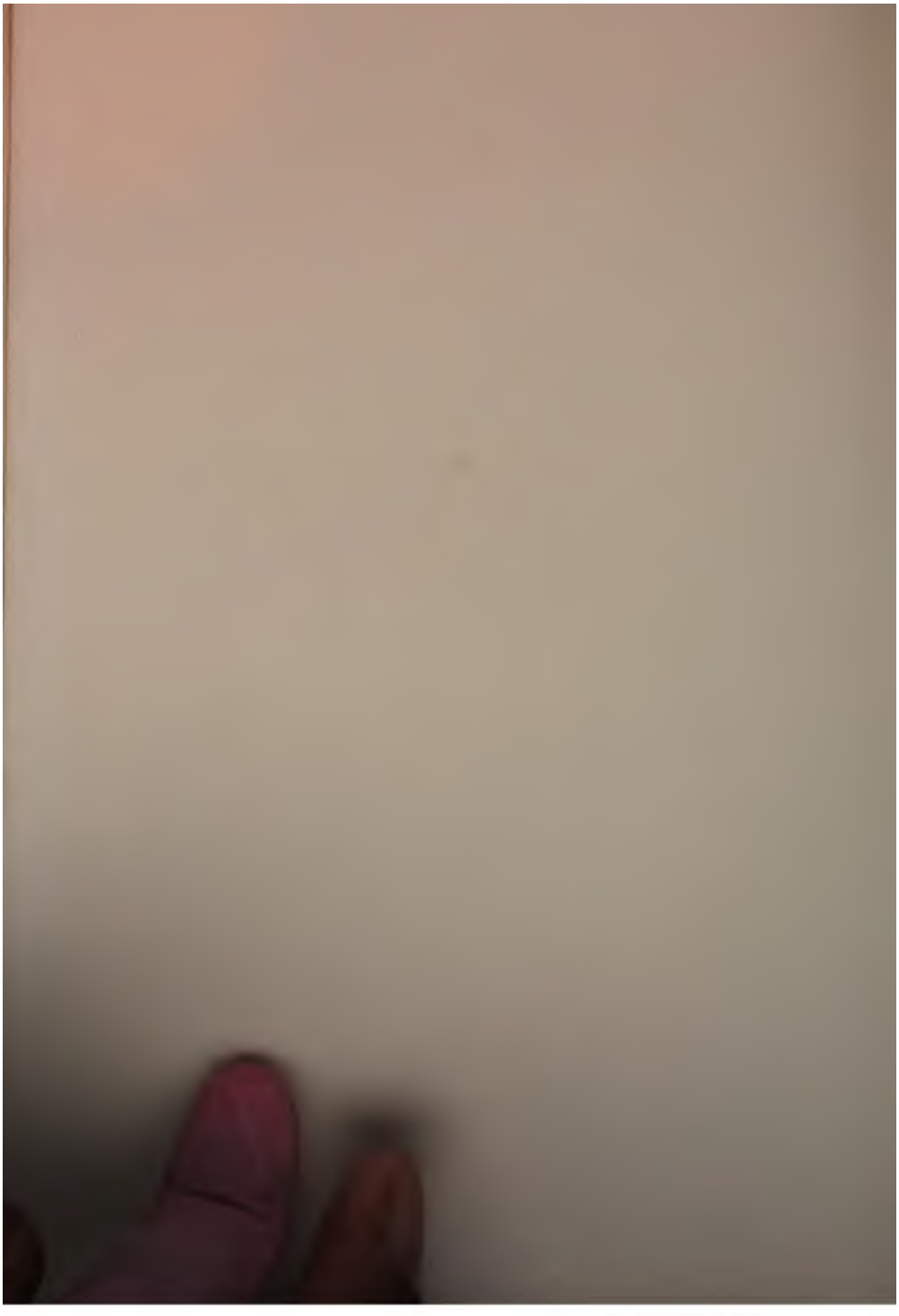
Yet another grand passion of mine was for the violin. Ah! the violin! How I adored it! I trembled as I touched the instrument or heard it played. I was drawn out of myself and exhausted with emotion. As a little child, almost before I could handle the instrument, I pretended to play the violin with a little piece of firewood for a bow perhaps. I yearned to learn the violin, besought my mother to let me be taught the beloved instrument; but on account of my weak health the privilege was denied me until years later.

By-and-by I was sent to school at Frankfort. But school-life was uncongenial to me. Such subjects as mathematics, arithmetic, grammar, etc., never interested me. The only studies I cared about were history, natural history, and literature. All this time the love of art grew and grew within me, the love of literature increased till it became my one absorbing thought. Ah! but my poor verses got me into such trouble at school! I continued to write them secretly; instead of listening to prosy classes I was surreptitiously writing verses under my desk. I must also confess that I loved to crawl over the walls



Reutlinger

BLANCHE MARCHESI



and tear down the roses and fruit of the neighbour's garden-trees.

I remained at the Frankfort school three years. Nobody understood me, nobody sympathised with me or encouraged me. The only happy times were the Christmas-trees and the eight days' annual holiday. At last my parents took me home again to Vienna. Then I went to a day school. There I felt happier.

Ah! but at that time I used to see Brahms, and those glimpses made my heart beat and my cheeks glow. Every morning as I went to school I used to pass by the 'Kaffeehaus' where he breakfasted and read his newspapers. Hugging my cloak round me, I trudged along in the snow, and shyly looked up from under my hat at the morose-looking figure stooping over his coffee-cup. And if it happened that I met Brahms coming out of the 'Kaffeehaus' and he grunted out, 'Gut'n Morgen,' in his curious surly fashion, I felt carried up to the seventh heaven of delight, and thought the sun shone brighter.

It was about this time that I obtained permission from my parents to have violin lessons. In my mother's opera class, in her Vienna Conservatoire, was a young accompanist whose name was Arthur Nikisch. He was chosen for my first violin teacher. To-day his name is known over the whole world. Later I entered into the Vienna Conservatoire as violin-pupil at Mr. Bachrich's class; and in Paris, Edouard Colonne was my teacher.

After my return to Vienna the old morbid passion for tragedy gnawed at my heart. Strangely enough, although my parents were following an artistic career, they had no artistic circle of friends, as the Vienna artists lived a

curious kind of life, between 'Bierhalle' and 'Kaffeehaus,' and no interesting centres of *causerie* existed among them. Our holidays were those days when great foreign artists like Liszt, Verdi, Ole Bull, Rubinstein, Lassen passed through Vienna. They never failed to come and see us. When quite a child I sang to Liszt. He kissed me on my brow, and said to my mother: '*Ma chère Madame Marchesi, votre Blanche est votre plus belle œuvre.*'

My great delight was to go with my mother to the Conservatoire and see the rehearsals of operas which her pupils had to perform, the public being admitted to those representations. The atmosphere of a playhouse was to me everything; the fusty, stuffy air was sweeter than the choicest bouquet.

At home I was depressed. I began to think, how was I to be brought into contact with great literary characters of the day, with artists, dramatists, players? Drawn, as by an electric current, to the great art world, I comforted myself by writing tragedies. My custom was to write from about four in the morning till eight oclock, using scraps of candle, a couple of inches or so high, for light. Now my musical career takes all my time, and since two years ago my pen is resting. But in my head there is never rest.

I determined that, come what may, my poetry and tragedies should be read by some great literary person. Franz Nissel read them and was astonished, especially when he discovered that I had written an *Œdipus* ignoring absolutely that Sophocles had written his divine tragedy on the same subject. Then my aim was to submit a tragedy to Laube. Laube! who was omnipotent

at the Burg Theatre, Vienna! He, a dramatic author himself, he should read my tragedy!

I was in a state of feverish excitement at the thought. I was scoffed at for the suggestion, of course. 'My dear child,' I was told, 'Laube has hundreds of manuscripts sent to him. He throws them all into the fire.' Never mind.

Through the medium of a mutual friend, Laube promised to read anything I sent to him. How I burned with suppressed excitement till I heard from him! How my heart beat high with rapture when his answer came! After having read my poetry he wrote: 'This young lady is surely a talent, and can easily be a real poet some day.' Imagine my pride at his opinion!

Fired by the first spark of encouragement I had ever received, I set to work on tragedies more grim than ever. Before this I had, at the half-bantering suggestion of Bodenstedt, written verses in Persian metre, known as Gazele. Again I sent a play, *Cassandra*, to Laube, and had a reply as encouraging as the first. He wanted to know my age, and I told him fourteen. He laughed incredulously, and told me not to tell fibs.

'But,' he said, 'your surroundings—your people—who has helped you?' Nobody. No, what I did I did by myself. What I had to bear by my mental loneliness, the agony of eating my heart out in my ungratified ambition, craving for something I did not meet—these torments are known only to myself. My parents were so fond of me and so happy together, and I, too, was devoted to them and to my sisters. Yet the great world of dramatic literature beckoned me and disturbed my soul, and the serene happiness of the peaceful home life did not fulfil my desires.

For many years I assisted my mother with her singing classes; but I had no voice worth speaking of, though I sang privately and always with great success. My mother nearly despaired of my ever being able to sing in public, but always said: 'There are voices that come late and then last long. Wait.' Imagine this big torture! The inward struggle between what I knew, and the inability to express what I knew, was terrible.

When my voice came I went to Berlin to make my first public appearance, and met with the greatest enthusiasm from the public; but I did not yet believe in my future as a singer, and my fixed intention was to found a singing-class of my own in Paris, and only to sing in public in view of my school. I had had for years, apart from my own classes, a preparation class for my mother's school.

I remember on one occasion, when I was quite a girl, my mother fell dangerously ill, and was unable to fulfil her duties; she called me to her and asked if I thought I could undertake her classes. There were at least fifty pupils, some of them troublesome ones. Proud of the responsibility, I eagerly undertook the charge, and for nearly two months stood at the head of my mother's school. She gave me a most flattering testimonial as a teacher.

It was a red-letter day for me when Dumas read a play of mine, and not only read it, but passed a criticism on it that almost made my hair stand on end with joy.

When I arrived at his house he introduced me to his friends with such flattering words that my pen refuses to write them. He was wildly excited about my play, and wearied his visitors by relating to them the whole plot.

Dumas took that play, sent it with a letter to Antoine, director of the Théâtre Libre, and was just going to have it represented when his death put an end to his kind-hearted intention.

Among musicians with whom I came in contact during my school days in a Paris *pension* was Gounod, who was always very kind and took a great interest in me.

Godard, Massenet, Faure, and all the great French composers of the day were my friends, and used to accompany my songs when I was only a girl. Alboni was the first to pick me out as a singer, when I took part in one of my mother's concerts in Paris. My husband, Baron Caccamisi, who is no musician, but who has love and taste for all arts, never thought of allowing me to follow a public career. But when he was convinced of my absolute vocation, he not only said that he felt he had not the right to hinder the manifestation on my part of my art, but he helped and helps me in my beloved work in the most devoted way.

Colonel Mapleson heard me at my Paris recitals, and advised me to pack up my trunks and be off to London: I was wanted there. That was in 1896, and I took his advice.

I came immediately to London, where I met with the greatest kindness. Yes, here I declare I will be eternally grateful to England, for it has made a concert-singer out of the poet and teacher who was too modest to call herself a singer. England has understood the heart that beats in my little songs; and, if I am ever able to leave a name behind me in music I owe it much to England, its critics, its public, and its Queen.

EDWARD LLOYD

SEATED one evening at the side of the wife of Theodore Thomas, the great American conductor, I was startled by the statement from the lady's lips that she came from an Irish family, and that the name of this family was Hopkins. What she said of herself was true of me also, for on the mother's side I come from an Irish family, and the name is Hopkins. Before I said anything about myself or my connections, I put her several questions as to the history of her family, and each answer brought out more clearly the fact that, unknown to each other—one a native American, the other thoroughly English by birth and bringing-up—we had started on one side from the same good old Irish stock.

I am unable to give any of the history of those early forebears of mine. Indeed, I am not very curious on family history—it is one of the many social superstitions I do not share. I know this much about my maternal ancestors:—Three brothers named Hopkins left Ireland together; I cannot say the reason; I can only tell that two of them came to England and one went to America, and there became a Bishop in the Episcopal Church. Miss Fay—such was the maiden name of Mrs. Theodore Thomas—was his granddaughter, and she allowed me to see a copy of a book of which her grandfather was the author and

had presented to her. They were all a musical race; indeed, few families have had so many musicians in it as mine; music is in the blood of almost every one of us. There are no fewer than twelve members of my family who are now members of the Royal Society of Musicians.

It was a stout, stalwart Irish stock—that from which I descend on my mother's side. My grandfather and great-uncle were both trained at the Duke of York's School. I assume from this that they must have been the children of a soldier. I have a recollection of an old miniature of my great-grandfather; but the recollection is dim. My grandfather, Edward Larkin Hopkins, was six feet two in height, broad in proportion—a fine old gentleman—courtly, robust, and active almost to the last; and he lived to his eighty-second year. He was a man of strong character and will, kindly, but at the same time a martinet of the military fashion. I should add, as a curious picture of the times, that my grandfather had a black man as his servant. He played the cymbals in the band, and was christened by the other members of the band Black John. My great-uncle was the father of Dr. Edward Hopkins, the distinguished organist who has now been associated with the Temple Church for half a century. My grandfather was chiefly remarkable as a clarionet player. He was professor of music to the King's Household, and bandmaster of the Scots Fusiliers, a post which he held for upwards of forty years.

Of his daughter—my mother—how can I speak as I would wish? She was the bravest, the best, the most self-sacrificing of women. If it had not been for her I do not know where I or any of my brothers or sisters

would have been. For we were left orphans at an early age, and there were six of us totally unprovided for. My mother's industry and self-sacrifice were necessary to give us our education and our bringing up. But we owed nearly as much to our grandfather and to our aunt, Mrs. Hann.

My father, Richard Lloyd, was a Londoner; but I daresay he came originally from Wales; so that I am Celtic on both sides. He was a most indulgent father, especially to me, his favourite child. He had a fine tenor voice, and held the position of vicar-choral of Westminster Abbey. He was one of these extremely popular, easy-going, generous men whom everybody loves, everybody spoils, everybody imposes upon. Everywhere his fine voice, his gaiety, his social talents made him welcome. He was a Freemason, a great diner-out. If anybody asked him to sign a bill, he signed it without hesitation, and thought no more about it till the day of reckoning came, and then he suffered—suffered so terribly that, in the end, trouble killed him. My mother used often to say to me when I was a youth: 'Never put your name to a bill.' She had had too good reason, poor thing, for giving the warning. Perhaps it is because I knew how fatal may be social success and social petting that I have always steadily avoided social entertainments, and that I have been content to divide my time between the public and my own family and home.

I was born on March 7th, 1845, and my father died in 1850. Here, then, was a painful situation. I was but five, as you see, when he died, and there were five more of us to provide for. My mother had been a good musician

from her girlhood. When she was seventeen she gained the King's Scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music for pianoforte playing, and was a pupil of Mrs. Anderson, the music-mistress of the Queen, and for singing was the pupil of Mr. Costa, afterwards Sir Michael Costa.

My mother obtained the position of music-teacher in the Ladies' College in Cheltenham. She retained this post for fourteen years. How she was esteemed will be seen from the fact that a memorial window was placed in the Great Hall in Cheltenham in her honour. She had a pretty voice and an excellent method, and she often sang in concerts in Cheltenham, so that I inherit a voice from both my parents.

I was just beginning to be known and recognised, but I had not got far, when my mother died. She was never a cheerful woman, her life had been too hard for that. Her last days were darkened by pain and ill-health—she died of cancer at sixty-two. Poor, noble woman! She gave joy to others, but she never had any for herself. Her death affected me very deeply; even now I cannot think of it without sorrow. For some time I was unable to sing without dreading to break down in the middle of a song. I had a nervous affection something like hysteria in a woman.

While my mother was in Cheltenham I remained in London under the care of my grandfather and aunt; I remember still the letters of anxious inquiry which my poor mother used to send so often to me.

I was but seven when I began my musical career. My father's connection with Westminster Abbey, the position of my grandfather, and my mother's acquaintance with

Mr. Turle, the organist of the Abbey, enabled me to get an entrance into the choir at that early age. I started my musical education under Mr. Turle. He was most kind and patient with us youngsters. I may recall as one of the memories of that epoch in my life, that at the same time Arthur Sullivan and Alfred Cellier were choristers at the Chapel Royal, while Sir John Stainer was senior boy at St. Paul's.

We used to meet both professionally and in our hours of recreation. Our professional meetings were at the rooms of the old Madrigal Society in Lyle Street. I remember to this day that our reward for our singing was a glass of port, a butter biscuit, and two shillings. With the two shillings I went on my way homewards, wondering how I could spend it all, a problem usually solved before I reached home. Our chief amusement was cricket. The Westminster team, I am bound to mention, nearly always won; but we had pleasant and stout opponents in Sullivan and Cellier. Cellier, poor fellow, was especially gay and good-humoured; he was the life and soul of the cricket-field; and the rascal once bowled me out.

The days at the Abbey I look back upon with pleasure. I was happy in the work; and I got on pretty rapidly. For a year I was a probationer; then I entered as full chorister; then I was chosen as one of the first four; and finally I was promoted to the proud position of head boy. Of my recollections of that period, I may mention that I sang at the funeral of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the great engineer, who made the first Thames Tunnel.

A more agreeable recollection is that of the marriage

at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, of the Princess Royal, the ex-Empress of Germany. I sang in the gallery; and I remember several of the incidents of the wedding ceremony as if it were yesterday.

After I had become one of the four first boys, I began to make a little money; and as I did not receive more than £13 a year, this was welcome. I took part in the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace in 1856; for which I was paid four guineas. In addition, I was able through Mr. Turle to sing at the City dinners. You know what a large part music plays at most of these dinners; even to this day grace is sung before and after dinner. In addition they used to have glees and part-songs in the old days; and as no women were then allowed to sing at the dinners, boys always took the soprano parts. We used to get a guinea, and sometimes even two guineas, for our services—a handsome addition to our small income. But it was not good for the health of young boys to be kept up so late, and the Dean of the Abbey—Dean (afterwards Archbishop) Trench—who was a most amiable and excellent man, forbade us to go to these dinners. He made up for this deprivation by the kindness with which he invited us to the Deanery, and the festivities which he always had for us there. Though he was a sad man, I am told, in his latter days, he was then the merriest of the merry; he used to take as active a part as any of us boys in the game of bob-apple. I never got a good bite of the apple, for my mouth was too small.

I was at the Abbey till I was fifteen years of age. To improve the small education in books I had got in the Abbey I went to a school at Southwark; it was called

Grey's School, after the name of the master and proprietor. There I remained for twelve months.

My mother, meantime, still lived in Cheltenham; and I went down to live there with her. At this period I was still uncertain as to my future; and I had no hope of ever developing into anything particular as a vocalist, as was always my desire and my ambition. I may mention, as a somewhat remarkable fact, that my voice never went through the process known as breaking. It simply deepened in tone as I grew older. I have often been asked if I ever took music-lessons. I can answer that I never took a lesson from a teacher, unless from Mr. Turle and from my people at home; in spite of that I was always taking them, and never ceased to attend to the training of my voice from my seventh year. I was always humming, always singing, always going where I could learn.

For a time I used to go with my aunt to Leslie's famous choir, and used to sing in it, too. But still my future was uncertain. That was partly the reason, I dare say, why I studied hard to become a good instrumentalist. My mother taught me the piano, but I did not take to it much. I tried the violin and was making fair progress.

I remained in Cheltenham until I was twenty; and then I returned to London, and went again to my aunt's house. I obtained the position of solo singer at a church in Belsize Park, and my salary was just thirty pounds a year. Everybody thought I was simply an ordinary light tenor, and I thought so myself also.

It was a meeting with my uncle, Dr. John Larkin Hopkins, who was organist at Trinity College, Cambridge, that shaped my career more than anything else. My

mother and my uncle happened both to be on a little holiday visit to my aunt in London. My uncle had never heard me sing; my mother asked him if he would do so. When he consented, I sang 'You and I,' by Claribel; I can remember still the look of pleasure that came over his face from the first lines—

> 'Tis years since we parted, you and I,
> In the sweet summer time long ago'—

and when I had finished, he expressed his delight, and suggested that I should go down with him to Cambridge and try to obtain a vacancy in his choir there. As the salary was £120 a year, I need not say how delighted I was to accept the offer; it was, according to my ideas then, wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. I found the work in the choir suit me very well; I knew a great deal of the music already from my training in the Abbey, and I could easily manage the rest, for I was a good reader of music. Then came the critical moment when it was to be decided whether my engagement would be permanent.

I remember the morning well; it is fixed indelibly in my memory; it was, perhaps, the morning of all my life when I have felt most anxious. The trial was not to take place till ten o'clock; but it was hopeless for me to try and sleep till anything like that hour. I got up at four o'clock, called my landlady, told her to have a thick steak ready for me at eight o'clock, and then I went out for a four hours' walk—rather a severe preparation for so important a trial of my voice.

I can recall my sensations during that walk—so memorable to me—as though it were yesterday. It was a fine bright morning in spring, and my spirits gradually rose

with the nimbleness of the air and the healthy exercise of walking. I was in the condition of mind in which I have often been since. I am at once a man of nerves and, if I may say so, of resolution. When I have a serious piece of work to do I am agitated, but, at the same time, determined to do my best, and to bring out everything that is in me. So it was that morning. I was nervous, and yet I was resolved and certain to win. When I came back I had my steak, for which by that time I had worked up a good appetite.

I sang 'If with all your hearts,' from *Elijah*, and I also sang some music which was given to me; and I came out first from the seven or eight competitors who went in at the same time with me. It was then that I took the most important step of my life. One night I went to hear *Faust* at the theatre in Cambridge, and there I met the lady who is my wife. It was a case of love at first sight; we were engaged almost from the first time we met. And I may be permitted to say that it has been a marriage of true happiness. My wife is not a professional musician, but she is a woman of sound judgment and common-sense, and my career would not have been what it has been, if it had not been for her counsel, her encouragement, and her affection.

I remained twelve months in Cambridge, and then I got an order to come to London and sing in the choir at St. Andrew's, Well Street. Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Barnby was choirmaster. Soon after I was appointed, as it is technically and officially called, 'a gentleman at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's.'

Then came the real beginning of my career. I was

engaged to sing at the Gloucester Festival in Bach's *Passion Music*. For the first time in my life I felt the great responsibility of what I had undertaken to do—to sing the tenor part of one of the greatest sacred works written. No wonder I was nervous and did not sleep for a week before its performance. The fight was always in my mind between failure and success, for it was one or the other, no middle course. What a relief when it was over, and pronounced a great success! It was a trying moment, and I felt it intensely. I suffer from nervousness, and yet I do not regret it. I believe that no singer can really affect the public unless his own nerves are susceptible and high-strung. The first qualification for a singer is the voice, and the second is the voice, and the third is the voice; but, at the same time, there comes next, as an equal necessity for artistic success, the intense feeling of the heart.

I had hard times so long as I retained the double occupation of the church choir and the concert platform. I fulfilled five or six engagements in a week, had to travel all day as well as sing every night, and then had to be back in London for Sunday morning for the choir. Often I have had to travel all night, or to get up at five o'clock in the morning so as to keep my Sunday engagement.

Did I ever miss an engagement through an accident of any kind? Yes, once and once only. These were the circumstances, which I have already told, but they will bear re-telling:—

It was during my first tour with Madame Liebhart, and we had made a long journey from Dublin, and arrived at the town, somewhere in the Potteries, I believe, where the

concert was to take place at night. Feeling very tired after the journey, I allowed myself the luxury of a siesta, and was in the midst of my slumbers, when a messenger rudely disturbed my dreams with the alarming intelligence that the audience was in the concert-room waiting for the performance to begin. It so happened that I was down to open the programme with the duet 'Love and War,' with Mr. Lauder, the bass, and it was all I could do to arrive half-an-hour after we should have sung it, in hot haste, only to find the audience extremely indignant and naturally uproarious. From that day to this I have never failed to put in an appearance at any concert a quarter of an hour before I was actually wanted. A good lesson gained by experience.

I have never since allowed anything to interfere with an engagement. I have kept them in fogs; even after a railway accident—I have been in three railway accidents. Never have I allowed anything to stand between me and my obligations to the public, except severe illness.

The double life of the choir and the concert could not have gone on; and at last the choice was forced upon me by the ecclesiastical authorities. I was told that I must choose between God and Mammon; I chose Mammon, and I do not regret it.

Nor do I regret that I have never gone on the stage, in spite of the temptations that were so often held out to me. I did once make an appearance in costume, and there is a photograph extant of me; but it was in a private house, and I think I was the fool that I look in the photograph. Carl Rosa was very anxious that I should appear in *Tannhäuser*, but I refused. I had many good reasons for this refusal; but I had better put the strongest

first. My wife objected, and her word is law with me in such affairs. Besides, her judgment has been confirmed by my career as a concert singer.

I have bought a small property of one hundred and ten acres in Mayfield in Sussex, a delightful old-world place. The house dates from 1560. There I intend to devote my time to breeding Southdown sheep, and cattle.

MADAME MELBA

I WAS born at 'Doonside,' a dear old rambling house with a large garden at Richmond, which is still my family's town residence in Melbourne, Australia.

But the wealth of my childhood's memories always rushes to Steel's Flat, Lilydale, one of my father's country places in Victoria, which he sold some years ago to Mr. David Syme, the wealthy proprietor of *The Age* newspaper, to whose generosity the visit of the Victorian military contingent in Jubilee year was mainly due.

In this charming country place—free from the restraint of Melbourne school life—it was my delight to spend hours in galloping bare-backed across the plains and through the winding bridle-tracks of the bush. I am sure my wanderings were only limited by my pony's endurance, and not by any sense of satisfaction or fatigue on my part.

Although unusually high-spirited, I loved to be alone, and have often spent five or six hours on the edge of a creek, fishing with bait that rarely brought me a good return. But I was quite happy; the silent plains, the vast ranges of eucalyptus forest, the sunny skies, and the native wild birds were all one glorious harmony; and the time seemed all too short as I rode or fished, singing, singing all the time. I was never at the homestead, nor indeed anywhere else, when I *should* have been, and the

question, 'Where is Miss Nellie?' grew to be a first-class conundrum.

I was an unusually naughty child, absolutely incorrigible, unreasonable, and unmanageable. Never once—no, not even by accident—did I hit on doing the right thing; mischief of the most inexcusable, boisterous kind came to my mind as an irresistible inspiration. And, naturally, I was always in trouble.

Music was the only reasonable thing in which I showed any rational interest, and owing to my dreadful perversity in every other matter, I believe my musical taste aroused quite an antagonistic feeling in my mother and father.

They were both intensely musical themselves. My mother, who was of Spanish descent—and noted for her remarkably beautiful feet—was a very accomplished pianiste, and I have spent many an hour crouched under the pianoforte while she played for her own amusement. The necessity for food at a proper time, and the threats of various and fearful punishments, failed to draw me from my favourite ambush.

In passing, I may say that out of a large family I am the only one who resembles my mother. I am dark—almost dark enough to be a 'black sheep'—while all my sisters and brothers are remarkably fair. In the few docile hours of my obstreperous childhood, it was a great delight for me to sit on my father's knee and pick out the treble notes on the harmonium while he sang the bass.

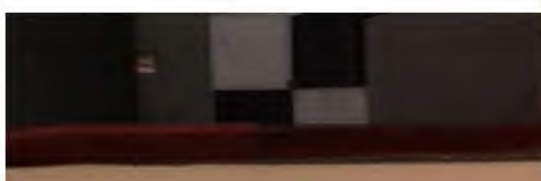
At six years of age I was, by some strange freak of parental favour or childish despotism, allowed to appear at a concert, and my singing of 'Shells of the Ocean' was so kindly received that I had to give an encore, my extra

number being no other than 'Coming Through the Rye.'

The next day I was playing about with a little girl who lived opposite, and, elated with my concert success, I waited eagerly for some comment. The minutes passed—years, I thought them, but my child-chum continued to ignore what was to me the chiefest thing in the world. Unable to curb my eagerness any further, I at last blurted out: 'Well—the concert, you know;—I sang at the concert?' She inclined her face towards mine, and lowering her voice to a significant pitch, answered: 'Nellie Mitchell, I saw your drawers!' I have never forgotten the spontaneous malice in that criticism of my little playmate.

My wilfulness and aggravating contrariness on all occasions eventually led to my being sent to a boarding-school, where it was hoped some sense of docility might enter into my rebellious head. But it was no use; it seemed impossible to teach me anything except music. I was always at the bottom of the class, and generally in disgrace.

From the balcony of the school I could see the turret of 'Doonside,' and my father, who rode past each day, considered it wisest not to acknowledge in any way so fractious a pupil. This was perhaps the bitterest experience of my younger years. To be in sight of my home and unable to go there—to see my father and not be noticed by him—so filled me with sorrow that I was constantly in floods of tears. During this time of banishment the most marked kindness from those in charge of the school failed to bring me any comfort, and when I was allowed to return home my delight was unbounded.



My later and principal school days were spent at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, an institution regarded as unapproachable in the colonies, but to the records of which I failed to add any lustre.

In fact, I believe I was generally regarded as 'the very worst pupil in the college.' During the hour and a half allowed for lunch, it was my daily custom to ignore the necessity of a midday meal and devote the time to practising on the organ in the Scots Church, of which my people have always been regular supporters. This going without food from breakfast until dinner so affected my health, that I was threatened with consumption, and my organ practices were summarily ended.

It was while on a holiday from the college that I was once intrusted with the duty of playing some selections of sacred music during a solemn family celebration. The proper music was spread out on the stand, but instead of playing it I devoted myself to a very lively interpretation of various polkas and jigs, to the amazement and horror of the sedate assemblage.

Later on, when I was allowed to attend concerts and other musical performances in Melbourne, it appeared to my childish imagination that I could very easily surpass the efforts of even the first artistes I heard, and I was not at all diffident in expressing this conviction to my mother, who endeavoured to curb my presumption by various forms of punishment.

From my family I certainly received no encouragement whatever, and the concert of my sixth year remained a brilliant memory until nearly ten years later, when I again managed a public appearance. With my people I was

spending part of the summer at Sorrento, a pretty little watering-place near the entrance to Hobson's Bay.

One day, when driving round the township, I noticed that the fence of the local cemetery was in a deplorably dilapidated condition, and I determined on getting up a concert to provide funds for a new railing.

I had very flaring posters printed, and as a solution of one question of 'ways and means,' I took charge of them myself, and with paste and brush set out to stick them in the best positions, a task which I successfully accomplished. I raised £20 by this exploit, and later on when I saw a nice new fence round the cemetery I felt it was more due to my tact as a bill-sticker than to any attractions my concert had to offer.

Not very long afterwards I decided to give a sort of drawing-room concert in my native city of Melbourne, from which I take my name, and I wrote to all my friends asking their presence. My father heard of the scheme, and determined to thwart the desire for a public career, which was even then faintly manifesting itself. He wrote to them all too, and as a personal favour begged them not to attend. All unconscious of this parental strategy, I repaired to the scene of the concert, and when I stepped out on the platform I was greeted by an audience of two! All the same, I went through with my programme, and sang as well as I knew how for the loyal *duo*—and ever since I have had larger audiences.

At seventeen I was married to Mr. Charles Armstrong, youngest son of the late Sir Andrew Armstrong, Bart., of King's County, Ireland. My husband was not musical, and as I soon found that domestic life did not fill the entire

range of my girlish fancies, the old love for music returned with renewed force, and I sang whenever I could. I may mention, too, that I was the first lady to perform on the Grand Organ of the Melbourne Town Hall, my appearance being at a charity concert.

Free from the opposition which I had always encountered at home, my appearances became very frequent, and I won considerable success as an amateur, and, later, gave a few concerts on ordinary businesslike lines.

In 1887 my father was appointed by the Government of Victoria a commissioner to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London, and I accompanied him home. I had a letter of introduction to Madame Marchesi, and I lost no time in going to Paris. She heard me sing, and from the first gave me the most generous encouragement. After my second song she rushed excitedly out of the drawing-room, and calling to her husband, she said: '*Salvatore, j'ai enfin une étoile!*'

When I had finished singing, she asked me gravely: 'Mrs. Armstrong, are you serious? Have you patience?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Then, if you can stay with me for one year, I will make something *extra-ordinary* of you,' and she divided the long word in quite a curious staccato way. To Madame Marchesi I owe more than I can say, and the great teacher who encouraged me so warmly remains my cherished friend.

When I look back on the nine years of my professional life, many memories crowd upon each other, and in the tangled jumble it is not always easy to recall any particular event. I have a very keen recollection of a little incident that occurred at Philadelphia, when I was once singing

there during the blizzard season. The opera had been *Lucia*, and when the performance was over, I felt very glad to escape from the oppressive atmosphere of the crowded theatre, and hurried to the stage-door where my carriage was waiting.

My arms were laden with roses, and as I stepped into the quiet street I noticed that the only person near was a refined, distinguished-looking, but poorly dressed woman, who stood close to the stage-door.

She approached nervously and almost inaudibly asked: 'Madame, will you give me a rose?' As I held out the flower I looked at her face, down which the tears were streaming, and in an instant I recognised her as a woman whose appearance, as she sat in the gallery, had attracted my notice during the performance just concluded.

She was once a singer of distinction, I had been told, and moved by some irresistible impulse I leant forward and kissed her pale, tear-stained face.

'God bless your beautiful heart!' she murmured, and as the tears rose to my own eyes the poor creature hurried away. During my brief stay in Philadelphia I made several attempts to seek her out again, but never succeeded in tracing this 'star of a buried night.'

Let me see! Well, I never thought it was so difficult to keep on talking about oneself. I *have* been rather successful; but as my career has not yet reached the dignity of a decade, most people know of any events of interest that have crept into that short time. Personally, I think I have been most impressed by my *first* appearances at La Scala, Milan, where I sang *Lucia*, and at the Grand Opera, Paris, where *Hamlet* was the opera.

Both occasions were trying ordeals for a singer of very little experience, but in each case I received generous inducement to push ahead; in fact, the people were more than kind.

Once, during a brief season in Stockholm, it happened that all the dates on which I sang were evenings on which the king could not possibly be present. When his Majesty returned to town I received a royal message asking if I could by any chance give an extra performance, so that he and the members of the court might attend.

Circumstances permitted me to do so, and my desire to please so popular a sovereign gave tremendous delight to the people. The theatre was packed to suffocation point, and the enthusiasm of the audience—in their excessive kindness—was really overwhelming. After my chief scene the king rose in his box, and facing me where I stood on the stage, bowed very low. This act of courtesy his Majesty repeated several times, every one in the house having risen meanwhile, and their cheers were almost too much for me.

On the morning following I was summoned to the Palace, to receive the personal congratulations of the king and queen, and a decoration from the hands of his Majesty. A pin was necessary to fasten the ribbon, and as none had been provided, I offered one to the king. 'Oh! I must not take a pin from you,' he said smiling, 'it might mar our friendship.'

Then, after a moment's hesitation, he added, as he took the pin: 'I will break the evil spell, though, with a kiss, and we will be friends always.'

When I was leaving the city a little later, I had further evidence of the people's goodwill. The way from my hotel

to the railway was so crowded that traffic was completely stopped, and at the station itself there were over five thousand people who did everything possible to enhance the memory of a really delightful visit.

So much for past days! As to the future, I think my warmest wishes centre themselves round a visit to my sunny southern home. I have a great dislike to sea travelling, or probably I should have taken that long trip already. That visit will be more a matter of sentiment than business, and I look forward to it with the very keenest pleasure.

I intend to take out with me a complete but small opera company of the very best artistes. I shall take my own orchestra, chorus, and scenery, and I 'll sing with all my heart for dear old Australia.

SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE

If there is anything in heredity, I suppose it may be assumed that I owe my musical tendencies to the fact that throughout three generations the Mackenzie family have been musicians.

My father, Alexander Mackenzie, a first-rate musician, who was well known throughout Scotland, led the orchestra at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. It is worth mentioning, perhaps, that he was the first Scottish musician to go to Germany to complete his musical education, and was a pupil of two famous violinists, Lipinski and Sainton.

My birthplace is Edinburgh, and I began to study the pianoforte and the violin at a very early age. One of the first friendships I formed was with young Bartel, then a member of Gungl's band, and it was upon his advice that I was sent to Sondershausen, his native place, to study music in the house of the Stadt-musiker Bartel. I was barely ten years old at the time, and when I arrived there I found there was only one English-speaking person in the place. I remember it was no uncommon thing for one of the Stadt-musiker's apprentices to be discovered practising in the washhouse or the wood-cellar.

I trained under Ulrich for the violin, and under Stein, an intimate friend of Liszt's, for theory. Drafted into

the orchestra at thirteen, I had the opportunity at Sonderhausen of studying a great deal of advanced music, for there it was largely encouraged. Sondershausen was, indeed, the second town in Germany to perform *Lohengrin*, and we played the *Tristan* prelude before the opera was brought out. I also became acquainted with the score of Gounod's *Faust* before it was known in England, and the last piece I took part in was Liszt's *Faust Symphony*.

Liszt used frequently to bring his compositions in manuscript to our orchestra, which was considerably superior to the one in Weimar. In it I had a thorough drilling in opera, concert, and general theatre work. I consider that those three years at Sonderhausen fostered my taste for the 'music of the future' and grounded me for my work.

I returned home in 1862, a lad of fifteen, who could speak German more fluently than his own tongue!

Then I set my heart on studying with Sainton, my father's old teacher. With this object in view, I went to see him, taking with me some of my compositions. Sainton listened to them and was pleased.

'But,' he said, 'I am afraid I have no time to give you any lessons just now. Why not compete for the King's Scholarship at the Royal Academy? It is not improbable that you may win it, and if you are successful you will be my pupil there.'

Well, to cut a long story short, I won the scholarship, the successful lady candidate being Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

My master for harmony was Charles Lucas; for piano-

forte, F. B. Jewson; and for my favourite study, the violin, Sainton. Before Charles Lucas took me in hand I was utterly ignorant of counterpoint, and I remember that when there was anything rather startling in my composition exercises, he would remark, 'That is all very well for young Scotland,' punctuating the remark with a pinch of snuff, 'but it *won't* do! Take it out, sir!'

I remained among the rank-and-file of fiddlers in various theatre orchestras for some months. Berthold Tours sat at the same desk with me.

On my arrival in London, I suffered a good deal of inconvenience from the curious gaze of the street arabs. I daresay my appearance was somewhat feminine, for my hair had grown long since I had lived in Germany, and I wore a turban hat. The boys followed me with inquisitive eyes, and at last in desperation I rushed to the nearest barber's and had my hair cut close to the head.

The first time I was called upon to take the conductor's *bâton* in Drury Lane Theatre, my youthful appearance aroused the remark that I should 'grow a beard as soon as possible.'

Although the sort of work in which I was engaged did not by any means satisfy my ambition, yet it enabled me to pick up a great deal of practical knowledge and invaluable experience in orchestration. My friends advised me to return to Edinburgh. I worked hard, and became very well known there as a solo violinist in 1865, and for some time travelled as a leader of orchestras and solo violinist, meeting with most gratifying success.

By and by I partially abandoned this course of life, and began to teach the pianoforte, and it was not long before

I gained a large connection as conductor of several choral societies. When Mr. Arthur Chappell brought Joachim, Strauss, Lady Hallé, and Piatti to Scotland, I always joined the Monday Pop. Quartet as 'second fiddle.'

About this time I began to give several series of concerts, which extended over a period of ten years. Then—and it was mainly owing to the encouragement I received from Von Bülow and August Manns—I determined to turn my attention seriously to composition. Some fourteen or fifteen years ago I relinquished my work in Edinburgh, with the object of devoting myself entirely to writing.

Before this, however, I taught at the Edinburgh Ladies' College for six hours daily. The plan adopted was somewhat original, but worked well. Eight pupils played the same piece or the same scales simultaneously, upon eight pianofortes. Thus forty-eight lessons were given in six hours.

During the period that I remained in my native city, I composed a fair amount of music, among other things a Pianoforte Quartet in E flat, which I called Op. II. This I published at my own expense. Hans Von Bülow happened to come across the proof sheets at the publisher's. The piece must have impressed him, for he then and there made inquiries about the composer. When he heard that I had paid a German publisher £20 for printing the quartet, he fired up and said, 'Write him a furious letter, and say you will buy the quartet back. I have a few pounds to spare; you shall have them.' The kind offer was not allowed to be carried out.

A rather amusing incident occurred in connection with the performance in Glasgow of my overture, *Cervantes*, which Bülow accepted for one of the orchestal concerts of a series he was conducting in the winter of 1877-78. I went to Glasgow for the occasion. Bülow was rehearsing the overture, and asked me if I would conduct it in the evening. But I excused myself on the plea that I had not brought a dress suit with me. 'Mrs. Stillie,' said Bülow, to the wife of the distinguished Glasgow critic, 'has your husband a second dress suit he will lend my friend?' Mrs. Stillie replied in the affirmative. But there yet remained an obstacle. At that time I was slim, and Stillie was not. However, I was over-persuaded, and on the memorable night appeared as a somewhat baggily-clad conductor.

In my humble capacity of second violin I assisted at the first performances of many now celebrated works, among them Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, Sullivan's *Light of the World*, and Costa's *Naaman*. The only time I remember to have seen Costa laugh was when Schira was conducting the rehearsal of his *Lord of Burleigh*. When we were playing our greatest possible *fortissimo*, Schira shouted at the top of his voice, 'Fire! fire!'

The goal at which I aimed was to become a composer. But this was too expensive a luxury, therefore I had to continue my uncongenial work in the hope of being ultimately able to gratify my ambition. At length, however, my health began to give way under the daily strain, and it became advisable to give up my Edinburgh work. Upon Bülow's recommendation I went to Florence.

The period I spent there was almost the happiest time in my life. During those days I wrote *The Bride*, *Jason*, *Colomba*, *The Rose of Sharon*, and many other works.

While I was in Florence I saw a great deal of Liszt, and through him became acquainted with the works of Tschaikowsky, Borodin, and Rinsky-Korsakow, thus being familiar with the Russian school of music long before it became popular in London.

Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding on Liszt's part, our friendship was very nearly severed; but when he found out his mistake he could not do enough to make amends. 'Where is that Scotchman?' he would say; 'I want to know his music.' I at once fetched my 'Scotch Rhapsodies,' and Liszt, although supper was waiting, insisted on playing one of them then and there with Madame Sophie Menter.

When, years later, Liszt was invited to England to hear a performance of his *St. Elizabeth*, given at the Novello Concerts, which I was conducting, he replied: 'Mackenzie? *Ich schulde ihm etwas* (I owe him something). I will come!' The last attempt of this king of pianists at composition was a fantasia on my opera *Troubadour*. It was found on his writing-table after his death.

My acquaintance with the critic, J. W. Davidson, began at the Worcester Festival of 1881, whither I went to conduct my cantata *The Bride*. Three years later, just after the Norwich Festival, at which *The Rose of Sharon* was performed, I was at Westgate, and frequently met Davidson at Margate. He used to come down to the bar of the hotel in which he was staying, and sit over oysters from about two till five. One day a maid came in with

her jug on her arm. 'Susan,' said Davidson, pointing to me, 'don't you know who this is? Why, the composer of *The Rose of Sharon. Nothing like it since "Elijah"!*'

At the mention of the name of Wagner, 'J. W. D.' would exclaim: 'Police! Police!'

It was while I was conducting the Novello Concerts that I was honoured with the degree of Mus. Doc., which was conferred upon me by St. Andrews, the oldest university in Scotland, in 1886. The following year I left Maidenhead, where I was then living, to return to Florence. Almost immediately on my arrival there I heard of the death of Sir George Macfarren, and the consequent vacancy in the Principalship of the Royal Academy of Music.

At first I had no intention of being a candidate for the post, thinking it probable that Mr. Walter Macfarren would succeed his brother. But hearing that this was not the case, I entered, and was elected Principal.

In 1892 I was offered the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society, which post I still hold, and in 1896 I had to decline a similar approach from the Royal Choral Society on account of pressure of work, although I undertook to finish the season after the death of Sir Joseph Barnby.

The greatest honour, however, was conferred upon me by Her Most Gracious Majesty in 1895.

As I began my professional life at the early age of thirteen, I can already look upon an active career of close upon forty years as a musician, and may boast of some experience if of nothing else.

My first popular success was a little comic part-song for male voices called 'Ye Franklyn's Dogge,' and they tell me

that a violin piece of mine, 'Benedictus,' has also travelled far.

During the Diamond Jubilee Festivities a gentleman asked to be introduced to me, and remarked, 'I want to know you; our band plays your "Benedictus" twice a week at Hong Kong!'



LITERATURE

JUSTIN M°CARTHY

From my early youth I had formed the ambition to live in London. London was at once to me a dream and a reality. I wonder whether many youths in quiet provincial towns now have the same yearning—the same half-poetic longing to be in London, to live in London, that I had in my younger days? London was to me, first of all, the London of Shakespeare, of Addison and Steele, of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Dickens and Thackeray; and in the second place—really and only in the second place—the magical region where anybody who fancied he had anything in him could hope to find a career. I lived in a delightful seaport town, the place of my birth, in the south of Ireland.

We were surrounded by the most picturesque scenery; we had a legend-haunted river flowing beneath hills with ruined castles on them, and then winding its way through grassy plains and little woods that might have seemed a fit playground for the summer fairies, until it broadened and deepened, and sent its great waves to meet the sea, and became lost in its expanse. In the course of one day's enjoyment we could paddle along a narrow rippling

river, and could toss upon the waves of the mighty sea. All this, however, was not enough for me: I had set my heart on being in London, and on actually living in London, and making it my home.

I visited London several times before I came to settle there, and I think I saw more of London streets and ways and famous neighbourhoods and historic buildings during the first month of my holiday there, than I ever saw in all the course of my long residence as a Londoner.

I used to wander for hours about Eastcheap, simply because Prince Hal and Poins and Falstaff were supposed to spend much of their time there; I haunted the Temple Gardens for the sake of York and Lancaster and the plucking of the roses, and also for the sake of Addison and Steele, and of Tom Pinch and Ruth Pinch, and Stunning Warrington and Pendennis. The region of Wapping Old Stairs was a delight to me for the sake of poor Molly and her sailor. The first sight of the Tower of London was as much to me then as the first sight of the Acropolis or the Pyramids became to me so many years after; and the Southwark Churchyard, where Philip Massinger lay buried, made me fancy for a moment that I, too, was a poet.

The first glimpse I had of London was in the early spring of 1852. The Crystal Palace was still standing in Hyde Park, although the exhibition had long been closed, and most of its treasures had been removed. I remember seeing Kiss's Amazon still there, and when long after I saw the same piece of work for the first time in Berlin, it seemed as if I had come back upon some delightful memory of my youth.

The London of that day was, of course, very different in many ways from the London of our time. The general appearance of the streets and the rushing traffic was much the same then as it is now; but, still, even in the composition of the traffic there were many differences of detail. The hansom cab was then in full activity, and the good old four-wheeler was not much worse at that time than it is at this hour.

The Houses of Parliament themselves presented very much the same appearance as they do just at this moment, and the glimpse one got of the Terrace, as he passed up or down the river on a summer's day, was only different from the glimpse he might have just now in the not unimportant fact that there was then no chance of his seeing a crowd of ladies in bewildering silks and hats and feathers settling down to little tables for an afternoon tea. Vauxhall was still in flourishing condition, just as we find it in *Vanity Fair*. Cremorne Gardens lingered on for many years to follow.

Those were delightful days, those days when I first came to have some experience of London. But they were unsatisfying, although indeed I have heard epicures say that it is essential to exquisite enjoyment that it should be unsatisfying.

It was not enough for me to have seen London and its famous places, and its theatres, and its river, to have wandered in Richmond Park, and eaten a dinner of fish at Greenwich. My ambition would be contented with nothing less than to live in London, to have a home in London, to feel that I, too, had started once for all on some manner of a career in London. I am not sure that in the enthusiasm

of my youthful ardour I might not have preferred even a failure in London to a success in any other place.

It was not, however, until the January of 1860 that I was enabled to become a Londoner. I then obtained an appointment on the staff of the *Morning Star*, as a reporter in the Gallery of the House of Commons, and in the meantime I had spent seven years as reporter, dramatic critic, and leading-article writer on the *Northern Daily Times*, of Liverpool, the first daily paper started in the English provinces. I may take the opportunity of describing the nature of my outfit for a literary career. My basis of education, if I may use such a phrase, was of a very commonplace order, and it was almost altogether literary.

I never could learn anything in mathematics; I never could make much of figures. Astronomy is the only science of which I knew anything; and, indeed, I knew little of that in the strictly scientific sense. On the other hand, I loved reading, loved almost all kinds of reading. I had had a fairly good education in Greek and Latin—what I should call a good literary, not scholarly, education.

When I left school I could read Latin with perfect facility, and Greek almost, but not quite so well. For many years of my most hardworking time in Liverpool, and in London, I had dropped quite out of the reading of Greek; and when one day by chance I opened a Greek book in the house of a friend, I found, to my grief and dismay, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could make out a sentence of it. I came away filled with a resolve that I must endeavour to repair that loss and

recover my Greek, and I set to work to read a little Greek every day.

Sometimes I could not give more than ten minutes to this self-imposed task, but I stuck to it until I found myself able to read Greek fairly well once more. In this way I re-read nearly all the Greek classics—Homer, the tragic dramas, Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, Herodotus, Xenophon, Lucian, and, of course, Aristophanes. In my school days, although not at school, I had learned to read French perfectly well; and I taught myself to read German with equal facility. Italian I could read fairly well.

When I could read a language, I devoured every book I could get hold of in that language, even while I was still at school and was being taught Latin and Greek on the old-fashioned plan which made the great masterpieces of Greece and Rome wearisome task books to the school-boy. It was my delight to read at home the books which were not made part of the daily toil. In this way I read and re-read Lucretius and Lucan, Pliny's *Letters*, Statius, Silius Italicus, Plautus and Terence—I especially loved Plautus—and those books of Cæsar, Livy, and Sallust which were not made part of our ordinary tasks at school.

I am afraid the reader will think that my literary taste was not very good, even for a schoolboy, when I tell him I loved the tragedies of Seneca, and the *Life of Alexander the Great* by Quintus Curtius. I never was, or could be, what is called a scholar in any language, even English; but I was an omnivorous consumer of literature in all the languages I knew. It was just the same with French, with German, with Italian, and with English. Most of this reading, it will be understood, was done in an Irish country town.

I remember once, when I was still a very young man, coming on that passage in Macaulay's essay on Bacon, in which he remarks on the advantages modern readers possess when compared with the contemporaries of Lady Jane Grey.

'A modern reader,' he says, 'can make shift without *Œdipus* and *Medea*, while he possesses *Othello* and *Hamlet*. If he knows nothing of Pyrgopolynices and Thraso, he is familiar with Bobadil and Bessus and Pistol and Parolles. If he cannot enjoy the delicious irony of Plato, he may find some compensation in that of Pascal. If he is shut out from Nephelococcygia, he may take refuge in Lilliput.'

I recollect turning round to my mother, reading the passage to her, and then saying in all the ardent glow of youthful self-conceit, 'Well, I am equally familiar with all the lot of these.'

In truth, except for the current literature of each succeeding year, I have added little to my stock of reading since those early days. I have been living mainly on my educational capital since the time when my dear old friend, Mr. Thomas Crosbie, now editor and proprietor of the *Cork Examiner*, used to range the old bookstalls of Cork with me in search of cheap books in Greek, Latin, and French. Perhaps I may add that I had picked up a little law by a year's study in a lawyer's office, at a time when I had a hope of being able to go to the Bar, which hope, however, was not destined to be crowned by success. Such, with the daily increasing multifarious scraps of information which a newspaper man must needs pick up day after day, was the intellectual fund which I had to subsist on when I made up my mind to fight my way in London.

Meanwhile, I kept on trying, first in Cork and then in Liverpool, to get a chance of having some article of mine accepted by the editor of a London magazine. I was for a long time utterly unsuccessful. The main reason, no doubt, for my want of success, was because my contributions were not worth publishing. But I flattered myself at that time that another reason for the repeated failures was, that living out of London and quite out of the swim of things, I generally sent the wrong article to the wrong magazine. For instance, I favoured Dickens's *Household Words* with some metrical translations from Uhland's Ballads; and I forwarded to a lady's magazine, full of fashion and brisk gossip, a solemn article on the poetesses of Germany.

To a magazine, long since dead, which was called *The Train*, and with which my late friend, George Augustus Sala, had something to do, I despatched a long article on the life and the plays of Regnard, the French comic dramatist, of whom Voltaire said that the man who does not appreciate Regnard can never really appreciate Molière. I have no doubt the editor of *The Train* thoroughly appreciated Molière and Regnard too; but *The Train* was a rattling London magazine, which went in for being what we should call, in our odious modern phrase, up-to-date; and he, no doubt, saw nothing very attractive in my laboured study of a dramatist, hardly known in England, and well-nigh forgotten even in France. The first article of mine which ever appeared in a London periodical was an essay on the ballads of Goethe, which, to my extreme delight, was accepted by the editor of the *London Quarterly Review*.

Meanwhile I had a chance now and again of paying a visit to London, and I already began to tell myself that I, too, was destined to become before very long some sort of hanger-on to the great camp of London literature. I tried again and again, but for years without success, to obtain an engagement on some London newspaper. I presented letters of introduction to several literary men, one from the late Harriet Martineau, whom I never saw, but who voluntarily urged me to go to London, because she liked something I had written in the Liverpool papers; to Mr. Thomas Walker, then editor of the *Daily News*, afterwards and for many years a friend of mine; to the late Shirley Brooks, and to the late Dr. Charles Mackay. I got a kind hearing and kindly promises from all; but there was just then no place for me. I haunted theatres and supper-rooms where literary men were supposed to resort, and the precincts of the House of Commons.

I obtained, then, my first chance of becoming a proud resident of London in the early days of 1860. I was engaged as reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons for the *Morning Star*, the Radical daily paper which was started under the inspiration of Richard Cobden and John Bright. There were reporters in the gallery at that time who well remembered working with Charles Dickens as a colleague. There was one reporter of a still older date, who could remember the days when the newspaper men took their notes as best they could—furtively, in a corner of one of the ordinary Strangers' Galleries. All the oldsters agreed in the opinion that Dickens was one of the very best reporters who ever took notes in the Press Gallery.

One of these men it was who told me the story which I put into print long ago, about Dickens being so touched by the pathos of a passage in one of O'Connell's speeches describing a tithe riot in Ireland, and the death of a poor little girl accidentally shot by a soldier's bullet as she was trying to lead her blind grandfather out of the turmoil, that he put down his pencil and declared himself unable to go on with his reporting work.

The duties of a reporter were pretty hard in those days; but, at all events, we seldom had all-night sittings, and most of the papers had to go to press so early that the ordinary members of the reporting staff got to their homes with the first dawn of the summer day.

Our refreshment accommodation then was of the poorest order. We had a sort of dining-room, a miserable kind of hole, the uttermost resources of which were exhausted when one had signified his choice between a steak, or a chop, and a plate of cold meat. Since that time the reporters have come to be regarded as quite persons of consideration; they have a dining-room where you can get as good a dinner as a Member of the House of Commons can get below stairs—though that, perhaps, is not saying a great deal for the luxuriousness of the entertainment. They have reading-rooms and a library, and can consult their books of reference and their famous authors when they want to verify some passage or quotation in a speech.

Some of the reporters, as everybody knows, have descended from their seats in the Gallery to seats on the benches of the House of Commons itself: and some have actually been promoted—let us call it promoted, for the sake of politeness—to seats in the House of Lords.

I remained only one Session in the Gallery of the House as a reporter, although I sat in the Gallery for many successive Sessions as a writer of leading articles. I question whether anybody could have been more proud of any success in life than I was when I first found myself a regular professional reporter in the Gallery of the House of Commons. Yet I had still two dreams in my mind; the dream of being an author, and the dream, even more vague at that time, of being a Member of Parliament.

In my first year of London residence I sent on chance an article to the *Westminster Review*, which was accepted and published, and won the kindly approval of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who had himself not long before been the editor of the periodical.

From that time my literary career was comparatively easy—such as it was. In 1861 I became foreign editor of the *Morning Star*, and four years later I became its editor-in-chief. Meanwhile I wrote books, and they were actually published; and then a new longing came over me —the longing to visit the United States. So I went out to America for the first time in 1868, and did not resume my regular pursuits in London until three years after.

At all events, I have no great complaint to make against Fate. 'Which of us,' asks Thackeray, 'has his desire in life, or having it, is satisfied?' Well, I had three great desires in my early life: first, to live in London; next, to become a writer of books; and next again, to be a Member of the House of Commons. If, having these desires, I am not yet satisfied, the fault is surely mine, and I have no manner of excuse for railing against the destinies.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE

I HAD already reached the shady side of twelve when I made up my mind definitely, after long years of thought and mature deliberation, that I would become a poet. I did not come to this determination with my eyes shut to the consequences which the taking of so serious a step entailed. No; I was fully alive to the difficulties there are in the way of a poet—the thorns which, as Beatrice Cenci puts it, are 'strewn upon the path which leads to immortality'; but I was not turned aside from my purpose. As a matter of fact, I have not yet been turned aside from it.

It is, I think, easier becoming a poet nowadays than it was when I was twelve. Some time ago I was sitting on a committee, the object of whose deliberations was the selection of a distinguished writer to whom a dinner was to be given by the Society. After a critical hour or two we resolved that we should invite a poet—the poet of the hour. 'Then we must ask him for next Saturday,' said our chairman, 'for the chances are that he will be forgotten on Monday.'

That was not the sort of fame I aimed at in the days of my youth. Nothing but Immortality would do for me. Various attempts have been made during the intervening years to induce me to accept a compromise; but I still hold out for my original claim in its entirety. I may

occasionally sample the Mess of Pottage, and especially when it assumes the form of *potage à la belle alliance* at a public dinner—but I have never finished the dish. My heritage is still unencumbered. The only alteration in my plans is in my mode of travelling toward the goal.

When I was twelve I was ready to go barefoot among the thorns that strew that path which the daughter of the Cenci traversed; but now I prefer to travel in a Victoria, with C springs and rubber tyres. That's the difference between our aspirations in the days of our youth and those in the days of our middle age.

The school which I attended was the best in the town where I lived; but when I was there it was, I have since come to believe, living upon its traditions. It had produced several eminent practical men, and the general impression that prevailed in the town was that those men had succeeded by reason of their scholarship. Since I have thought over the matter I have come to the conclusion that they succeeded by reason of their early lack of scholarship. I suppose it was the easiest school that ever had a reputation. Attention to any form of lessons was not obligatory. Personally, I found this to be its greatest charm. Before I had been at that school for three months I had mastered the system on which it was conducted. I detested mathematics, I abhorred chemistry, I had no especial love for history, geography, grammar, or consistency in spelling, and I have really acquired no particular fondness for any of these things in the meantime. But there was in that school a class, conducted by a retired headmaster, for the study of literature, and in that class I settled down with great complacency.

The old master still remains in my mind as the noblest ideal of a teacher. He was the gentlest, the sweetest-tempered, the most reasonable, and the most persuasive of men. His name was Dr. Blain. I am quite well aware that I am not giving him any particular praise when I say that I learnt from him everything I know of what constitutes literature and a literary feeling. But at any rate, I acquired at his knees a capacity for pronouncing a judgment on literary matters which I can say with all calmness and deliberation I have never yet known to err. When I study the works of the men who have been 'discovered' by certain journals I can always give a good guess as to the length of time the poet or the novelist will last. I have seen the expiration of more than one patent registered by a newspaper on its 'discoveries,' but I have never yet been surprised by what I have seen. There is a 'Loyalist' song which has been current in the North of Ireland since the siege of Derry. It is called 'The Breaking of the Broom.' I feel inclined to hum it now and again.

It was after we had undergone a course of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and Scott in our old master's class-room at the Royal Academical Institution, as the school was styled in its charter, that I made up my mind to be a poet. It was not until I was quite fourteen, however, that I wrote my first serious poem.

The new world which had been opened to me by the careful study of Scott was full of marvel, and I had been living in its atmosphere of romance for a year before I found it incumbent on me to become the Irish Scott. I found my first poem in an old box a few years ago, and it

really surprised me, it was so bad. I could see what was my aim in writing it, however, I could even remember the original lines in Scott which had suggested certain fiery verses bearing upon the chase of a stag, after the manner of the Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James, only my quarry—I introduced the word quarry several times, as soon as I found out what it meant in *The Lady of the Lake*—was chased over the hills in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Killarney. Oh! yes; I was thoroughly patriotic. No Uam-Var—though the word suggested some fine rhymes: it suggests something else nowadays—would do for me. After the first three hundred lines—I am now writing analytically—I drifted from Scott to Byron. *The Lady of the Lake* gave place to *The Giaour*. But if the imitations of Scott were indifferent, the imitations of Byron were execrable. My dying monk—of course, I had a wilderness of monks—was a bit of a bore. The story is told (not in my 'poem') of the conversation in a cottage, where the father of the family lay dying. It was a tedious process, and when the old man found strength to contradict a rash statement made by his son, the son turned upon him in anger, saying, 'What the mischief do you know about it? Shut up, and go on with your dying.' It seems marvellous to me that when my old monk lay a-dying and making a confession in a sort of go-as-you-please metre, some of the fraternity did not tell him to shut up and go on with his dying. As a matter of fact, he gave so little attention to his dying that he is not dead yet. The MS. broke off abruptly at the five-hundredth line, and I remember distinctly how Father Desmond never reached the end of his

confession. I had just obtained the loan of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and I had begun a new poem on the lines of that masterpiece.

Now, I must say that, ridiculous though these efforts were, there is not a single false rhyme in any verse. I never laboured under the delusion that 'morn' rhymed with 'dawn,' though the author of a poem which appeared in the first number of a well-known literary newspaper was unable to clear his mind of this funny notion. Nor did I ever make 'idea' and 'fear' rhyme, as does another recent 'discovery' in the poet line (provisionally patented).

After some years of committing other people's verses to memory and then tapping them into a chalice of my own, feeling all the time that I was dipping at Helicon's pure fount, I found myself in possession of as many sonnets as would make a volume.

I was sixteen now, and I had read all the English classics, as well as Virgil, a good deal of Horace, a book or two of Homer, and everything of Anacreon. I had also got through a few plays of Racine and Molière.

It was then that I made a friend of a young Italian, and so long as he remained in my neighbourhood he taught me Italian. I must confess that I was more impressed by the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso than by the *Inferno* of Dante. My friend thought more of Metastasio than either. I have still by me the beginning of a translation of Tasso's great work. I have often thought it rather curious that I never made the attempt to induce any one to listen to my productions in these years. But I suppose I was not altogether destitute of a sense of humour.

My first audience consisted (I flattered myself) of the publisher and his reader, who must have sat for hours considering the volume of sonnets which I sent for publication. It has always been pleasant for me to reflect upon the fact that the symposium did not last over one night; for I got back my MS. by return of post with a neat circular—I fancied that they had got it printed specially for me—stating that the publishers regretted very much that they were unable to avail themselves of the privilege which I had offered them of producing the volume.

This was a blow, though it was delivered in cushioned phrases. But I tried again, and again, and again. The amount of regret which I caused the heads of the great publishing houses at this time filled me with anxiety. It has since occurred to me, having had some experience of publishers, that none of their regrets would have stood the simple test of a piece of litmus paper.

I need say nothing in this place of the daily family feuds of which I was the centre. I would rather that they were taken for granted. It is only necessary for me to mention the fact that my father was the head of the narrowest religious sect that ever boasted of its non-sectarianism. He was a conscientious man, and regarding the writing and the reading of verse as an abomination—I don't say that he was wrong—he did his best to discourage me from further practice in that direction. His methods were drastic, not to say draconian. All my reading and writing I was compelled to go through in secret. I was not straight with him. I gave him to understand that I was studying something useful—book-

keeping and things of that sort. He intercepted my volume of sonnets on one of its many journeys from London (the parcel had acquired the jaunty air of the man who has travelled). He had no hesitation in opening the packet. I was surprised into telling him the truth; but it was for the first time. That volume of sonnets did not cross the Channel again.

I was then sent to a tutor to learn the higher mathematics and nothing else, and the next day I began to write a novel, the scene of which was laid in the Arctic regions. It was never completed. On the contrary, it was confiscated. My father had begun to suspect me, since I had inadvertently told him the truth upon one occasion, and he searched my room for MSS. He found a good deal of rubbish when he alighted upon my Arctic story. The blaze which I found the same evening in the dining-room grate had a suggestion of the aurora borealis of my last chapter about it. I may mention, in order to show my parsimonious leanings, that nearly twenty years afterwards I used up the drippings of that aurora borealis in my romance, *The Ice Prison*.

It was while I was shamming mathematics that I conceived and in part carried out the design of an epic to be written in lyrical form. Its object was 'to show the influence of Nature upon a subjective mind,' whatever that may mean. Well, whatever it may mean, I am nearly sure that I achieved my aim. The first volume I composed inside four months—I wrote, and can still write, verse as easily as I have written thousands of leading articles—and, after some false starts, it was accepted by Messrs. Smith and Elder. It was a good deal longer than *In*

Memoriam, and it was published at the same price—namely, six shillings, though it was not so good as Tennyson's work. The other day I picked up a copy which I had presented to a dear friend, and which he had afterwards sold to the secondhand bookseller, who offered it to me with a smile, and I felt interested enough in the book to glance through its pages. I must confess that I was astonished at the positive merit shown in the metres and in the general quality of the lines. I feel bound to say candidly that the book deserved all the good notices that it received, and now let me add that no book I have since written got so good notices as that volume of verse. I am sure that it never paid its expenses directly, but I fancy it did so indirectly, for a month after it appeared I began a novel. It was a mortally long one. I should ask five thousand pounds for a serial of the same length to-day; so I got twenty pounds for its exclusive publication in a Scotch newspaper! It crawled on for a year, I think—maybe two, if not three. I only got fifteen pounds for my next—but that was sold to an English paper. Of course, both those books had first gone the round of the publishers and had been rejected (I am afraid that I have caused publishers a great deal of polite regret in my time). Then I wrote a short and reasonable novel entitled *Sojourners Together*. It was accepted by Messrs. Smith and Elder, 'on the volley,' so to speak, and published in due course. All the notices which it received were favourable, but alas! the publishers' statement showed that the result of the sales left a balance on the wrong side. I was going to say that this was the only novel I ever wrote upon which I did not make any money; but I cannot even make this book an exception to the

kindness of the public to my writings, for on its republication five years ago it sold by the thousand, and I made a very nice sum out of it.

With the publication of my first novel in book form, I may say that the days of my youth ended. It is unnecessary for me to give my reasons for joining the ranks of journalism. I did so simply to support myself, for I was thrown on the world without being educated for a profession, and in those days journalism was a kind of doss-house for the quasi-literary man. Happily now journalism has taken its place among the professions, and a pretty high place too. I only ceased being a journalist with the publication of my novel, *I Forbid the Banns*, a book which, by the way, was declined (more regrets) by eight of the leading publishers in London. Since its appearance I have heard little of publishers' regrets, though I may mention that the book received only one favourable review, and that a short one. When the scathing and indifferent notices came to me daily, I felt that my critical judgment had failed me, for the day on which I wrote the last words of the story I said to my wife, 'I have written a curious sort of book, but whether it is good or bad it will make my fortune.' And I was right.

Sir Walter Besant remarked a short time ago that there were very few novelists in England who were able to make fiction pay without the auxiliary of journalism. Well, I flatter myself that I can do so, and at the same time purchase a waterproof in view of the inevitable rainy day—not one of the heavy substantial ones, to be sure, but still one that will make my household independent of that literary umbrella, the Royal Literary Fund. Thanks to

the exertions of my publishers, and of the indefatigable gentlemen who are good enough to act as my agents, I find novel-writing more than remunerative. The author who sneers at the literary agent is a fool; the publisher who sneers at the literary agent is——; but now no publisher sneers at any one—no, not even at an author.

MADAME SARAH GRAND

I COME of Quaker stock—amongst others, a drop of French-woman in me, I have no doubt, but, on the whole a North-country woman. My father was a commander in the Royal Navy, and came of Hertfordshire folk; his name, Edward Bellenden Clarke, and his family a legal family connected with the Bellenden Kers and the Linnells and the Lloyds; my mother, a Sherwood, only daughter of Sherwood, of Rysome Garth, in Yorkshire—her mother, one of the Bells of Humbleton, a fox-hunting Yorkshire folk, sending sons into fox-hunting and the army, as the Clarkes sent their youngsters to the navy and the law.

I was born when my father, having retired from the navy, was stationed in the west of Ireland; and I lived in the wilds as a small mite. The country left an immense impression on me; and I have never lost it. Then my father died, and the family moved to my mother's home in Yorkshire.

I have distorted these facts to artistic ends in the early chapters of *The Beth Book*. The girlhood years are life in Yorkshire, the aimless out-of-door life of a girl of the later sixties and early seventies. This aimless growing-up time was marked by an alarming delicacy of the chest, which sent me southwards for bouts of visits to relations.

One of the most far-reaching of these influences on my

life, both on my theory of life and on my love of literary expression, was born out of the visits to my uncle, a judge on the western circuit—my uncle Lloyd, one of the most beautiful characters I have known. He would take me in his carriage to the assizes, and I was shut up in a room with a book whilst he sat in judgment in the court. It was in these drives that I first developed an ear for English. My uncle was most strict in making us express ourselves well, and he compelled an attitude of admiration for the well-turned English phrase, which has made ugly phrasing a pain to me ever since.

Then I went to school at St. Margaret's for a year or so; then home; then married, at sixteen, an army man. The Service took me to this place and that—out to the East eventually—rather an aimless, empty life for me for a while—fortunately for me, perhaps, for it drove me back on my child's love of writing.

I wrote at this time fiction, verse, and essays. The essays are very funny—chiefly marked by the commonplaces of the theory of life which are now associated with the Old Woman. They are almost as ridiculous as Schopenhauer.

Then I began to *think*. I wandered from the Straits Settlements to Hong Kong, through Japan when Japan was Japan, and so home. The time spent in China made me many of the friends of my life, and was an intensely busy period for me intellectually. I learnt French at a convent in Hong Kong, a fact which always draws laughter from every Frenchman I meet. I wrote much poetry: which I threaten to read to my friends when they are troublesome; they are very rarely troublesome. Also, I

wrote fiction, which has long ago vanished as smoke over China, together with other smoke of ineffectual things that the English have wrought amongst the mandarins.

I seriously began to write in Norwich, in the late seventies, and much of this work, carefully selected and reburnished, has appeared in *The Heavenly Twins* and *Ideala*. *The Heavenly Twins* was written round *The Tenor and the Boy*, which is now a section of it, and which no publisher or magazine editor would look at; but which I have since been entreated by critics, publishers, and friends to publish as a separate piece!

Both *Ideala* and *The Tenor and the Boy* were written in Lancashire, when I was about twenty-three to twenty-five. I think I found myself in *Ideala*—that the scheme of art on which I write (as in distinction to the formal schemes essayed in my work when written along derivative forms), came to me in *Ideala*.

I suffered terribly from want of encouragement; it was a black time. I was thrown back for years. No publisher would take my work. The only publisher that foresaw success was Mr. George Allen, at Orpington. His little letter gave me more hope and more literary life than any other I received in those days. They were indeed dreary days; but Mr. Allen's letter shines like a lamp amongst them. However, it was a lamp with an ugly shutter, for his acceptance of *Ideala* was dependent on the approval of Mr. Ruskin.

I felt elated that the decision should rest on a man for whose work I had a passionate admiration; much of whose work I knew by heart. I was steeped in admiration of his theory of chivalry, of manhood, of beauty, of art. But

Ruskin did not care for me, and refused to give me any chance in life. For seven years the book lay in a drawer —the book that was to make me! Think what seven years means! And the young folks fret because they are not famous at nineteen!

I must tell you, by the way, a curious thing that happened to me. I had written a short piece that is now dead. It was so often rejected that I began to lose heart. At last, in the fret and despair of another rejection I opened a Bible, cut it, and read these words: 'The stone which the builders rejected will become the head of the corner.' That piece was sent out again, and was my first printed work.

Ah, I had nearly forgotten—Miss Annie Keary, the delicate writer of *Castle Daly*, foretold that I would make a mark. She and her sister, Miss Eliza Keary, the author of *The Magic Valley*, both women with an exquisite ear for English, helped me greatly.

However, to get back to my literary life: *Ideala* was put away in a drawer, and left there for years, and I wrote other work. It was several years afterwards that, in running over my manuscripts one morning, I glanced through *Ideala*, and finding my first estimate of it little lowered by the increased knowledge of art, I determined to print it myself.

It was printed in the press of a provincial newspaper in Lancashire, and published. It made, to me, an astounding literary sensation. The critics of the more literary type either attacked or praised it; but whatever their attitude, they treated it seriously and largely.

The book was so utterly away from all ordinary lines,



H. S. Mendelssohn

MADAME SARAH GRAND

was so devoid of story, as such, and so little dependent on incident, that I was a little astonished, but much surprised and delighted at its success. That success had, however, two marked results that I had not foreseen. One was that it made me doubly careful with my workmanship; the other that, although it was rather a success amongst literary than amongst ordinary people, the doors of the magazines were as close shut against me as though I had written nothing. It was rather disheartening, and I have never been able to understand it; but it perhaps did me good, for it prevented me from writing slovenly stuff from sheer youthful indiscretion.

Ideala came out at a time when conditions were changing in the publishing world; the door of the printing-house has since been widely thrown open to all.

Finding the conditions for writing in the country against me, I now came up to London, chiefly in some vague hope that it would bring me in closer touch with the literary world. I buried myself in my work, avoided society as much as I could, and wrote *The Heavenly Twins*. During the writing of it I also tried one or two short stories which, as I have said, I had the greatest difficulty in publishing.

The Heavenly Twins finished, I was flung back into despair again by the refusal of Bentley to publish it; he had in the meantime taken up *Ideala*. The weary round began again; nearly every publisher was tried—certainly every large house. The book was rejected everywhere. Some of them kept it an unconscionable time—a cruel thing to do. On coming to London I had the benefit of the help of one of my stepsons, who had left the Army and settled down to a literary and artistic career, and of my

son, who had gone on the stage. We decided to print the book ourselves, and we did so.

It was during the negotiations with regard to getting a publisher's name on the cover that the book went to Mr. Heinemann, and from the moment it entered his office the tide seemed to turn. His reader reported enthusiastically on it—foretold almost to a nicety what would happen—and Mr. Heinemann took over the whole risk, and brought it out with a success which established me in the calling of letters.

When I get pathetic letters from young men and young women of eighteen to twenty-one about the hardness of the world and its unkindness to their genius, I sometimes wonder in what spirit they would have faced years of baffling neglect as I did, grimly silent of complaint.

The art of letters comes late in life, as a rule—later than most of the arts. It is rare for the gift to develop early. It is the most difficult, the most subtle of all the arts, and this none the less so because it appears the easiest, the most natural. Consider for a moment: there is a whole school of writers who aim at style alone; so great is their homage to the mere machinery of letters.

With the success of *The Heavenly Twins* the storm and stress of my literary career, as a career, was practically over. The book caused so much clamour that one had no longer to work against the deadweight of being unknown; and the essay, the first of several, with which I followed it, on the development of the woman of to-day—what I called the New Woman—still further spread my work.

How my original new woman has received the homage of bitter attack and deliberate misrepresentation from the

captious and the facetious, I need not prove; how she has been pelted with every vulgar attribute of the old woman whom she came to overthrow is a matter of common observation; and how she has helped women to free themselves from many of the stupid shackles of the brayers and shouters of the opposite sex and of her own is one of my chief sources of pride.

The men have discovered that pretty women can be clever as well as the spectacled blue-stockings of the old days; and, what is more, that they can be active and healthy; and, what is more, that their being so is much better in a wife or sister than the old ideal of picturesque delicateness—at any rate, they are marrying them.

However, I am perhaps dwelling too much on the improved position of women, because it has been one of the greatest objects of my life. To get back to my literary history: I wrote several short stories, which I collected into book form as *Our Manifold Nature*, and followed these with my *Beth Book*, which brings me up to the present time.

The lesson of literary life which has been brought home to me most forcibly, and which will probably be the most interesting to struggling young literary folk, is the conviction that, in the arts, it is utterly useless to listen to criticism; that one must have something to say, something that it burns one to say; that it is useless to say it unless one can master the medium of one's craft so that one can transfer one's emotion vitally and vividly to the intelligence of one's audience; and that the best training for the arts is not to be found in the academies, nor in the colleges or schools of literature or art, but in the strenuous effort to

express oneself as clearly and as deftly as one can, taking hints of effect from the masters, but not imitating them. Whether as poet, writer, or other artist, we should strive to express *ourselves*, not echo the masters.

Look into the face of the world, see nature largely, and do not think you are an artist because you can copy the masters. And one can accomplish but little when all is said; for make no mistake about it, however much we pose and strut in the world in the solitude of our own studies, there are few of us but know how the faults and blemishes of our craft stand out and stare us in the face, to remind us that we are small enough and halting enough to be always learning, never quite gloriously achieving.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS

I was one year old; and I remember my father putting me down on a mat—not a very clean mat either—in a gig. It was the doctor's gig; it jolted horribly. The doctor drove us through the village of Egham, close to Runnymede. I know I was not more than one year old, because we left Egham, where I was born, before I was two. I always had a memory for unimportant things, and this is a case in point.

When I was about seven I fell from my Shetland pony; he dragged me in the stirrup and dislocated my arm. I was alone, but I caught and mounted him, and rode him home; then I went to bed.

Cricket was my passion. I was a fearful slogger, and always got caught out. When I began to break down with the hip disease—I was about nine years old—I kept the agonies I endured to myself, until I was unable to stand. I was afraid cricket would be forbidden. Then I went to bed again—this time for twelve months.

I remember the great Sir Benjamin Brodie—a little, dried-up, shrivelled-looking man—being called in and casting a glance at me. My father asked him if I should be taken to the seaside. He said, rather brutally, they might take me anywhere—it didn't matter. My father

understood I was condemned to die; he tried to make me understand it, but I wouldn't hear of such a thing.

'My boy,' said he, 'will you go to the sea or not?' 'Cast lots,' said I. The lot was for the sea, and I went to Brighton and got well: but a second and more severe attack about a year afterwards tamed me permanently, though I recovered my general health—and the older I grow the sounder I seem to become—barring a tendency of late to bronchitis. It was the same with my father, who was given over at thirty for incurable lung disease, and died of nothing in particular at eighty-five.

I was extremely backward in the three R's, and have not learned to spell or to cipher yet. But I learned French and the fiddle with great gusto. I cannot remember a time when I did not play the fiddle; my nurse was in the habit of making shovels out of a succession of toy fiddles. I used to watch her taking the fronts off and filling the poor things with cinders—it made me wild.

The violin instinct was born in me; it was little short of a mania. My father encouraged it, and we used to scrape together for two hours every morning. I owe to the violin a premature introduction into Society. I attained considerable skill, and was much sought after at Brighton about 1856-8 in consequence, figuring at concerts and parties when I ought to have been in bed.

Young ladies were my chief accompanists, and I was very impressionable; but, in order that I might not appear to be in the least affected by their charms, I commonly adopted a severe and cynical manner, which seemed to frighten them and flattered my vanity. I knew I was a better musician than most of them, and in music,

at all events, easily their master. I often found them very trying, and they probably only thought me very rude.

It may not be good for children, especially boys, to be made much of; but the only effect applause in childhood has had upon me is to leave me in after-life comparatively indifferent to it. I got it too easily and too early.

At Cambridge I was undisputed solo violinist at the Cambridge University Musical Society for three years. My last public appearance as a violin player was in 1859, when I went up to the University to lead Beethoven's Septuor at the Fitz-William.

Since then I have hardly touched the instrument, except very occasionally, when, lecturing on music, I have played a few notes. But I have completely lost my cunning, and couldn't play De Beriot's 1st Concerto now for love or money.

After taking my B.A. and M.A. without any distinction I went abroad, owing to my father's kindness, for a month. He had travelled when young, and so he thought I should.

Garibaldi was just then marching triumphantly through Sicily. I was at once badly bitten with the revolutionary fever. In spite of the warnings of my friends, I took steamer from Genoa to Naples in October 1860, and arrived just after the great dictator had captured Naples by a *coup de main*, making his entry into the town accompanied by his staff officers only, whilst he left the whole of his army twelve miles off. He dared to do this thing, although there were 30,000 Neapolitan troops under arms in the city, and the cannon of St. Elmo's gloomy fortress were actually pointed at his carriage as he drove

slowly down the *chiaja* amidst the frantic shouts of the populace.

I was just too late for the battle of the Volturno, in which the Neapolitans, who had fled to Capua, were within an ace of getting back to Naples; but I assisted at the siege of Capua, and got nearly shot on the road by the Neapolitan riflemen, and if I had been it would have served me right, for I was fully warned by Garibaldians of the foolhardiness of trying to walk up to the walls of Capua under fire.

But some providence was watching over me, for when, at another time, a shell from Capua blew one of my companions all to pieces at the batteries of St. Angelo, I was left without a scratch.

At this time I used to feed the poor starving fellows in camp—when I could—and they obligingly emptied my brandy bottle, and consented not seldom to accompany me back to Naples on a jaunt for a dinner and a bed. These poor Garibaldians, who, as Garibaldi used to say, served their country 'without pay or rations, and with only danger, forced marches, and hard fighting for their reward,' were often young men of good family. All seemed filled with something akin to adoration for that extraordinary patriot, who for twenty years bowed the hearts of the men of Italy as the heart of one man.

It was then that I saw all the great figures of the Italian Revolution face to face, and many of them daily.

I saw Garibaldi on the battle-field, and in the midst of revolutionary mobs, and I have recorded at least one of his speeches to the people at Naples, which would have been otherwise lost to history.

I saw the King Victor Emanuel Galantuomo enter Naples, seated by the side of Garibaldi at the close of the war, whilst General Türr, who was then Governor of Naples under the dictator, rode as aide-de-camp at his right hand.

The year before last I dined at the Quirinale with the old general. His hair, so black in 1860, was quite white. He was a great fighter, and commanded Garibaldi's victorious army in Sicily; but he was a greater statesman, and at the last critical moment prevented Garibaldi from listening to Mazzini, and handing South Italy over to a republic instead of to the king.

I saw all the famous generals—Cosenz, Milbitz, Missori, Medici, who refused me a pass to the camp, but I took French leave, and went through by a stratagem. I saw Crispi, ex-prime minister, who gave me Garibaldi's portrait, recently stolen from me in Ireland. I saw Cavour on a raised daïs with the Princes at the amphitheatre in Milan, with 30,000 people seated; I saw Pius IX., who ordered his Swiss Guards to throw the bandit Garibaldi into the sea, but was glad enough to escape himself to Gaeta; I saw the poor little Queen of Naples in all her fresh beauty—she was sister of the late Empress of Austria; she stood on the ramparts and declared she would fire the guns herself if no one would fight for the King of Naples. It was a grand time. I stayed at Naples till Garibaldi, the Invincible Dictator, handed over the two kingdoms of Sicily and Naples to Victor Emanuel, and then pushed off in a little boat with a sack of potatoes, and sailed for the island of Caprera.

Afterwards the General corresponded with me, and at

my request wrote some memories of his early life in Monte Video and Uruguay. I was then editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, and they appeared there in translation. Sometimes he wrote in French, sometimes in English.

When a boy I disliked reading, and I never was a fast reader, but the Waverley novels, Fenimore Cooper, and Bulwer Lytton roused me, and I have been a voluminous, often desultory, but sometimes very close reader all my life.

It was only after leaving college that I adopted the practice of reading and annotating carefully every important book that I had to study—and I have dealt in this way with the whole of Gibbon, Milman, Mosheim, Green, Macaulay, and countless theological and philosophical works.

My favourite essayist was Emerson, and my favourite poet Tennyson; my favourite theologians were Maurice, Stanley, F. W. Robertson, Ward Beecher; and my philosophers, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Henry Sidgwick, and Matthew Arnold.

From the time I began to read I began to write, but without financial results. For many years I seemed to have nothing to say, but I was obsessed by an extraordinary flow of words, and a tendency to rhetoric and bombastic grandiloquence which I now look back upon with amazement. The Brighton newspapers, conspicuously the *Guardian*, printed my lucubrations, but gave me not a cent. My first payment was £2, 10s., for which modest sum I sold the copyright of *Amy Arnold* to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It was a little storyette I had produced—in short a tract—a little storyette of a poor

girl who died in my first parish, St. Peter's, Bethnal Green.

Into the Church I had gone against the advice of friends, who all said I was only fit for a fiddler, but I think I was happier in the slums of Bethnal Green and Stepney than I have ever been anywhere since. I soon filled my church, and I believe I was one of the first to set up Penny Readings and organise social entertainments for the very poor.

This was the time—memorable, indeed, to me—when I became acquainted with John Richard Green—he was then a curate like myself—and we worked together, and were almost inseparable for two years in the East End of London.

I had not been in the Church three years before Mr. Cowper-Temple, afterwards Lord Mount-Temple, but then First Commissioner of Works, offered me St. James's, Marylebone, where I have been ever since.

In those early days I was intimate with F. D. Maurice and Stanley, Dean of Westminster, who appointed me one of the special preachers at Westminster Abbey. Soon afterwards I became a frequent lecturer at the Royal Institution, but I shall not stray into later days, or allude here to the extensive travels which belong to them; nor can I trust myself, whilst the loss and grief are still so unutterably keen, to dwell upon my association in married life with one of the most extraordinarily gifted women of the day, who joined me in the earliest stages of my London career, and whose name and writings are known wherever the English language is spoken.

I find I can travel all over the world, and am welcome to bed and board on the strength of *Music and Morals.*

Many of my other writings interest me more, and I believe them to be better books, but this was the first. I had been scribbling for years from boyhood upwards without much effect. All of a sudden, success came with a bound. No one was more surprised than I was. It was in this wise.

Not long after I had pocketed my fee for *Amy Arnold*, in my first curacy, a letter I wrote to the *Echo* attracted the editor to me, and he asked me to call at his office.

I called, and found Arthur—now Sir Arthur—Arnold in the editorial chair. I joined the staff of the *Echo*, and together with Miss Frances Power Cobbe continued for a year or two to write a great many of the leaders.

Soon after this Mr. Arnold recommended me for the editorship of *Cassell's Magazine*. Somewhat later I edited, with preface, Routledge's 'World Library' in forty volumes.

It never rains but it pours. One morning (I had been just two years in the Church) I got a note from Alford, Dean of Canterbury, first editor of the *Contemporary Review*, accompanied by two volumes of Mozart's letters for review. No sooner had this appeared than the Dean sent me about twenty more books for review, and I continued reviewing for a time pretty briskly.

I was the first to call attention in England to Mr. Howells, the American novelist. I reviewed his *Venetian Life*; he was then consul at Venice, and unknown as a writer. I believe this was his first book.

When Dean Alford began to print my reviews in big type (other people's were always in small type), my ambition soared, and I wrote essay after essay, chiefly on musical topics, which appeared as fast as I could produce them.

Nearly the whole of *Music and Morals* was thus written in chapters, and in a very short time.

Alexander Strahan, the gifted publisher and creator of *Good Words*, the *Contemporary Review*, *Sunday Magazine*, etc., was enthusiastic, and spoke of republishing. The book appeared and was received with four columns of trivial abuse in the *Athenæum*. The Press did not take much notice of me, and the musical world left me severely alone; but the public called for edition after edition. *Music and Morals*, not having been stereotyped, had in a few years to be reprinted three times. Had I kept it in my own hands, instead of selling the copyright, it would have been a little annuity to me.

It is instructive and interesting to notice that I offered *My Musical Life*—a similar, though in my judgment a better book—to John Murray, who replied briefly that there was not sale for musical essays. This was at the time when *Music and Morals* was circulating in England, America, and Germany, in tens of thousands.

My Musical Life appeared, and is now in Longman's hands. He has also bought *Music and Morals*—both books are running neck and neck together very steadily.

The other book of my youth is *Thoughts for the Times*. It consists of carefully corrected shorthand reports of my sermons. It at once ran through several editions, and is now, I believe, in its sixteenth. Another publisher assured me there was no sale for republished shorthand reports of sermons. Yet a few weeks afterwards a publisher walked into my vestry, after I had preached a sermon on the landing of St. Augustine, and asked me if I would take fifty pounds down to correct a shorthand report of it—an

offer which I declined because I had other uses for it. I have had volumes of my sermons stolen—and sold under my nose—but I never had such another offer as that made me for a single one.

I was for many years at one time musical critic of *Truth*, the *Echo*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and special correspondent of many London papers; I have printed twenty-four volumes—fifteen are theological and nine are secular. I have heaps of articles and essays, some in MS. but most of them in print. I have preached in numerous cathedrals and churches at home and abroad, and lectured in many halls and theatres all over the world.

I sometimes think that when all my books are forgotten, and all my views and opinions have long since ceased to be of any interest to anybody, one little fitful emanation of poetry and pathos, which belongs to the first year of my ministry, may haply survive the general wreck. The poetry is not very good, and the pathos is quite simple and of a kind to bring tears to the eyes and comfort to the hearts of common folk in the lonely bitter griefs that are common to the race. I think, on the whole, I would have my words, if remembered at all, to be remembered at such seasons of deepest need, and it may be that the 'Hymn of the Homeland,' which has already found its way into so many hymn-books all over the world, is destined to be my best message, if not the only memorial of me still throbbing with life, by and by, as in the days of my youth.

'TOBY, M.P.'

Liverpool is my native town. I was born close by, not far off the hamlet where Mr. Gladstone, as he told a Liverpool audience, used as a small boy to look southward along the shores from his father's windows at Seaforth to the town. I went to school at Liverpool, and for some dismal years was more or less diligently employed in strengthening the basis of enterprising, but sound, commerce upon which Liverpool proudly stands.

The wisdom of my parents, and what seemed at the time the inscrutable purposes of Providence, originally embarked me in the hide and valonia business. I have vivid recollections of an old, tumble-down office and warehouse in Red Cross Street, long since swept away, where, nearly forty years ago, a very small boy took his seat on a very high stool, and began to address circulars in very doubtful handwriting.

We were not in a big way of business, and the staff was not embarrassingly large. There was the hide merchant, a tall, spare man, who wore a blue coat, grey trousers, and a severe military aspect. There was an elderly, broken-down gentleman, who, having failed in his own business, came to help us in ours. There was a bookkeeper and cashier, happily of literary tendencies. And there was myself.

I daresay I would to this day have been deeply engaged

in the hide and valonia business, but for the horses. Horses brought out the criminal side of my nature as surely as pigeons indicated where, on moral grounds, Mr. Dombey's *protégé*, the Charitable Grinder, stumbled. Not that I betted upon horses. I had no money; but I was mad to ride them. My custom of an afternoon, when the hide merchant was out sampling, was to mount the leading horse in a team loading or unloading in the warehouse yard, and ride him out into the street.

One afternoon I was thus engaged when the hide merchant suddenly turned the corner of the narrow passage leading from Red Cross Street into the yard. The situation was exceedingly difficult. Our relations were already strained by his recent discovery of me suspended in mid-air, with one foot in the hook of the chain that wound up bags of valonia to the topmost chamber of the warehouse. I often went upstairs that way. Looking back on the incident by the light of riper experience, I must admit that it in no way advanced, and was at best but distantly related to, my office work.

The painfulness of this second situation was increased by the fact that there was not room in the passage for a man to stand whilst a two-horsed lorry passed. I could see every hair on the short moustache of the hide merchant bristle and grow white with indignation, as, having advanced half-way up the passage, he was compelled to face round and go back, whilst I rode forth in seeming triumph.

That incident nearly severed my connection with the hide and valonia industry. It should have taught me better; but it didn't. The hide merchant rode to and from the office daily on a beautiful mare, which it was part of my

somewhat miscellaneous duties to off-saddle and saddle. Our business increasing—thanks in some measure, I venture to think, to my aptitude and assiduity—we moved to King Street. There the mare was stabled in a neighbouring street, and it was my duty to lead her thither, presumably by the bridle, and bring her back in the evening. This I did regularly. But never by the nearest route, and, to save time, I was seated in the saddle.

On Friday mornings, being market-day, the hide merchant rode down to the office, read his letters, and rode back to Gill Street Market. Meanwhile, I was in charge of the mare, supposed to be walking her quietly up and down King Street. 'Instead of which,' as the Judge said in a famous address to a prisoner in the dock, I was riding full speed through the crowded streets. I knew how many letters awaited reading, calculated to a nicety the time they would occupy, and was back walking the mare up and down in meditative mood when the hide merchant came downstairs.

One morning I found this opportunity unusually prolonged. After waiting a quarter of an hour I began to think something had happened; and found that something *had*. The hide merchant having got through his letters with exceptional rapidity, came downstairs to take horse, and found that, like the Spanish fleet, it was not yet in sight. He bounced off to the market in a cab. When he returned he sent the warehouseman to take charge of the mare, and summoned me to his room.

''Enery,' he said—he was a man of deep religious feeling, but he always called me 'Enery—'do you want to leave this office?'

To tell the truth, I most earnestly did. I was sick of the smell of hides, of the dust of valonia, of the drudgery of addressing circulars, copying letters, and adding up columns of somebody else's money. But I 'd nowhere else to go to. Liverpool in those days was cynically indifferent to the fact of my existence. The ten shillings a week I earned was a necessity.

So I answered : 'No, sir.'

'Then,' said he, 'don't do it again.'

That was enough, especially as thereafter I was delivered from temptation, one of the porters, as they were called, being engaged to conduct the mare to and from the stable. So I stayed on, eating my heart out, but steadily keeping my eye on the goal of journalism, on which I had long been secretly bent. I taught myself shorthand, read incessantly, wrote the greater part of a three-volume novel, and occasionally dropped into poetry.

My earliest appearance in print was in verse in the columns of the *Liverpool Mercury*. In the hide merchant's office I was always called 'The Poet.'

A customer overhearing me thus addressed, exclaimed, 'The Poet! What's his name? Not Longfellow, I'm sure.' Not bad that for a tanner.

But my contributions to the *Mercury* brought me more than an honourable name amongst my fellow-labourers in the hide and valonia vineyard. They attracted the attention of the then assistant editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, and served as an introduction towards the turning-point of my life.

Having more or less mastered the mysteries of shorthand, I went the round of the newspaper offices in Liverpool,

proffering my services. I was kindly received, but there were no openings. I have a vague impression of encountering, when I called at the *Daily Post* office, a gentleman coming downstairs at exceptional speed. I heard somewhere, or somehow, that Mr. Whitty, the then proprietor, a gentleman subject to excesses of irascibility, had just kicked him down. That was not encouraging to the next caller. But my good fortune led me not into the office of Mr. Whitty, but into that of his assistant, Mr. Edward Russell.

A wide circle of friends know the sunshine of his kind-heartedness. It instantly beamed on me. He appointed me some slight task, expressed himself gratified with the manner of its accomplishment, promised me succession to the earliest vacancy at the bottom of the reporting staff of the *Daily Post*, and, awaiting that, gave me a letter of introduction that secured me an opening at Shrewsbury.

Last autumn I happened to re-visit Shrewsbury on an invitation from the townspeople to lecture in their Music Hall. I was the guest of the Conservative member for the borough, a learned Q.C., who gave what is, I suppose, the last proof of friendly esteem by leaving town in Term time to preside at the lecture. He gave a dinner of welcome, to which were bidden the Mayor, the Town Clerk, the Head Master of Shrewsbury School, and some other of the leading citizens. It was kindly thought and pleasantly carried out; but through the meal one of the guests was thinking of the wide difference between this last reception at Shrewsbury and his first appearance on the scene.

Looking across the space of thirty-four years, he saw a youth who, having discreetly left his small baggage at the railway station on arrival from Liverpool, walked up High

Street to survey the premises of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, to the staff of which he had been appointed chief reporter.

It being really there and the door open, I entered, and sent my card in to the proprietor. I have seen men and cities since, but never shall I forget the look that mantled the habitually stolid face of Mr. John Watton when his eye lighted on me, and he realised who I was. Edward Russell had backed up my application for the post with a letter of such glowing appreciation that Mr. Watton, fearing he might lose the treasure if he left the clinching of the matter to the slow agency of the penny post, telegraphed to close the arrangement; and telegraphing in those days was rather a solemn and costly process.

The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* was a stately county paper of long traditions, and here was a stripling who did not look anything like his very moderate age, actually inducted as its chief reporter. More clearly than Belshazzar the King saw the writing on the wall in his banqueting-hall at Babylon, I saw a month's notice glaring in my new employer's eyes. But it did not come, and when some six months after I sent in my resignation, I was tempted to stay by proffer of considerably increased wage.

By that time I strode loftier heights than the respectable level of a chief reporter, even of a county paper. I was leader-writer, editor, and part-proprietor of another paper published in the town. This was called the *Weekly Observer*, a penny paper as contrasted with the *Chronicle*, which, if I remember rightly, was 'price twopence-half-penny.'

Very soon after I went to Shrewsbury, I began to write, anonymously, leading articles for the *Observer*, always on

local affairs. To my surprise and delight, the first was accepted. A second appeared, and I had the pleasure of hearing it attributed to all kinds of people. Thus encouraged I revealed my identity to the proprietor, and was so bold as to demand half a guinea for succeeding articles. If he had offered me seven-and-sixpence, I would have thought my fortune made. He at once conceded the half-guinea, or rather its promise. He was a saddening influence, was my friend of the *Weekly Observer*. He wore a white necktie on weekdays, and preached the Gospel on Sunday evenings. But my weekly half-guinea was harder to draw than a serpent's tooth.

He was a bookseller and printer, and it occurred to me that since I could not get my money in cash I might take it out in books. This I did, and have in my library at this day a calf-bound copy of Tennyson's poems, and the *Handy Volume of Shakespeare*, in red morocco, published by Bradbury and Evans in 1867. Little did I think at the date of this transaction how close and pleasant would my connection with that famous firm be after many years. In an ordinary way I could not have afforded to buy books in such luxurious garb, but as my white-necktied friend did not pay his trade bills, or any other, it was no matter to him if I took out my weekly wage in books.

The circulation of the *Observer* went up by leaps and bounds, and it occurred to me that here was an opening for a paper that would beat the *Chronicle* and all the other old stagers out of the field. I straightway resolved to join White-necktie in partnership, edit the paper, and make Shropshire hum. There were, as I see, upon sober reflection, two grave obstacles to the success of this enterprise.

In the first place, I had no capital; in the second place, I had neither knowledge nor experience.

I overcame one difficulty and the other overcame me. There was at that time in Shrewsbury a real live man in Richard Samuel France. Born of yeoman race, he became one of the pioneers of railway extension in Shropshire and on the Welsh border. He lived at Shrewsbury, where he built costly works; was a leading man in the Town Council; declined the Mayoralty; might, if he pleased, have sat in the House of Commons—where, by the way, I some years later saw him brought up to the Bar for breach of privilege in connection with free speech about a Select Committee.

I had heard Mr. France joining in the common talk about the leaders in the *Observer*, and thought he was the man for my money. Or, to be more exact, I was the man for his. I wrote to say that the writer of the articles would be pleased to have a little chat with him. He eagerly responded. I called upon him, commencing a warm friendship that lasted till his death. Fifty pounds was the moderate sum I proposed to contribute in the first instance to establishing the fortunes of the *Observer*. This Mr. France promptly advanced, with a promise of more if wanted.

What followed is told in the following quotation from an editorial note in the *Oswestry Advertiser*, a bright little paper then in full vigour, since blossomed into a large sheet and a big property: 'The *Shrewsbury Observer* has been in existence for some two or three years, although its existence was until lately all but unknown out of the town. My first acquaintance with it I noticed at the time, and since then I have seen several numbers, and have—from their novelty in

a Shrewsbury paper—been attracted by the tone and execution of the leading article. Well, on Saturday last the *Observer* came out as a full-blown eight-sheet paper, and issued one of the most manly and straightforward "prologues" that it has ever been my lot to see in a country paper.'

I don't keep the personal remarks—in the main amazingly kind—that the Press Cutting Agency crowd upon me to-day. But in the circumstances this was praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, very precious and encouraging to a beginner.

The full-blown eight-sheet paper was soon blown away, with Mr. France's fifty pounds serving as a sort of pilot balloon. As the heading to this sketch shows, these things were done in the days of my youth. I indorsed the cheque in favour of White-necktie, who regarded me with a seraphic smile as he put it in his pocket.

In spite of my hopeless ignorance of the elements of my new work, the *Observer* did very well. Its sale went up regularly; advertisements came in; but so did the bailiffs. After three months' terrible slaving, I went down one day to the office, found White-necktie still seraphically smiling behind the counter, and a bailiff sitting on a chair, turning over the pages of a newly-arrived copy of Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. White-necktie was bankrupt, at least in this world, and with him went the *Weekly Observer* and all my bounding hopes.

In this dilemma, Mr. France again stood my friend. He discovered that he could not possibly get on without a private secretary. I was the very fellow for him, and was forthwith inducted into a post where I had very little to do

and one hundred and fifty pounds a year to get. Though fortune seemed to have flung me back once more on commercial pursuits, my heart, untravelled, fondly turned to journalism. I began to send paragraphs to the news columns of the principal London and provincial papers.

Shrewsbury was not quite the place where, settling down, one might hope to find topics interesting to mankind. Somehow or other, having no introduction or personal influence at the various newspaper offices, I worked the thing up till, when I quitted Shrewsbury in the early spring of 1869, I was making a minimum income of three hundred pounds a year. That, as things went, was a comfortable provision. I had many friends in Shrewsbury, lived in a charming cottage set in a rose-garden, found my work interesting, remunerative, and not exhausting. But I pined for London.

So one day I made up my mind to give up my drowsily comfortable life in sleepy Shrewsbury, and go out and fight my way through stormier seas. I divided my carefully built-up business amongst my colleagues on the local press, and learned that in the next year the aggregate sum earned by them was less than fifty pounds. I daresay they often wondered how I kept house on so little.

With vague recollections of Goldsmith starting forth on tour of Europe with a flute as his main source of income, I formed a plan of reaching London *viâ* Paris, Berlin, and Madrid, learning the languages and studying the literature of the several countries. I hadn't a flute, and couldn't have played one if I had. My sole revenue was the interest on some three hundred pounds I had saved up in Shrewsbury. I thought I would get along somehow.

I did not get further on my tour than Paris, where I stayed nearly a year. Coming back at Christmas, 1869, for a brief holiday, meaning to return to my old room in the Quartier Latin, I tumbled into an engagement on the sub-editorial staff of the morning edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then just floated under the editorship of Mr. Frederick Greenwood.

A feature of the paper was the Parliamentary summary, somewhat closely modelled on that of the *Times*. One day it happened that the gentleman who contributed this was suddenly taken ill. In the despair and hurry of the moment, I was sent down to do the work for the forthcoming issue. It was a temporary arrangement, but it lasted as long as the life of the morning *Pall Mall*. It was my first introduction to the gallery of the House of Commons, and I am there still.

ART





ART

The marriage of my parents must have been an interesting function in a twofold sense. It was winter time, and for the introduction to the family the bridegroom drove her over the ice in a sledge, according to the custom of Friesland. Picturesque, but cold! In that corner of the country one could travel in that way for hours and encounter no human habitation—nothing but ice!

At the age of fifteen I painted the portrait of myself which is now the property of my daughter. As a likeness I fancy it must have been pretty good, for I have a lively recollection of the compliment paid me by the small boys of the town, when I sallied forth from home with the picture under my arm to obtain the opinion of an artist in town. They ran after me, crying: 'Look! he's carrying himself under his arm!'

I used to persuade my mother to wake me every morning very early, by the simple expedient of jerking a string tied to my big toe, in order that I might devote myself to my beloved drawing until the moment that I had to leave for school. She, I remember, would sit in the window watching for my schoolmaster to come in sight, so that I might put away my brushes and race him to school. It eventuated, when I reached the mature age of thirteen, in my completing and sending a portrait of my sister to one of the Dutch exhibitions, where it was immediately accepted and hung.

But the inborn desire in me to follow my natural bent as an artist, while at the same time I anxiously desired to meet my guardians' views, that I should follow the more bread-winning occupation of a lawyer, was the ultimate cause of an utter breakdown in my health. Paradoxical

though it may sound, this illness of mine was the immediate cause of my becoming an artist. Never a particularly strong lad, my constitution could not stand the strain of perpetual warfare between my own inclination and the desire to do what was best. In short, I gradually became so ill that my life was despaired of.

Now it was that my guardians at last withdrew their opposition and consented to my becoming an artist. Immediately a great change for the better took place in my health, doubtless because I felt secure in the knowledge that enormous though the difficulties might be, I was at length to have a chance in the career which was my heart's desire.

The first blow, which ought, I suppose, to have damped my youthful ardour, occurred when I failed to obtain admission to any of the Dutch schools of art. Hence it was that I left the land of my birth and migrated to Antwerp, where, in that mighty museum of the world's art treasures, I entered as a student at the Royal Academy of Art, then under the direction of Baron Wappers, in 1852.

On finishing my term as a student, I was lucky enough to come under the influence of Leys, the famous historical painter of Belgium. It became my privilege, at the age of twenty-three, to assist this master in many of his paintings. A very beautiful and interesting task, which was, moreover, of infinite service to me in its direct bearing upon my own art tendencies. During this period I was guilty of painting several pictures, which I afterwards destroyed, as I did not feel satisfied with them.

I am sometimes asked whether I was right in thus giving to the flames such of my early work as did not please me, or

which, for some reason or other, I held to be faulty. But I think I did rightly. Was it not Gleyre who said: '*L'art se compose de sacrifices*'?

The first thing painted by me under the guidance of Baron Leys, with whose memory some of my pleasantest reflections are connected, was 'The Education of the Children of Clovis.' This was exhibited at Antwerp in 1861. 'Clotilde at the Tomb of her Grandchildren' preceded it by three years. 'Clovis' became the property of the King of the Belgians (who sold it to Sir John Pender a few years ago), by whom it was kindly lent for the exhibition of my works at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882. The composition of 'The Education of the Children of Clovis' was guided by my good friend Professor Louis de Taye, who was Professor of Archæology at the Antwerp Academy. To Louis de Taye's kindness I owe a great deal of the archæological detail which occurs in my paintings.

Leys was an uncommonly severe critic. When he was painting 'Luther and the Reformers,' he asked me to draw a Gothic table in the picture. When I had done so, he remarked, 'Yes, but I wanted to see the kind of Gothic table that people knock their knees against.' That picture is now the property of Sir Cuthbert Quilter. Of the 'Clovis' picture Leys said, 'Ah, it is better than I thought it would be, but the marble is cheese!' So then I thought it was time to study marble.

In 1859, my dear mother and sister left Holland to join me, and about four years after settling in Antwerp my mother died. It has always been a source of great pleasure to me that she lived to see the beginnings of any success that I have subsequently attained, including the first gold

medal awarded me at Amsterdam in 1862. The two Clotilde pictures were the first of a series belonging to that period.

My mother, I may mention, had always been particularly afraid for me to settle in a Catholic country, and never tired of warning me against the dangers of living amongst Catholics.

My first Egyptian picture was painted in 1863, and was entitled, 'How the Egyptians amused themselves three thousand years ago.' Another Egyptian subject, 'The Chess Players,' led to my making the acquaintance of Gambart, the picture-dealer, who gave me an order for twenty-four pictures. In addition to Baron Leys, Rosa Bonheur and other artists were very kind and helpful to me in those days.

I have said that Gambert of the French Gallery gave me a large order for pictures. This was in 1865. Gambart introduced me to the English market; and not only so, but subsequently gave me another large order, this time for fifty-two paintings. The only stipulation on my side was that the subjects should be left to my own judgment. In regard to this last fifty-two, the arrangement was that Gambart should raise the price for the pictures on a sliding scale, six at a time. But when I painted 'The Vintage,' Gambart felt so delighted that of his own volition he raised the price. Not only so; he attended a dinner given to the artists at Brussels, and close to my plate I found a handsome silver claret jug and a cheque for £100. I mention these things because Gambart, from whom I received nothing but kindness, was a picture-*dealer*, and under no obligation to do anything of the kind whatever.

In 1870, after some years of residence in Brussels,—during which I painted, among many other works, my 'Tarquinius Superbus,'—I came to England to make my home, and I have never regretted the step. For the past twenty-eight years the love for my adopted country has been steadily increasing.

But I had exhibited at Burlington House before settling in London. The first of my pictures which had the honour of exhibition at the Royal Academy was the 'Pyrrhic Dance.' That was in 1869, the first year that the exhibition took place at Burlington House. The criticisms generally passed upon the work were more or less favourable. In 1870 my Academy picture was 'The Juggler,' followed in 1871 by 'A Roman Emperor,' this latter being my second attempt to treat on canvas the tragedy of Caligula and his successor Claudius.

The painting of the picture 'Unconscious Rivals' in some sense had its origin in the destruction by myself of a painted ceiling which I had put into another picture ('The Spring'), and which failed to satisfy me. Friends who had seen that ceiling expostulated with me for rubbing it out, so when I came to paint 'Unconscious Rivals' I reinserted it. To express it more aptly, I painted the picture in order to use that ceiling!

I was spending the winter of 1875-76 in Rome, when news came that I had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, when I was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Frederick Walker, who died in 1875. In 1879 this was followed by the title of Royal Academician.

In looking back on these 'Days of my Youth,' I often

recall the 'inspiration' which I received from the marble hall of the club at Ghent. It was neither very large, nor, I fancy, particularly beautiful; but to me—then—it seemed both, and even now, when I want to paint marble, I sometimes think of that hall.

Leonardo da Vinci's *How to Become a Painter* proved of great assistance to me, and for the views expressed so firmly and so strongly within its pages I have always felt much gratitude. It is to him that I am indebted for the beautiful thought, so beautifully expressed, 'All who have eyes must not think for that reason they can see. You must know it is only the eyes gained by knowledge that can see.'

Nothing is achieved in this world—certainly no sterling success of any kind whatever—except at the expense of sheer hard work and plenty of it. This has been my experience from my youth up, and I have sometimes been found in my studio, in St. John's Wood, as early as four or five A.M., painting away as for dear life. But then, my work is also my recreation.

Many people are surprised when they hear that I have not visited either Greece or Egypt, the two countries that have figured so much upon my canvases. Yet so it is, and I cannot claim to be a much-travelled man. I do not greatly favour the idea that art students should travel in order to study the works of the great masters. Should they not rather wait until they have acquired a sufficient knowledge and appreciation of their 'inward selves' to profit by the works of those masters? I confess, without shame, that on my first visit to Italy I did not see the Rafaels and the Angelos. I saved them for my second

visit, in 1876, and I am certain that I viewed those old masters with a fuller appreciation than would have been possible had I made their acquaintance on the previous occasion.

I am intensely interested in all matters pertaining to the stage, and have assisted in the artistic mounting of more than one of Sir Henry Irving's and Mr. Beerbohm Tree's productions. The first-named manager I assisted with both *Cymbeline* and *Coriolanus*. I am also devoted to music, which I can enjoy thoroughly and under all conditions, though I confess that there was a time (it was in 1859) when I came to the conclusion that in order to devote myself to the great exactions of my own particular art, it would become necessary to reliquish even the enjoyment of music.

It is, by the way, a fact not without interest to me that a certain professor of music once urged my mother to make me throw away my brushes and devote myself to the study of music! Long afterwards, when he had settled in Belgium, and I had made some slight mark by my brush, I renewed the acquaintance of that professor; I found he had changed his mind about me!

It is not unpleasant to look back through the vista of the years and survey the long day of work, with its vicissitudes, its hopes and fears, its alternating failures and successes. How many of both seem to have fallen to my lot!

MARCUS STONE, R.A.

THERE is a general impression that I was, so to speak, born in the purple. The fact that my father was an artist before me, and that I had the benefit of artistic society from early years, has produced the impression that I was, as it were, coddled into art. As a matter of fact, I lived for the first ten years of my life almost entirely remote from artistic surroundings and influences.

My father had found the struggle for life hard, and as a matter of economy we lived in the country—quite close to London. He had his studio in town; I never saw that studio for the first ten years of my life; I never had a lesson at any school in my life—either at an art or any other school; or even the advantage which children have nowadays of constantly seeing good picture-books; for picture-books were rare in the prehistoric times in which I was born.

But I had the impulse to be a painter almost from the first moment of my life. This was partly due to my ancestry. The history of my father is the history of a man who had to struggle to art through a vast number of obstacles. He was a Manchester man; son of a cotton-spinner, and a cotton-spinner himself. He was one of those who were present at the day which is known as that of the Peterloo massacre, and narrowly escaped being killed.

A man of great culture, of scholarly tastes and aspirations, he always felt the desire to be an artist. By twenty-five it seemed as if his ambition would be gratified; for by that time he had accumulated a small fortune; quite enough to give him an income of something like £300 a year, so he quitted business, and started in to learn art with a joyous heart.

But before long the business in which he had left his money failed, and he had again to face the difficult problem of becoming an artist, and at the same time of bridging the interval between the time of learning and of earning. He had many offers to go into business, but he stuck to his ideals, and preferred art and starvation. It was at this period that he sowed the seeds of the worry and sorrow which pursued him all his life, and in the end, helped to kill him at a comparatively early age. He got into the hands of usurers, and they never let go their grip.

He was twenty-eight when the crash came; he was forty years of age before he exhibited his first subject picture in the Royal Academy; and he was only fifty-nine when he died. He became an Associate of the Academy when he was fifty, but never lived to be a full R.A.

He was a man of singular beauty. To this day people who knew him, first tell me proudly of the acquaintance, and then immediately add, 'What a handsome man your father was!' No man could be more lovable. I remember him still as one who was always an intimate and affectionate friend as well as father; who always spoke—even when he had to find fault—gently; and as a man of singular clearness and breadth of judgment. From him I get whatever of good there is in me; from him also I inherit

my political opinions, which, like his, are strong. He was one of the early Radicals; and he was Radical at a time when Radicalism meant a revolt from much smug and narrow convention.

Born in the year 1840, I was taught at home mainly by an elder sister who is a woman of great intelligence. A liking for art seemed to come to me spontaneously. I cannot remember the time when I had not a pencil in my hand. I cannot recall the time when I was not closely, though perhaps unconsciously, observing my surroundings. I remember, when I cannot have been more than two and a half years of age, looking through the window in my bedroom at the branches of a tree, which assumed a peculiar shape—the shape of a man sitting in a chair; and the other day, fifty-six years after, I was able to draw a sketch of these branches as they had appeared to me when I was a child.

I remember also, when I was four, covering a white mantelpiece with drawings. It was considered a great offence, and my father was to be told of it when he came to our cottage in the country from his studio in town. He had all the sketches cleaned off but one; it was a sketch of some animal, and I believe he was struck by a certain merit in the performance which was not unremarkable, he thought, in an artist of four years of age. I may say also that I never for one moment of my life doubted that I should be an artist by profession, and never wanted to be anything else.

Our circumstances, it will be seen, were not prosperous, and I should have been compelled, even if there had not been the inclination, to start early trying to earn my living.

As a matter of fact, I painted my first picture when I was seventeen years of age. It was exhibited in the Academy, the only place practically in which I have ever exhibited.

I had just sent in my second picture, and was nineteen years of age, when my father died. This proved a difficult situation. There were four of us altogether, two girls and two boys. My brother, who is now a barrister, known well and honourably to his profession, was still studying for the Bar, and I was the only one that had begun to earn anything. I buckled to, and worked hard, but, as is my habit, somewhat slowly. When I was twenty-two I attracted for the first time a considerable amount of attention by a picture in the Academy, entitled, 'From Waterloo to Paris.' In it Napoleon is represented sitting before a fire in a small cottage, pondering over his dark future after his crowning defeat, and it created some sensation.

One of the chief influences of my life was Charles Dickens; he was a friend of my father, and we were brought close together while I was still a child by the fact that Dickens succeeded him in the occupation of Tavistock House. We lived next door but one, and so the two families were always intimate.

I can never say how much I owe to Dickens, and how much I loved him. I used to spend Christmas with him for years at Gadshill, and some of these epochs I remember with painful distinctness. It was on Christmas Eve that I heard from him, as I alighted at the station, that Thackeray was dead. I thought that there was something wrong when I looked at Dickens, for his face was always transparent. He then told me of the sudden death of his great contemporary.

'You must have felt it the more,' I said, 'because you were estranged.' There had been, as everybody knows, a quarrel between them.

'Thank God, no,' said Dickens; and then he told of the famous meeting which had ended their quarrel. Dickens was putting his hat on the hat-shelf at the Athenæum, when suddenly he became conscious that another man close beside him was doing the same thing; and then, that this man was Thackeray. They looked at each other, smiled simultaneously, held out their hands, and dined together that night.

With the family of Dickens and himself, I used to take part in the children's private theatricals, which he loved so much. Then I followed this up as a youth by taking part in the *Frozen Deep*, which Dickens produced in London and in Manchester for the benefit of the widow of Douglas Jerrold. Great as were the powers of Dickens as an actor and reader, they were even greater as an orator. He is little remembered in that capacity, but I have never seen a man whose eloquence had such extraordinary power over an audience.

I had further association with Dickens as an illustrator of *Our Mutual Friend*, and of *Great Expectations*. And here let me mark this notable fact in Dickens: his characters were so positively real to him that the artists never had the least difficulty in learning all about them from him.

When, then, I had to go to him for instructions and hints as to the characters I had to draw, I always had a clear and definite answer, except on two occasions. You will remember that Silas Wegg, in *Our Mutual Friend*, had a wooden leg. I asked Dickens which leg it was; he

gave me an answer which turned out to be wrong. The other occasion was this: when he was discussing the cover of the story, he said that one of the scenes in it should be the death of Eugene Raeburn. You will remember that Eugene Raeburn does not die; his creator relented at the last moment, and allowed him to live.

Anthony Trollope was just the reverse of this. He did not seem to take anything like the same interest in his characters. When I would ask him a question about one of them, his answer nearly always was: 'I don't know.' Had the young lady fair hair or dark? I would ask. 'I don't know,' was the reply. Was she tall, or middle-sized or small? I would inquire. 'I don't know,' was again the answer. For Anthony Trollope I illustrated the story *He Knew He was Right*.

My association with Thackeray was slight. I remember going to visit him just when *Cornhill* was about to be brought out. He was lying on his bed with a bandaged ankle. He was six foot four tall, and I thought I never saw anybody so huge. He asked me to look at the proofs and especially at the initial letters which he had done himself. In one the people all wore muffs instead of heads.

'Well, young shaver, do you know what that means?' he asked; and as I paused, and he wanted to spare me the humiliation of saying, perhaps, the wrong thing, he added immediately: 'I mean they are all muffs.'

And then he paid me a pretty compliment in his curiously ironical way. He asked me where I got my pencils. 'My pencils don't draw like yours,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

Thackeray, like Dickens, was a friend of my father, and was still struggling as a student when he had attained celebrity. Many a long and desponding letter my father received from Thackeray when he was living in Paris—letters that expressed doubts whether the writer would ever be able to make a living by his pencil.

I also saw Thackeray in Boulogne during one or two autumn visits when Dickens was living there in the early fifties. Thackeray's daughters were staying there; and their father used to pay them visits.

Something very characteristic of Dickens took place during this visit to Boulogne. Louis Napoleon was there, and also the Prince Consort. I remember taking off my hat to the two, mainly with the desire of seeing the two illustrious personages take off their hats in return. But Dickens acted very differently. He had known Louis Napoleon well during his exile, for they were both frequenters of Gore House, the home of the famous Countess of Blessington. But Dickens was a man of strong political opinion, and he disapproved so vehemently of the *coup d'état* that he always passed Napoleon by as if he had never seen him. It required some strength of mind for Dickens to thus openly snub a man in the brilliant position of an Emperor.

I would like to go on talking about Dickens, because of the great love I bore him, and because his character was so worthy of love. He was the most humane man that ever lived. Every day of his life he did something for somebody else. I don't mean by that simply that he gave them money, but that he also took some trouble and spent some of his precious time in obliging others every day.

Another man whom I always worshipped was Millais. When I came to London as a boy he was already celebrated; indeed, almost as much talked of as he was in after-life. I remember him as he was in youth, an Apollo of a man, with manly strength in every limb, and, at the same time, the most delicate beauty of face.

I have always tried to remain outside any particular school or clique, and I am—or at least I believe I am—catholic in my tastes. There is no use in giving a record of my pictures; they followed each other in regular succession.

In 1882 I made a new departure in their subjects. I had, after a good deal of thought, come to the conclusion that the artist, like the author, paints best that which he is able to feel most intensely, what he can see himself and feel as a part of his own personal experience. I reflected that in painting historical pictures I largely trusted to traditions, to what I had read, and that, therefore, there must be a certain absence of that thorough conviction from my art, and thorough conviction was, after all, my supreme ideal. Thus it was that I came to paint the pictures of modern life by which I am now best known. There I could feel that I had seen what I was painting—had realised it all—could answer for it by my own personal observation.

There was a difficulty. The costume of to-day is not that of to-morrow, and it is not always easy to get it accepted as poetical and artistic. Accordingly I chose the costume of a generation or two before our own—a costume modern and yet sufficiently remote to stamp it with a certain fixedness, and a certain poetry. The ideal I set before me in painting a picture, is to paint so that the story will tell

itself; and tell itself to anybody, and to any country or time. I depict some broad, human sentiment, and when I have found the idea I wish to express, everything in the picture is made to contribute to it.

A gasfitter was in my studio when I was painting the picture, 'A Sailor's Sweetheart.' He was asked to look at the picture, and then to tell me what it meant. When he said that it was a young woman who had a lover 'in furrin parts,' and when even he noticed the forget-me-nots in the girl's hands, and said, 'He won't forget her, sir,' I felt highly flattered. I had succeeded in my purpose of making the story speak so clearly that everybody could read it.

A picture should be quite self-sufficing. In a historical picture you depend to a large extent on the knowledge already in the mind of the person who looks at your picture. You are, after all, illustrating something; and something which has been described by others. You are, as it were, an appendant to the *Court Circular* of the period. In painting your own subject you are your own master and an original creator. There is a sense of reality and independence in the picture that it is difficult to impart to the historical *genre*.

There is another thing which I always hold before me in my pictures. Dealing as they often do with the passion of love, I always treat human nature *au grand sérieux*. I never scoff at, or make light of, human emotion, and especially of its strongest feeling. I try to give to it that intensity, that exaltation, I had almost said that solemnity, which it really has in actual life.

PHIL MAY

Tell you the story of my life! Why, that's what I always ask a chap to do when I don't know what to do with him or myself. Well, my story began at Wortley, near Leeds, my mother being an Irishwoman of the sept McCarthy. Her father, Eugene McCarthy, was a capable actor—I suppose the family record of the time would have described him as 'great.' Her sister, Mrs. Honour, an early friend of John L. Toole's, was also pretty successful in the profession, and I believe my mother's inclinations all lay that way too, until a severe dose of stage fright put an end to her theatrical aspirations. My father was an engineer, a pupil of George Stephenson's, to whose forethought we owe the 'Underground' and other blessings.

With the exception of a few odd afternoons, I put in very little time at school—St. George's, Leeds—where, however, I passed the fifth standard in half an hour. I filled my examination paper with all sorts of strange stuff, which the inspectors must have left unread, or else accepted as some new kind of logic, for I secured a pass.

Some boys and I started a bank, and I saved about two shillings. One day when the manager was out, his brother managing director allowed me to withdraw my account, and we went and had a gorgeous afternoon at the pastry-cook's,

but the manager never spoke to me for months. However, he 's forgiven me now.

At twelve I was appointed timekeeper in a large iron-foundry, and was delighted with the office ; but the foundry masters were not quite so satisfied. At first they were surprised at the great punctuality of the entire staff of workmen, later they simply marvelled at its continuance, and finally they discovered that I kept the timebook on a system of my own. I was sacked, and they advised me to perfect the system—elsewhere. I think I have been playing with time ever since ; anyhow, my friends are never very hopeful about our appointments.

Having failed to give the Leeds workmen an enduring reputation for punctuality, and my attempt at being an architect proving also unsuccessful, I decided on some new occupation, and the love of the theatre, inherited from my mother, made me decide on the stage.

It was at the Spa Theatre, Scarborough, that I got my chance, and the first time I went on the stage—I fell off it. The experience was not quite so splendid as I imagined, and I was so anxious to sneak out of sight that my legs went all to bits, and I stumbled off the peculiar platform that led to the exit. By this time I was fifteen. In addition to acting, I was busy at costume-designing, and painting character sketches for the playbills. My salary was then twelve shillings a week, on which I managed somehow to get along.

I remember about this time I paid a good deal of attention to two sisters, who were, and still are, I believe, favourite performers on the variety stage. One day they were kind enough to accompany me for a drive ; but, unluckily, soon

after we started the rain came down in torrents, and we were obliged to drive to a wayside inn for shelter. The young, shaggy pony looked a pitiable object standing out in the rain, and the sisters easily persuaded me that the right thing to do was to bring the pony inside too. I proceeded to carry out their wishes; but the landlord raised some stupid objections, and I had to desist.

At the Grand Theatre, Leeds, I met with some encouragement from Mr. Wilson Barrett, who introduced me to the Chief Constable, and I believe I decorated his cell—or, I should say, his office—at the Town Hall with portraits of actors.

I met Henry Irving there—not at the police-station, but the Grand—and he bought a portrait I made of him. He was very good, for the drawing was very bad!

Once in Leeds some boys and I went to borrow a pony and trap to drive to Bradford. We called at the livery-stables, but we were told that the master was in the public-house at the bottom of the street. We went there and met him coming out. We told him what we wanted, and asked him to have a drink. 'All right,' says he, 'but I'll send the old 'oss 'ome furst,'—we noticed for the first time the pony and trap outside. 'Come out here, boys,' says he; 'I'll show you something.' With that he gave the pony a sounding whack and said, 'Home, Bobby!' The pony started off at a gallop and turned most cleverly into the yard without any accident. 'I always do that,' said he.

Well, next day we had the same pony, and when we returned from Bradford we found we had spent all our money; so when we got to the bottom of the street we got

out of the trap and gave the pony a whack and said, 'Home, Bobby!'

We waited for the result—it was a sort of earthquake. The horse was a bit tired, and he caught the wheel against the gate-post, and you could see wheels and cushions flying about in all directions. We left quickly!

I had meanwhile had my first public appearance in the press, the *Yorkshire Gossip* in 1878 having published one of my drawings.

The first cartoon I ever did was the 'Worship of Fashion,' for a paper called *Society*. At nineteen I married, and the next year in our rooms at Putney I did a lot of work. I used to work for two or three hours, then have a little rest and start off again, this sort of thing continuing night and day, my wife arranging for my meals at odd intervals.

After a few weeks of this I got so unstrung that I could not sleep at all. Early one evening I strolled in to see a billiard tournament at the club, during which I dropped off to sleep, and, although I was sitting in an uncomfortable seat, I didn't wake till late the following afternoon.

From the very beginning I found a firm friend in Charles Alias, who kept me busy at costume designs. I remember one night he and I and some other friends bought out a whole winkle-stall in Maiden Lane, and wheeled it all over the place, distributing the winkles to every one we met until the police interfered with our generosity.

Once I was very busy on some dress designs which Mr. Alias required at a very particular time. The constant and hard work made me fretful and impatient, and at the most inconvenient times—for him—I often wandered out, and my

return was always uncertain. By preventing these outings he hoped to keep me steadily at work, and so, as I only wore slippers in the studio, he hit on the idea of hiding my boots. When I took it into my head to go out, I could not find my boots anywhere, so I drew on a pair of Turkish boots of crimson leather, and went into the Strand. Alias seemed amused when he saw my feet!

My first Christmas Eve in London I spent with four or five young artists, our coign of vantage being the top of a four-wheeler. Every few hundred yards we went a policeman insisted on our getting down and sitting on the seats. Directly he left us we would clamber on to the top again, and so we kept on until it was Christmas Day.

About this time I commenced an edition of Shakesperian costumes for children, for M'Alias, but I took so long over it, that he had to put it in other hands. I know it took me two weeks to do a scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Alias always alludes to it as the 'Midsummer *Fortnight's* Dream.' Later on I did a lot of poster work for Clement Smith. I had many difficulties, of course, and my banking account was a most uncertain quantity, but both to Mrs. May and myself that was half the fun of existence.

The first political work I did was on *St. Stephen's Review*, where I remained for two years. My health began to fail, and in the winter of 1884 I left for Australia. I made an early friend there of Jack Drayton, a literary man, who was something of a dog-fancier. He presented me with a very tiny and valuable dog, and as usual I speedily lost the run of it. Some time afterwards I met Drayton, who made keen inquiries about the dog. 'Oh, he's about so high!' I said, holding my hand on a level with my waist. He looked per-

fectly disgusted, and on inquiry I found that even if the dog had put on two inches in height it would have proved it a worthless mongrel.

I remained in Australia for three years, and saw pretty well all there was to be seen in the cities and in the bush. When I was twenty-four I went to Rome. After a few months I came on to London, and resumed work on *St. Stephen's Review*. Later I went to Paris, and spent my time studying people and things just as they came into my life.

Perhaps I should say that the printing machines of the *Sydney Bulletin* were my real master. They were utterly unsuitable for the printing of work in which the value of light and shade was pre-eminent, and so I was driven to the resort of expressing what I had to express in the fewest possible lines; but that was only for the first year—after that the printing was beyond reproach.

At the close of a tour in America, when Teddy Grew and I returned to London, we found the railway station and all the approaches gaily decorated, 'Welcome to M. and G.' being a very conspicuous device. We were naturally puzzled, then Grew assured me that this was the tribute of a too grateful editor, who was actually thrusting greatness upon us in a peculiarly public way. Well, I may say at once the welcome and the decorations were not for us. It was the wedding-day of Princess May and George of York, and the device was in honour of the Royal 'M.' and 'G.,' so we are still waiting for our deserts.

When in Holland last month a friend lent me his studio, where a crowd of children used to come every day and play round me while I worked. Some of the youngsters even

took to fondling me, and I explained to my kind host that under these circumstances progress was impossible.

'Sing to them,' he said, 'and they'll be as good as gold. They'll sing with you.' I hummed a little, and presently I found myself joining in with them in a vigorous Dutch song. This continued for several days, and I was able to work with such ease, that I gave the children money to keep on singing, and although I had no knowledge of the Dutch language, I sang lustily with them.

It was only a day or two before my return that I found this song was a Jameson Raid hymn, covering the Dutch with eulogy, and praying for confusion and worse than that to all their enemies—Queen Victoria in particular. Here had I been singing it every day *con amore*, and paying the children to sing it, too!

I had never visited Holland before, and I was delighted with everything I saw, the art of the country being of overwhelming interest. I was much struck with that wonderful painting of Rembrandt's, 'The Night Watch,' at the Amsterdam Museum; it is the most wonderful thing I ever saw. I could scarcely draw myself away from it, but I left it with a feeling rather of pain. When further on I saw the Frans Hals I was just as much delighted, but the simplicity of it made me feel happier. Rembrandt said: 'You'll never paint.' Frans Hals said: 'Perhaps you may.'



POLITICS

THE RIGHT HON.
SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART.

Though my life has been mostly spent amidst anxieties that really do make the brow sweat, or in stormy scenes and emergent affairs, in vicissitudes of climate, in forests, mountains, deserts, morasses, as well as in the strenuous haunts of men, yet I was not born amidst such things. On the contrary, I was bred in Worcestershire, on lawns like green velvet, under stately elms, amidst old English oak-work and wainscotted walls—things which, after my lifelong buffeting in the waves of this troublesome world, seem to me to constitute a haven of repose, almost an earthly paradise.

My first sorrow was my mother's death, when I was eleven years old. I was at a small private school amidst hop-yards on the Severn bank, when, quite unexpectedly, the schoolmaster's wife sent for me and said: 'Your mamma is very ill, a carriage has come for you to go at once.' I went, hardly understanding what was the matter; as the hall-door opened I saw my father with haggard looks on the large oaken staircase; he said, 'Your mother is dying, come and see her at once.' After the funeral I used to be at his side as he paced miserably up and down the gravelled terrace, just two hundred yards long, which was formed to commemorate the Revolution of 1788.

I see these personal events in my mental vision just as if they had happened yesterday. I revere my mother's memory; she came of the Rivett stock, an old family in Suffolk. Her harp still stands where she had it, so does her work-table, and the chairs which she adorned with the coloured Berlin wool in vogue at that time. Her boudoir was doubtless pretty good then; I do not recollect. Anyhow, it is better now, for I have covered it all over with objects of art from the East and the West.

The halcyon days of childhood soon passed, and I went to Rugby. Tom Hughes was a senior boy in his prime, strutting about with auburn locks carefully parted in the back of the head, with a green cut-away coat and brass buttons. What would now be called his 'back hair' arrangement struck my admiration, and he loomed before me as a young Apollo. My life was exactly that described in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

The disposition of us boys at that epoch was in this perverse wise: If the masters prohibited anything under severe pains and penalties, we were sure for that very reason to do it. It was the spice of danger in the penalty that acted as an incitement. I was never caught, and therefore never suffered punishment, though, indeed, I very often deserved it.

There was a good deal of teasing and tormenting of little boys, called bullying. I wondered why the head boys or monitors, there called preposters, did not stop this. I vowed that should I myself become a preposter, I would see to this. And I did prevent this actually, when in fulness of time I became preposter.

Meanwhile, when much pestered by the bullying boys, I

would, despite my active predilections, slink away to some solitude with my books, and it was thus that I first made the acquaintance of Walter Scott's novels, and his heroines, Di Vernon, Meg Merrilies, Minna and Brenda, and the like.

Up to about fifteen years of age my mind and temper were not serious; on the contrary, I was rather disposed to be up to mischief. But the time came for me to be confirmed, so I was prepared for confirmation by the clergyman of my parish, a very good and a muscular Christian; I was taken to the cathedral at Worcester, and the bishop laid his hands on me. The service was grave, and by taking part in it I thought myself pledged to be serious; so from that time forward I tried to do my duty, according to juvenile lights.

Meanwhile, my father was taking his share in my education. He was a typical country gentleman of the old school, and thought that riding was an essential part of my instruction. One winter, when the snow lay thick on the ground, he would take me to a spacious paddock, mount me on a pony inclined to kick up its heels, and when I was sent headlong over its head, he said that the experience would harden my little heart, and that the snow was soft to fall upon. He got a retired sergeant of the Life Guards to teach me how to have a military seat, another professional man to lead me out with the fox-hounds and show me how to take the various kinds of fences. He adopted a specific for making me sit tight, namely, putting a penny between my knee and the saddle, and noting how long I could keep the coin and not drop it.

Then the great Dr. Arnold died suddenly at Rugby,

just after we had left school for the holidays. What a shock, a loss, a gap, we felt it to be! In those days we boys were haughtier, stiffer, rougher, more unmanageable than, perhaps, our successors are now. Whether this be so or not, it was necessary that we should be made to fear the head-master accordingly. When he chose—doubtless for some good reason—to strike terror into our young minds by his look, he did it thoroughly—even thundering Jove was mild in our eyes compared with him. Besides this, there was the awe of admiration; he had a clarion voice, a capacity for running (there were stories that he would run for miles alongside of his own carriage), and all that physique which boys worship; and yet every Sunday afternoon he would preach to us in the school chapel some of the most tender and persuasive sermons I have ever listened to.

We heard it said that he had a moral sway over men—anyhow, he had that over boys, and to us he was a hero schoolmaster. We were proud of him, too; his history of Rome was known to us, and we had a dim idea that he was rising to fame in Church and State, whatever that might mean, for we troubled ourselves naught about such matters.

About this time, too, my father had been travelling all round the shores of the Mediterranean in company with Allom, David Roberts, and other artists now become historic. He was a first-rate amateur in water-colours, and he brought back with him a wondrous series of paintings, which I still keep in the same portfolios just as he left them. All this stimulated my imitative faculty and I took to water-colour painting, an art which I have retained



Elliott & Fry

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE



through life, and still practise, though I have since added painting in oils, in body colour, and in other media.

Then I began to think of what was to be my profession in life—for I must do something very particular, so at first I chose the Bar for the following reason. My father, being a zealous county magistrate, used to take me to the Assizes in Worcester, which were more important functions than they seem to be nowadays. I heard Justice Coleridge, Justice Denman, Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. (afterwards Baron) Huddleston, and I thought it would be nice to imitate their forensic oratory. I was particularly amused by the skill with which Huddleston used to convince juries.

But, then, a change came over my dream in this wise: Macaulay's *Essays* were all the rage. Like everybody else, I must read one, so I chose the one upon Warren Hastings, because his village was Daylesford, in Worcestershire. I found that he was a Worcestershire lad, who went out to India and governed the many millions of Bengal—and being of a receptive mind, I began to wonder why I might not do something like that. I little dreamt then that the day would come when I should govern Bengal, only a much bigger Bengal than that of Warren Hastings, and yet other days when I should poll in three contested elections every voter in that very village of Daylesford.

Meanwhile I retained my intention of going to the Bar, when one morning my father told me that he had received from a relation of my late mother's an offer of a writership in the East India Company's service. He remarked to me that this service was the finest in the world, but he left me to decide. At first I thought it would be better to stay at home than go abroad. But then a vague ambition

came into play. I was of the Temple ancestry, indeed, but I was not then acquainted with their deeds in many fields in past centuries so well as I have since become. But probably the inherited ambitiousness was working in me unconsciously even at that early age, and so I resolved to try an Eastern career, and accepted the writership.

This altered all my plans. No more thought of Oxford for me, nor long continuance at Rugby. I would stay long enough to enter the top form, then called the Sixth, and proceed to the East India Company's College at Haileybury.

According to the regulations, it was needful for me, before entering the college, to present a certificate from the head of some school as to character and conduct. So I asked the Head-master of Rugby to give me the requisite testimonial, which he kindly did; he was Dr. Tait, the successor of Arnold, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

At Haileybury I found many famous examiners and professors who have become historic—Melvill, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's; Jeremie, afterwards Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; Jones, then a well-known author on political economy; Empson, afterwards editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; Horace Hayman Wilson, then the first Sanskritist of the age; Monier Williams, since celebrated as an author relating to the ancient Hindus. But these learned gentlemen turned my young head upside down.

Heretofore my success had been in composing Latin verses on all sorts of subjects and in translating passages from Shakespeare into Greek iambics. This skill, such as it was, I must now abandon; and instead of that, bend my attention on Arabic, Sanskrit, Hindostani, and further on to law, political economy, and Oriental history. I was im-

mensely educated, no doubt, but my mind was diverted to too many things simultaneously. Still I carried off the prize in all departments save one. I must give up something, and, being obliged to take up all the subjects which paid me best, I found that mathematics paid me least, so I gave that up, that is, I took just an ordinary place in it and no more.

But despite the unduly hard work of maintaining my tip-top position at Haileybury, I continued to study art in my ancestral home, and became a devoted student of Ruskin's works, which have, indeed, influenced my mind throughout life. The ear goes with the eye, as the saying is, so I was extremely fond of music, though I never learnt a note. I used to hear Rubini, first and greatest, then Mario and Grisi—whose bright memory I regard as that of the finest songstress, the like of whom I do not expect ever to hear again—and Alboni, the richest of contraltos. I saw the first representation of the *Elijah*, Mendelssohn himself conducting. How well I remember hearing as a child of the death of Malibran, and the grief it caused throughout the country! Is there any public performer nowadays whose death would cause such widespread lamentation?

Society was not so vast, so multiform, so many-sided, as it is now; there was then more individuality and individualisation; people had fewer things to hear and see, but then they heard and saw those things more thoroughly than now. A Royal Academy *soirée* was a somewhat select company to view together and discuss a limited number of pictures, all fine. It is a very different scene now. The water-colours are now vastly numerous and still very good. Then there was only one exhibition—now called 'the old water-colours'

—but such a show, really a sight fit for the gods to see—Turner, Coply Fielding, Danby, Birket Foster, Cattermole, J. D. Harding, and others.

Nor did I overlook graver things. In those days the Anti-Corn Law agitation was in full swing, and I wanted to hear some of the orators. So learning that there was to be a meeting in Covent Garden Theatre, I asked permission from the principal of Haileybury to go there. He seemed surprised and at first inclined to refuse, but I represented that I was competing for the prize in political economy, and that I ought to learn something about the question of the day. So I went and heard Cobden deliver one of his historic speeches. I was standing just behind him when he uttered the memorable words that England would import her food from all regions, and that then she would become the workshop of the world. Bright I never saw till I met him many years afterwards in the House of Commons.

My father then commanded the Worcester troop of the Yeomanry. It happened that in the summer before I started for India, he gave a dinner to his men at our village inn, and I was at his side. After dinner the men kindly drank my health as the young Squire. I replied with the boldness of youth that I would serve the East India Company for the time stated in my covenant, but that I would in due course return home to represent Worcestershire in Parliament and to command the Yeomanry. Well, I did afterwards represent the county in Parliament for seven years, but I have never commanded the Yeomanry.

In the autumn I went on a sketching tour through the English lakes and saw the house of Wordsworth, the poet of that day; and I steamed by the Biscay Bay, Gibraltar,

Algiers, Cairo, and the Pyramids, the Red Sea, Ceylon, and Madras to Calcutta. I was then destined for the Bengal division of India, but I soon changed for the north-west, and never served in Bengal again, till many years afterwards I returned to govern it in the dire stress of famine. I passed up country, amid the babel of sounds, the chaotic scenes in Benares, the ceremonies, the flowers, the sacred bulls, the corpses burning close to the brink of the sacred Ganges. Even after the lapse of years I wonder whether I have ever seen so intensely curious a spectacle. Then I marvelled at the architectural remains of the Great Mogul at Agra and Delhi, which I now know to represent the finest architecture that the world has seen as yet. Two years afterwards I passed on to the Punjab, and at Simla—amidst the clouds and the rhododendrons and the cedars, with occasional glimpses of the peerless Himalayan snows—I met the great John Lawrence, with whom I became associated for the rest of his mighty career, and I was then launched on the responsible and arduous career of manhood.

SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD

I WAS born in a Kentish town on the 28th of May 1833, when the echoes of the great war had scarcely died away, when male children were named in conscious or unconscious admiration of the Duke of Wellington, and when the country was thrilling with hopes and fears, based upon the recent Reform and Test and Corporation Acts.

My earliest recollection, apart from the ever dear associations of home, is a vague sound of trumpets and a vision of a gay procession, proclaiming the commencement of the reign of her Majesty. There are, in childhood, two classes separated by conditions of health and constitution: one to whom childhood is the happiest period; the other to whom it is a long penance, marked with trouble and tears, illuminated by occasional joys. I was of the latter class, and am far happier in approaching old age than I was in infancy. At outdoor games I was not good. I was nicknamed 'uncle' and 'grandfather,' and never met with any good illustration of my school-days till I read Mr. Anstey's *Vice Versâ*.

I was thought not sufficiently strong for a public school and was what is called 'privately' educated, which means that I had no systematic training. Before my school-days were ended there was raging in England a great economic controversy which deeply influenced my life.

My father, from no selfish interest, but as a consequence of Tory associations, took the wrong side in the Free Trade controversy, and with so much vigour that he was one of the representative men of our county. At a very early age, when London was deeply moved with cries of Chartism and cheap food, I was on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, not far from the Duke of Richmond, father of the present octogenarian Duke, who was the leader of the falling cause of Protection. I remember seeing a tall young man presented to his Grace—a Mr. Isaac Butt—who received many compliments upon his pamphlets against Free Trade. Thirty years later I knew Mr. Butt in the House of Commons as the brilliant but unstable leader of the Irish cause.

This agitation, in which I became intensely concerned at an age when boys are more happily devoted to cricket and football, filled me with longings for a political career, and this strong desire led me on to some measure of success.

When I left school, I read daily in the *Morning Herald* the proceedings of Parliament, and, moved by the speeches of Villiers, Cobden, and Bright (how little I thought I should live to call them friends!), I took up Adam Smith and other economists of that date. I became pretty well acquainted with both sides of the controversy. I was on the hustings and at the polling in elections, where rival candidates addressed the noisy crowds, and Free Trade voters were hooted and reviled as they gave votes for the Liberal candidates.

A relative of my mother's was obliged to give up a large farm he held in the most fertile part of Essex, and my father

took it, placing a bailiff in charge, with myself as comptroller. This had important consequences for me and led me to a lifelong connection with the land question.

But though farming amused, it did not satisfy me, and, reading of the stirring times in Paris connected with the foundation of the Second Empire, I left Essex one morning with a very insufficient supply of money, for my first visit to Paris, where I saw men effacing the '*liberté, égalité, fraternité*,' which the Revolution of 1848 had lately inscribed. In my last years at school I often met the ex-King Louis Philippe and M. Guizot at Esher and Claremont.

With improved health, I thought agriculture should be my calling, and was placed as pupil with the most eminent agriculturist in Essex, Mr. Baker of Writtle. But when I had been there a month, that most excellent man said to me: 'The profits of farming are only a succession of savings. You had better go to London.'

I was soon transferred to 37 Great George Street as articled pupil to Mr. Richard Hall, a land-surveyor of very large practice, whose clients included the Great Western Railway, the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and many of the largest landowners. I had the run of the kingdom for three years, and assisted in raising rents in almost every county. I did not then comprehend the injustice of this proceeding. We walked or rode over large estates, setting a value upon each field without the least regard to the improvements of the tenant. A good tenant suffered the highest rental; we looked only to present value. Those years were most instructive. I then knew the Hatfield estate better than the present life-tenant did, spent months in the Crown forests settling the rights of rangers and

commoners, and took part in the rank injustice of many an enclosure of common lands.

But while I measured oaks and elms and assessed land values, my heart was in politics. I pored in my leisure hours over Mill's *Logic and Political Economy*, and when I was in London, the Park and Parliament Street were lively with the coming of the Crimean War. There were not two or three but a score of recruiting sergeants in Whitehall, who were in the habit of saluting me with playful respect, because when they asked me one morning to 'join the army and fight the Rooshians,' I had the impudence to exclaim, 'What! do you want a general?'

At last the time arrived when pupilage was over, and I must make provision for myself.

Then followed the most difficult period of my life. My father was not wealthy, and I was resolved to be independent. A spade guinea on my watch-chain was nearly all my fortune, and I hoped and intended to get into that House, where I had seen Peel, and Russell, and O'Connell, and John Bright, who then wore Quaker dress. I loved the lobbies, where I had seen the Duke of Argyll, then a stripling with long fair hair lying on his shoulders, and the Duke of Wellington, with martial stock and tightly-strapped white trousers, carrying proxies enough to settle any division as he wished.

A few friends employed me as a land-agent, but I had no skill in obtaining clients. I published a pamphlet upon the construction of the Thames Embankment, and this led to one useful connection; but I was not successful, because inclination did not follow effort. I had always a guinea for Mudie's, where I found the food I liked best, and for the

rest I lived happily on less than the wages of an artisan. I had many friends, and none more hospitable than Mr. Henry Hoare, of Fleet Street.

About once a week I dined at the bank, and there frequently met the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, who confided to me one evening his belief that a Tory enjoyed his dinner more than a Liberal. There I heard one of his best sayings, which I believe is as yet unrecorded. A lady, with the rapt admiration which was the common attitude of her sex to the famous Bishop, asked with deep solemnity, 'What have you found most difficult in life?' 'Oh,' replied the Bishop gaily, 'I have no doubt on that point. It is to keep a dinner-napkin on a silk apron!'

I read *Pendennis* when it first issued from the press, and, to my mind, the life of George Warrington appeared the most glorious and delightful. But how was it to be reached? Suddenly the way to some beginning of such a career seemed to open before me. I had written a long letter to a great morning paper upon the question of the ballot, and lo! I received a letter from the editor informing me that he had taken the liberty of converting my letter into an article, and that it would appear as the leading article on the following day. That will soon be fifty years ago, and yet I can remember the thrill of pride and joy with which I opened the great morning paper and read my own production with every 'I' changed into 'we.'

I open it still, but never with the same elation. I felt that anything was possible for me, and soon I was master, at secondhand, of a dingy set of chambers in Hare Court, Temple, looking out of a brick wall upon another brick wall, which seemed to me an ideal dwelling. My furniture

included a frying-pan and a gridiron, and soon, in the enjoyment of a most frugal life, I found myself, though ignorant of shorthand, in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and able to save a few hundreds of pounds.

My first visit to London was early in the forties, when my mother brought me thither in a boat up the Thames. There was then no railway in Kent or Essex. In the following year a rope railway was established from Blackwall to Fenchurch Street. When we reached London Bridge we took a hackney coach with two horses—cabs, so called after the *cabriolet* of the dandy, were struggling into existence—and the rough paving made hard work for the two horses which drew us to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the site of which is now, I think, occupied by the Spurgeon Tabernacle.

I remember London when its sanitary condition was more filthy than Omdurman; when people dwelt over cesspools of stagnant sewage; when Buckingham Palace was in a more unwholesome condition than are the slums of Whitechapel to-day; when there was little or no education; when the parks were flowerless and untidy wastes; when there were burials in the middle of the Strand; when there were no baths and washhouses, and when the most favoured recreation of the people of central London was a hanging at Newgate.

When the Cotton Famine occurred in 1862, my brother Edwin recommended me to Mr. Farnall, the Poor Law Inspector in Lancashire, as an assistant. Mr. Villiers was then preparing the Public Works Bill, by which £2,000,000 were devoted by Parliament for employment of the destitute operatives in works of 'public utility and sanitary improve-

ment.' The late Sir Robert Rawlinson was appointed Chief Commissioner for supervision of this operation, and I became Assistant Commissioner. I was the only Government officer resident in Lancashire, and I had—as I thought—a large salary, and lived on one-tenth of it. Of the surplus I invested some in 'Greenbacks,' for in Manchester I became confident of the coming success of the 'North,' and my confidence was rewarded by the doubling of my small capital. In Lancashire, I enjoyed the fullest advantages of political society. I was so fortunate as to win the confidence and the close friendship of Charles Villiers, under whom I served.

One day he sent me on a mission to Cobden. I was to ask Cobden to say what he could for the work of the Government in Lancashire. But he would say no word of praise for a Government of which Lord Palmerston was chief, and I sat very near to Cobden, with his personal but not his public sympathy, when he delivered his last public speech. I wrote by day and night in every hour of leisure during my stay of four years in Manchester. My *History of the Cotton Famine* brought me £200, besides much public notice, and when I left Lancashire I had not only twenty votes of thanks from local authorities, friends and acquaintances in all parts of the county, but I had saved sufficient to enable me to live without occupation; and I felt sure of a seat in Parliament for some one of the Lancashire boroughs whenever I was in a position to come forward as a candidate.

At this time my father died, and I received a small increase of fortune. I passed the winter of 1866 in Algiers, dressed in Arab costume, which is useful to avoid distant

observation when riding in the desert, and made an excursion of three hundred and fifty miles to the south. Soon after my return to London, I was invited to become the first editor of the *Echo*, an occupation which brought me many new friends, and none more kind and valuable than Lord Granville. I had made acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone while engaged in Lancashire.

It is not easy for a journalist to acquire pecuniary independence, and I note the facts in that direction as most important. When I left Lancashire I had enough to live upon very frugally, and I determined to save every penny I could earn. I had a good salary from the *Echo*, and the Metropolitan District Railway being then in course of construction, I took advantage of the issue of six per cent. Debentures to invest my first year's salary. I made many acquaintances in the City, but the great American firm of Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co. particularly impressed me with a sense of their honesty, ability, and power. Whenever I could save money, I invested it in their issues, including the Baltimore and Ohio Bonds, and the French War Loan, by which means I obtained perfectly safe securities yielding more than six per cent. I never speculated, and I retain the securities I purchased at that time, except such as have been redeemed.

The result was that before I was forty years old I had obtained the independence which I always considered a necessary foundation for a parliamentary career, and in my fortieth year a strange opening occurred. Mr. Thomas Baring, who had represented Huntingdon for many years, died, and Sir John Karslake, a most popular leader of the Bar, was the only candidate. My name was suggested to

the present Lord Peel, then Secretary of the Treasury, from whom I understood that Mr. Gladstone was anxious the election should not be unopposed.

Mr. Peel gave me such cordial support, and a letter to Mr. Veasey, the Liberal leader in Huntingdon, that in my enthusiasm I supposed there would be no question as to the acceptance of my candidature. I was dangerously late in the field, so I wrote my address and sent it to the *Times* before I went to Huntingdon. When I arrived there, I was met with blank refusal. The chairman, secretary, and agent all declined to oppose Karslake, declaring that it would be useless and factious. But I knew the Prime Minister wished for a fight, and that my address was being printed in the *Times* office.

After reasoning with them in vain, I engaged the Town Hall for an early day, and placarded the town with bills announcing an address by the Liberal candidate. There had been no contest for thirty years, and Mr. Baring had been lavish in his charities. I travelled to London with Fawcett, who laughed immensely at my grotesque situation. On the evening of the meeting, I arrived from London friendless as to any one of the electors, and found the Town Hall crammed with people. Some of the Liberal leaders received me coldly in a back room, and politely told me they had prepared a resolution thanking me for my attendance, but declining to enter upon a contest. With all possible courtesy, I intimated that they were not masters of the procedure, but that for this evening, at least, they were my guests.

We straggled out on to the platform, where I began by reading telegrams from leaders of the Liberal party

warmly encouraging my candidature. Then I addressed the meeting, and quickly discovered that the electors were really longing for a fight. When I sat down, a dozen rose to move, and my candidature was accepted with rounds of applause. Before any one could say a word, I rose and pledged myself to go to the poll.

Next morning, as I sat at breakfast in the George Hotel, still friendless, the chairman came to see me, and said: 'You have beaten us, and now we will do all we can for you.' Most truly they kept that promise; never was a candidate better supported. When the poll was declared I was beaten by fewer than a hundred votes, and next morning I received a letter from Mr. Gladstone declining to call it a defeat, and congratulating me on the amount of support I had attracted.

About 1867 I had the happiness of making acquaintance, and even some friendship, with John Stuart Mill. We had many consultations over the draft of the first London Government Bill which he introduced into the House of Commons, and my interest in that work led directly to my present position in the London County Council. In 1869 Mr. Bottomley Firth asked me for employment as a journalist. He had great natural force and ability. I suggested that as he had no political experience he should study some special question. I proposed 'London Government' to him, and gave him letters to Mr. Mill and others. This was the beginning of Mr. Firth's distinguished connection with the reform of London Government, and when the first County Council was being formed he strenuously supported my election to that body, in which I am now the senior alderman.

In 1875 Baron Grant purchased the *Echo*, and, except a few weeks at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, I have never since occupied or wished to occupy an editor's chair. My experience has been wide, and I think no other work is so exacting and exhausting. My wants are very few and simple, and I had now sufficient independence. For more than twenty years I had not spent half my income, and I celebrated my freedom by travelling with my wife through Persia. At the end of six months' travel I found the cost was entirely defrayed by the proceeds of my book, *Through Persia by Caravan.*

In 1879 I became 'London Correspondent' for the *Manchester Guardian.* I asked the editor, Mr. Scott, now M.P. for Prestwich, to keep my engagement secret. I bore a *nom de plume* in the books of the newspaper, and the anonymous was never in my experience better preserved. That work I did for nearly fourteen years, and so smooth and kindly were my relations, that I did not receive half a dozen letters from the editor in that long period.

In the same year I accepted candidature for Salford, and in April 1880 was elected with a majority of nearly three thousand votes. I had at last gained the position so long desired. My first speech in Parliament was received with the kindest compliments and much hostility by Sir Stafford Northcote. I declined, in 1882, Mr. Gladstone's friendly offer of a Commissionership of Customs, because I possessed quite sufficient fortune for my needs, and I suggested to Mr. Gladstone that after talking so much of reform, it would seem rather undutiful on my part if I were to accept that which he himself described to me as a 'semi-sinecure.' Three years later I became one of the first victims of the

Act which divided the great boroughs, and was defeated for North Salford.

When the French say a man has passed his first youth, the margin is very liberal, but I can have no excuse whatever for extending this retrospect beyond the election of 1880.



T. W. RUSSELL, M.P.

ALTHOUGH often taken for an Irishman, there is not a drop of Celtic blood in my veins. I am a pure Lowland Scot—having first seen the light in Fifeshire in the early forties. Born at a time of fierce controversy and eager disputation—the time when the great Disruption in the Church of Scotland took place—when the doctrine of spiritual independence and the function of the civil magistrate were discussed in every peasant's home, I do not seem to have ever had a really quiet time since.

The youngest of a family of six, I was reared as the children of Scottish working-men were then universally brought up—in a hard school. I doubt if my father, who was a stonemason, and fond of telling that he worked side by side with Hugh Miller, ever earned thirty shillings a week in his life. By the death of my mother, and the marriage of a sister who became located in Belfast, the home was broken up. I had to leave school then, and was apprenticed to business when I had just turned ten years of age.

My employer in Cupar-Fife went bankrupt, and I came by my first loss—a year's salary. Transferred to Dundee, I completed my apprenticeship with the chief creditor of my former employer, went to Edinburgh, then to Musselburgh, and finally (the turning-point in my life) I arrived in Ireland

in October 1860. Staying at Belfast, I answered an advertisement in the Belfast *Morning News*—a paper long since extinct—and on the last day of that month I first set foot—an ill-equipped, penniless, somewhat delicate Scotch lad—in Donaghmore, a village in that division of Tyrone which for the last thirteen years I have represented in the Imperial Parliament.

For a period of four years I remained at Donaghmore, attending, I am very much afraid, to everything but the business of my employers. I took an active part in forming and was the first secretary of a Young Men's Association in Dungannon. There was then a rather exceptional body of young men in that town. We discussed everything with rare freedom, and probably frightened many who had not been accustomed to have their cherished theories treated with contempt. I came consequently to be regarded as a somewhat dangerous character.

Outside the Association, I developed into a politician. The town was Conservative and represented by a once well-known, but now wholly forgotten politician—Colonel Stuart Knox. I took the Radical side, and, as correspondent for newspapers, satirised and attacked everybody and everything until things became pretty hot.

All the time I was, of course, wholly neglecting my employer's business. But he was no ordinary man, and to him I owe everything I am in this world. Realising that I had no calling for business, Mr. James Brown, now the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. D. Brown and Son, advised me to study for the Civil Service. I took the advice, tried my luck with the Civil Service Commissioners, took first place in everything but an absolutely essential subject, in

which I failed to reach the minimum, and came back disgusted and disgraced.

Meanwhile, in addition to all my other work, I had spent spare nights in addressing temperance meetings all round the country-side. In 1864 the Irish Temperance League wished to secure an agent for Dublin and the South of Ireland, and in November of that year I found myself on a Dublin platform as their agent, with an audience of one thousand people.

To the work of temperance reform I gave twenty of the best years of my life, going from town to town, from village to village, in every part of Ireland, declaiming against drink and the drink traffic. What years these were! The work was one long-continued fight on platforms, in the press, in licensed courts, at congresses and conferences.

With some old Father Matthew men belonging to the working-classes, and some other stalwarts, I carried on a Sunday evening temperance mission in the Dublin Rotunda for ten years. The meetings were systematically obstructed by 'lewd fellows of the baser sort.' Free fights formed part of the programme each night. My fellow-Presbyterians were shocked and scandalised at this way of spending the Sabbath. But, judged by results, these Sunday nights at the Rotunda were the most fruitful of all the work I ever entered upon. And they told upon the city and upon many a home.

In the year 1871, I first found myself within the portals of the palace of Westminster. Acting as secretary and Parliamentary agent of the Irish Temperance Party, I was under the gallery when Mr. Henry Austin Bruce—better known afterwards as Lord Aberdare—introduced his famous

Bill for the reforming of the licensing system. I remember well how it all struck me—and if any one had whispered then that by and by I should cross the barrier to take part in stormy and turbulent scenes on the floor of the House, I should have thought him a lunatic. This is not the place to tell of the folly which marked that epoch in temperance affairs—folly which, by the way, I was no party to.

In a few years more came the struggle for Irish Sunday Closing, throughout the whole of which I was secretary and Parliamentary agent. The Bill was carried, after a great struggle, in 1878—just twenty-one years ago. But how great the change! Nearly all the leaders are gone; two of the warmest friends of the Bill—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright—are no more; not one of the Irish leaders save the O'Conor Don is left; and an Irish division-list would hardly show the name of one of those who figured in that famous fight. Such is the change which twenty-one years brings about in Parliamentary life!

Mr. Barry O'Brien, in his *Life of Mr. Parnell*, tells of an incident in that fight, and tells it somewhat imperfectly. Pledged to Sunday Closing by the electors of Meath, Mr. Parnell stuck to us all through the fight for the Bill. When, on the Saturday which saw the third reading carried, a few of us met in the Lobby, Mr. Parnell came over to me and said: 'Now, Mr. Russell, we are done with liquor. The next fight must be on the land.' I thought for a moment, and replied: 'Mr. Parnell, it will take an earthquake to upset the Irish land system.' 'Very well,' said the Irish leader after a pause, 'earthquake be it.' The Land League was formed in the following year.

Immediately after the Sunday Closing fight I was offered

and declined the secretaryship of the Home Rule Association.

In 1885 I stood as a Liberal for Preston, and although badly beaten, polled the heaviest Liberal poll (5600) ever polled before or since in that citadel of Toryism.

Early in 1886, Mr. Gladstone having gone for Home Rule, I was asked to take part in the first meeting of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union at Chester. Even at that early date I was wholly at issue with many Unionists, and before going to the meeting I stipulated for, and was assured of, perfect freedom as regards land and local government. To those who are curious I may say that my speech upon that occasion, delivered with Colonel Saunderson on my right and Mr. Smith Barry on my left, was a tolerably accurate forecast of what has happened since, both as regards land reform and local government.

Events, however, travelled very fast in these days. The Parliament of 1885 was speedily dissolved, and I found myself almost committed as candidate for the Falkirk Burghs. In fact, I had made my first speech in Falkirk, and my selection was certain, when I was hurriedly recalled to Ireland. Mr. William O'Brien had captured South Tyrone in 1885—a considerable number of Liberal Unionist farmers refusing to vote for a landlord in the person of Mr. Somerset Maxwell, now Lord Farnham.

South Tyrone had old and pleasant memories for me. I had spent some years of my life—and these not the least eventful—there. My late wife, who through all this time had been an inspiration to me, was born and brought up on its borders. It was therefore thought that with my connections and with my politics I was the candidate most

likely to win back the seat, and selected I was. I was nominated by Mr. James Brown—my first employer in Ireland, and the best and truest friend a young man ever had. After a severe struggle I won by ninety-nine votes, and have held the seat ever since.

Nine of these years in Parliament were years of storm and stress and struggle. Great battles were fought, and I had my share of everything that was going. But, the battle over for the time being, at least, I am glad to know that the men of the party I most vehemently and bitterly opposed think none the worse of those who fought sturdily for their own corner. And it is to me a matter of the greatest satisfaction to feel that I have been able to co-operate in many things for the good of Ireland with those who were my stoutest foes whilst the Home Rule controversy was acute. We do not now differ—save in opinion—and not always in that.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

It is most interesting to trace our first memories. At what age does the brain become active so as to retain any picture reflected by the eye?

Small girls seem to have the advantage in this matter. It is rare to find a boy who remembers any scene that took place until he was a mature young man, at least four years of age. When one thinks that something of interest can be remembered, one is usually told, 'Oh, the whole thing has been described to you, and you fancy it!' But the composition of the scene, the set of the objects in the picture remembered, cannot have been minutely detailed.

I was never told on which side of the bed a dying godfather lay when I was lifted up to take my farewell of him at the age of nearly three; and, when that age was attained, no one ever drew for me in pencil or water-colour a scene of Highlanders issuing from a tent, which was one of many on a lawn in front of a Highland castle, on the occasion of a visit paid by the Queen to my father. Some of the men were in their shirts and kilts, others were fully uniformed. I see the tents now on the green rough grass between me and some water, and I am being taken down a little pathway by a nurse, and then men and tents and loch vanish. There is nothing more remembered.

It is the one photograph taken by the brain—a momen-

tary snapshot, for time exposures and cinematographs were not in those days. But how grateful ought we to be to parents and others who sought to impress on us scenes and the appearance of men whom we were likely to delight to remember!

'Look! there's the Duke of Wellington—look!' I can hear my mother saying; and then past the lumbering yellow town coach in which I was standing bodkin between my parents, as we passed up Constitution Hill, came riding a slight old stooping figure, sitting back in his saddle. He had white, strong eyebrows and strong nose, shaven face, and blue eyes which are known to all. It was a surprise to me that he was dressed in ordinary riding clothes, for a red coat and cocked hat would have been more to my taste.

'Now, remember, you have seen the great Duke!' and I do remember, and am grateful for it. No one in our time has ever had a tithe of the popular affection that greeted Wellington—certainly, no man. In after days I knew sensible, unemotional people who have confessed to me that they had run along whole streets on the pavement to hold him in view, with tears in their eyes, 'behaving like the veriest street fool,' as one of them said to me.

And then, when death came and the State funeral was conducted slowly past park, and street, and square to St. Paul's, what a mighty and a moving sight it was—the dense masses of people in black, the immense bronze car carrying the coffin, the brightness of the arms and scarlet, the long, long train of men representing every regiment in the army marching slowly past to the mournful rolling throb of muffled drums!

And then, before this fearful and stately dream of sorrow, was the lying-in-state in the black-draped Hall of Chelsea, the great space wholly black above and below, and, dimly seen by the lights at the end, the rows of silent grenadiers, with arms reversed, keeping the sides of the hall.

Raised on a daïs at the end, and strongly illumined by great standing lights, which shone on the last guard of death, was the bier covered with the signs which told that nearly all Europe had showered their honours upon the dead. The blue, white, and red of the Union flag was starred with crosses and decorations, and the 'batons eight of high command,' and the group of officers who watched, were in scarlet and gold.

From this memory I turn to one very different. I am being led to an old man who sits in his armchair in a large bay window looking out on hills—green hills—and a bright expanse of water. The old man seems very feeble, but smiles kindly. Yet I can hear no words, and do not see any other figure. I only mark that there is about the ears of the old man a good deal of white hair, and that his face is pale and kindly. I am told I remember Wordsworth, the poet of the 'Lake Country,' in his home at Windermere.

In later days I used to be taken to see and hear orators. I thought Lyndhurst talking in a brown wig to the House of Lords very dull. Lord Ellenborough was more exciting, because he was big and bouncing, with his curly head of grey locks; when he spoke he shouted, and his fist went up and down in a most convincing manner. Then there was Brougham, who was always amusing because he had such an ugly nose!

In the Commons we sat in the places under the Peers' or distinguished strangers' gallery, now appropriated to members, but formerly allowed altogether to visitors.

At the floor, gesticulating a good deal, there was often a little figure, who spoke as if all the spirits of all the mosquitoes had entered into him. This was Roebuck.

And then another little man, of much the same size, would rise near the table, and cross his arms on his breast, while he spoke with a very measured and slightly nasal tone. This was Johnny Russell.

The political opponent who disliked him most, Disraeli, I never heard speak in those early days. But 'There 's Dizzy—look at him,' was said in a half-quizzing tone one day as we were walking in Green Park. I looked where directed, and saw a much buttoned-up figure, like an elegantly dressed young Jew, sauntering on the grass near the Queen's garden, and as he mounted the rise where some young trees have lately been planted, he was cutting sharply at the grass in front of him with a smart cane. In those days men seldom spoke of him without a smile, but this habit wore off rapidly in those who lived to accompany his remarkable career.

Of the men who became Prime Ministers before he attained power, Lord Aberdeen was the most silent. It was said that no one spoke at his dinners, and that when one of his sons had remarked, 'the trees looked very green, to-day,' Lord Aberdeen had answered, 'You did not expect them to be blue, did you?' and the conversation went no further.

Lord Derby was concise and voluble and full of spirits, and looked, with his two large eyes on each side of a beaked



H. S. Mendelssohn

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

nose, like a gentlemanly hawk. Lord Russell was always pleasant, fond of quoting Italian, fond of playing bowls, fond of citing stories from his long Parliamentary experience. Lord Palmerston was very dapper, very much dyed, and very absent when I saw him. I do not think he took trouble to be attentive to boys.

The Cabinet used to amuse itself by giving Cabinet dinners. Each member dined all the others once in the season. As they always finished off with a dinner at Greenwich, they must have seen quite enough of each other. I think it was Mr. Gladstone who got bored with the Greenwich dinner. At all events, it has long ceased to enliven the waiters and to absorb the whitebait.

What a business the movement of a family from town to country was in those days! How rejoiced small girls and boys were when the black bridge over the Solway, or the breakers on Berwick Bar, came into sight! Carlisle was a great stopping-place, and the hotel at the station, with the figures on the stair of old Grenadiers in the German conical hat, were greeted with great joy.

The taking-up of one's abode in the country for several months meant the movement of a larger number of servants and attendants than is common now. The country house was more complete in itself in power of providing for its necessities. Nowadays, it is becoming the fashion for work, even on many a country farm, to be done by gangs of hired labourers coming from a distance. It is not easy to get labour, which is dear because the hands have gone to the towns. Communication with the towns has been made so easy and cheap that almost every one has paid a visit to the nearest big hive of men. And there the young men are

amused, and the girls may get service of more variety than in the country, and they stay, and they do not care about going home again except just on a visit. And so the heads of departments on a big estate—the forester, who employs woodmen; the clerk of works, who employs carpenters and plasterers and masons—get them from the towns because it is cheapest.

And in the internal economy of the household, the same thing tells. There used to be a German or other baker attached to many households. Now, everybody gets bread by train or trap from the nearest decent bakery. It is the same with meat. This comes now from the town butcher, when it used to come from the home fields. For butter and milk the farmers still find that the 'big house' deals, but the falling-off in country population is very notable.

This has been further increased in the really rural districts by the succession duties, which have obliged men to cut down to the lowest possible point the expenditure on household matters and on outside labour. Who now brews his own beer? Formerly the butler's chief amusement and occupation was the brew-house. Now every bottle comes in from the town brewer, and home-made ale is a rarity.

How generous used the old life to be! What happiness and comfort was spread around by the squire or lord! 'The stately homes of England' were very precious to those who lived on the broad acres, and were proud of the home-made foods and stuffs that fed and clothed them.

Arcadias excite envy. In France they have abolished all arcadias, all large rural properties. Is the country the better?

France is an artist losing his eyes by painting too small. The large effects breed jealousy. '*À bas*,' all but individual and short-lived genius. This cannot be prevented, and must be endured, but to have more than one generation in a position to be respected—no!

Some people think that the bounteous life of English country-house days was bad for the independence of the poorer neighbours. Is the dependence on local factions and politicians better? No, one cannot help being grieved for a distinct loss in a wholesome national life in the play given by rural wealth to rural loyalty between man and man.

Some of the old customs were quaint.

For instance, in the great house which had originally been church property confiscated by Henry VIII., we children used to like to watch a window at the outer gate of a stable-yard, where dwelt a porter. Why? Because there, in the outside of the wall, was a cosy recess giving ample room and shelter, and within the recess were two benches and two tables. A wanderer would come along the road, pause at that window, and knock. Out would come the porter's head, and a brief conversation took place, always followed by the handing out of the window to the wanderer a loaf of bread and a foaming tankard of beer.

The hospitality of the monks was thus kept up, to an even greater degree than practised of old, for every one got his share, and was able to come again, provided he did not come the same day, or make a regular practice of 'loafing.'

The owners lived for all they were worth in the country in those days. Their household, keepers, and horses, their

planting and gardening, absorbed all their money. They only saved enough to come to town occasionally.

Another set now own often part of the old places, but they do not care to spend so much there as in the town. They go down for shooting or hunting, or to entertain a party for a ball, but their number is lessening. Soon it may be difficult to do this, and the money for sport must be spent abroad. All tends to diminish men's tastes for the rustic happiness of their fathers, and to make life at the country-house only a short chapter in the book of the season's amusements.

M. DE BLOWITZ

THERE are no days in the youth of a man that linger so fondly in his memory as those in which he began his career. This at least is my case. I vaguely remember, some forty years ago, having written books which did not much help my publisher to live, and I remember also to have once invented a machine whose first experiments nearly killed me, but the very first chapter of my life always seems to me to have been my entrance into the journalistic profession.

In 1871 I was living in Marseilles when the Commune was proclaimed there, on the 23rd of March, five days after it had been proclaimed in Paris. The city fell into a grotesque and lamentable state of anarchy. The Préfecture was taken possession of by the revolutionary forces. The enemies of order flocked in from every foreign country, and Terrorists from the whole globe seemed to have come to the town.

As I had now become a naturalised Frenchman, I felt it to be my duty to assist my adopted country as well as I could, and I offered my services to General Espivent de la Villeboisnet, who had been intrusted with the difficult task of restoring order.

The post and telegraph office had been seized by the Revolutionists. They suppressed every suspected letter; they retained every telegram which might have informed the

regular Government at Versailles of the frightful state of affairs prevailing in the great southern city. I had just let a flat, in a house belonging to my wife, to the Eastern Telegraph Company, which had a special wire to Oran. I secretly waited upon the local manager of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and obtained from him permission to make a junction between his wire and that of the Versailles Government.

One night, when the insurgent officials at the Marseilles post-office thought they had a complete hold of the wires, I threw a ladder from a neighbouring house, reached by the roofs the offices of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and opened a secret and direct communication with the outside world. The Lyons office replied to me, and put me in communication with Versailles. I immediately informed the Government of the doings of the Communards. M. Thiers fully realised the danger. If the Commune triumphed in Marseilles, the whole of the South of France would rise against his Government. Accordingly, in reply to my first telegram, M. Thiers gave orders that General Espivent de la Villeboisnet should, at whatever cost, restore order in the town.

Two days later, on April 5th, the regular troops which had been concentrated at Aubagne, near Marseilles, burst into the town, and recovered the Préfecture, which had become the headquarters of the insurgents. I need not enter here into the details of that terrible day. Everybody did his duty, and I was, I trust, no exception to the rule. Anyhow, the next day the battle was won, and the Commune of Marseilles was extinguished. General Espivent and my comrades of the loyal National Guard appointed me to

report personally to M. Thiers at Versailles what had taken place, as, having been an eye-witness, I could narrate the facts better than any one else. Accordingly I set out for Versailles on April 6th.

On my arrival, having informed M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, then General Secretary of the Government, of the mission intrusted to me, he gave me an appointment at his residence for the following morning. He then took me at once to M. Thiers.

The President of the Republic was in a very simply furnished room, having in one of the corners a narrow, low camp-bed, covered with brown leather. The floor was littered with maps, and M. Thiers was on his knees poring over a plan of Paris.

M. Thiers looked up, and recognising me, he said, without rising, 'Oh, yes, you have come from Marseilles; but I have no time at present to hear your report. You must go and see Calmon.' And he was again engrossed in the map of Paris.

I therefore saw M. Calmon, Under-Secretary at the Ministry of the Interior. He listened rather heedlessly to what I said, for he cared much less to know those who had done their duty than the men who neglected it. Therefore, I cut short what I had intended telling him, and hurriedly left him. I was quite discouraged. I bitterly regretted having vainly undertaken a long journey, and exposed myself to such a disappointment, and I felt that my best course would be to return to Marseilles.

So, two days later, I determined to take my leave of M. Thiers. He came forward and welcomed me in a more than friendly way:

'My reception was not encouraging to you the other day,' he said, 'but I was then in the deepest anxiety. I thought all was lost. Now I know that we shall get over this trial. I feel more master of myself than I did then, and I am ready to hear what you have to tell me. I am aware of the great services you have rendered us. I have had letters from friends at Marseilles that leave no doubt about that.'

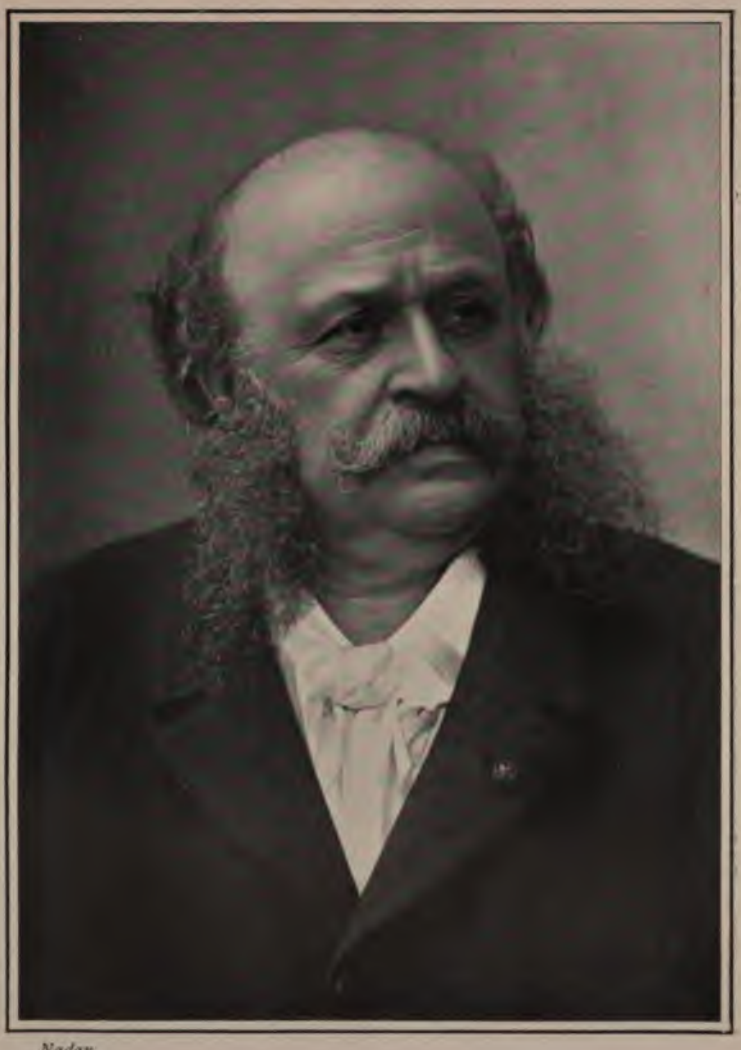
He put a number of questions to me, and I described to him the events that had taken place, both in their burlesque and in their gloomy aspects. He seemed to be very much interested in my narrative, and, when I had finished, he asked me:

'Well, what are you going to do now?'

'I come, Monsieur le Président, to bid you farewell; I am going home to-morrow, having left my family in the south.'

'Do not do that,' he said briskly. 'Stay here a little longer. Come back and keep me acquainted with your movements, and shortly I shall see how you can be useful to us.'

I yielded to M. Thiers' desire, and some days later I was able to take a step which had no small influence on my destiny. The siege of Paris by the Versailles troops was nearing its end. I had gone to Brimborion to see the batteries shelling the Communards. In a casemate near the batteries, a young American lady was looking through a loop-hole. We had a chat together for a few minutes about what was to be seen. Suddenly the young lady, looking again through the hole, exclaimed, 'What is this? Look here. Some one is waving a white flag over the



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M. DE BLOWITZ

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT TO "THE TIMES"

ramparts.' I took up my glass, and saw indeed a white flag being waved violently, while there was a great stir among the soldiers encamped all about the Seine, and large columns were marching forward.

The demon of journalism took hold of me. I turned to the young American lady, whom I never met again, and I said to her, 'Please remain here, and be good enough to notice attentively all that happens. I shall be back in half an hour.'

I left the casemate, and rushed to the Sèvres road, where I had left my cab. I said to the driver, 'To the Versailles Préfecture as fast as you can.'

I had the good luck to rush into the courtyard of the Préfecture at the very moment when M. Thiers was on the point of taking his daily constitional. I ran up to him:

'Monsieur le Président,' I said, 'the troops are entering Paris.'

M. Thiers gave a sudden start. 'Where do you come from?' he asked.

'From Brimborion. A man was waving a white flag on the ramparts, and the troops are now moving onwards.'

Ten minutes afterwards, M. Thiers was leaving Versailles in a carriage, and on the road to Paris. Some days later he called for me and made me tell in detail all that had occurred. He was very much amused with the stratagem I had employed to keep the young American lady inside the casemate, and he said, 'Certainly it is a latest-news department that would best suit you. In a day or two I think I shall be able to tell you something about your future career.' When I saw him again, he told me he was thinking of giving me a consulate. 'It will only be for a

start,' he said, 'I am going to send you to Riga with the rank of Consul-General; but depend upon it, you shall not remain there long.'

I concluded that the affair was settled, and began to study the situation of Riga. But M. Thiers had reckoned without his host. M. Meurand was then at the head of the French Foreign Office. He jealously guarded the consular fortress against the invasion of any outsider, and when M. Thiers proposed me for the post at Riga, M. Meurand did not openly oppose him, but postponed the appointment. Later on he offered M. Thiers to send me to Rustchuk. M. Thiers refused, and then two months slipped away, M. Thiers insisting upon my being sent to Riga, and M. Meurand persisting in sending me to Rustchuk. I was quite disheartened.

On July 21st one of my dearest and oldest friends, Mr. Frederick Marshall, came and told me: 'Something has just happened which may interest you. Mr. Hardmann, who is the colleague of Laurence Oliphant, the special correspondent of *The Times*, has just left Paris, and will not return for a fortnight. Oliphant is very much put out. He cannot be both at Versailles and Paris, and he is looking out for some one who could at least do a part of Hardmann's work. I thought the work would amuse you, as you see M. Thiers daily, and you complain of not having enough to do.'

'You are right,' I replied; 'I not only like your proposal, but you are doing me a real favour, for in this way I can see M. Thiers without the unpleasant necessity of reminding him of his promises.'

Marshall lost no time in giving my reply to Oliphant,

who was very pleased. We all three met. Then Oliphant, who as yet had not spoken to me of his business, gave me the necessary explanation of the duties discharged by Hardmann, and requested me to begin the following day. I listened attentively to what he said, but he saw that I felt some difficulty which I did not venture to express.

He said at last: 'You seem to hesitate. Is it the remuneration you expected me to speak about?'

'Not at all,' I promptly replied. 'In this case it is not a question of money, I can assure you; it is something more embarrassing. But before beginning I should like to see a copy of *The Times*.'

Both looked at me with amazement.

'What?' exclaimed Oliphant, 'you do not know *The Times*?'

'Excuse me,' I replied, 'I know *The Times* very well. I know quite well what it is. I have a friend at Marseilles who concludes all his political discussions with the words: "You cannot call that in question; it is *The Times* that says so." The phrase has become proverbial among his friends. But I have long been living in the remote southern provinces, and I have never seen a copy of the paper.'

Oliphant broke into loud laughter. Then he went out of the room and came back with a copy of *The Times*, containing some twenty pages, which he spread out on the floor, covering the best part of the carpet with it. I was dumfounded.

'A friend of mine,' I said, 'always told me I ought to write in a roomy daily paper. I think that size would satisfy him.'

The following day I went to Versailles. I found M. Thiers in a very irritable state of mind. He was indignant against all French political parties. He accused the Royalists of perfidy, the Republicans of ingratitude, and the Bonapartists of impudence. I left him without daring to speak of my new occupation, but on retiring, reflecting on what he had said, I drew up a note, which I sent to Mr. Oliphant. He was very much pleased with it.

'A genuine hit,' he said. 'There is not a word to alter in it. You are a born journalist.'

He then sent off my first telegram to *The Times*. The following afternoon, as I was walking along the boulevards, I bought a copy of the *Liberté*. In the latest news I saw the telegram I had sent on the previous night, under the words, 'A telegram from Paris to *The Times* says . . .' I experienced one of the strongest emotions I ever felt in my life. The power of the telegraph in its connection with journalism flashed upon me at that moment, and I felt I could turn it to account. I then resolved to remain in Paris and become a journalist.

The day after the publication of my first telegram I went to see M. Thiers, not without apprehension. He was awaiting me with impatience.

'Tell me,' he said at once, 'how it comes about that *The Times*, and following it, all the French papers, were able to publish a conversation which I had with no one but you?'

There was no room for hesitation. I told him the truth. It was a theatrical surprise. He, too, saw at once the strength it might give him in an indirect but striking manner, to place his ideas before the public mind. At the same time, I believe he felt relieved from continuing the struggle with

M. Meurand, who persisted in defending his position with the utmost tenacity. M. Thiers was even disappointed when I told him that my appointment was temporary.

Happily, some weeks later, a telegram came from London informing Oliphant that Hardmann would not return to Paris, and offering me a permanent appointment.

I was overcome with joy. I accepted, and entered then—on the 10th of September 1871—on my official duties as *Times* correspondent.

Not long afterwards a lucky incident secured me the approval and good-will of Mr. John Delane, who for thirty-two years was editor of *The Times*, and who, I need scarcely say, was the most competent judge of the merits of a journalist.

At the end of 1871 Mr. Delane came to Paris, and I saw him for the first time. I accompanied him to Versailles, and we were present at a sitting of the Chamber, which was entirely taken up by an admirable speech by M. Thiers delivered amidst great excitement. We returned together to Paris, and the same night Mr. Delane left for London. At that time there was no proper arrangement for the publication in Paris of the debates at Versailles.

'What a pity,' said Mr. Delane, on leaving me, 'that things are so badly managed! If we could give a full report of that speech in to-morrow's paper, what a glorious thing it would be!'

When he left me, a wild idea came into my head. Following an old habit which I still retain, I sat down and shut my eyes. I then strove to call back the scene in the Assembly, with M. Thiers in the tribune; and as I had listened very attentively to what he had said, it seemed as

if I could hear him speaking and could write down his speech. I went at once to the telegraph-office, and put my mnemonic process to the test. I was able to recall and report all his speech, which was of course instantaneously transmitted to London. When Mr. Delane next morning opened *The Times* in England, he found in it two columns reporting the speech he had heard on the previous afternoon at Versailles. The direct wire *The Times* obtained two years later—in 1874—was the result of the effort I made on this occasion to outstrip the Paris journalists in reporting their own news.

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN

I was born thirty-nine years ago at Hopetoun House, Queensferry, which was built by the first Earl of Hopetoun, and to which I have always been deeply attached. The house lies about two miles from Queensferry, which took its name from the constant crossings made between Edinburgh and Dunfermline by Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, and wife of Malcolm Canmore. It was at this point, too, that Oliver Cromwell crossed with his forces in 1681.

I am a descendant of John de Hope, who, in 1537, came over from France in the train of Magdalene de Valois, queen of James v. The first earl of our name was Charles Hope, whose father, John Hope, was drowned in the wreck of the frigate *Gloucester*, on which a number of persons of distinction had embarked with the Duke of York in 1682. The fourth peer, my great-grandfather, was made Baron Niddry of Niddry for services in the Peninsular War.

But the first man of real importance in our family was Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate of Scotland in the reign of Charles I. He was appointed King's Commissioner to the General Assembly of 1643, a position never occupied before or since by a commoner.

Most Scottish people are familiar with the stand he took many years before, when, in 1606, his defence of the six ministers who were charged with high treason, because they

denied the King's authority in matters ecclesiastical, brought him into eminence. This early conflict with the Court in no way interfered with his subsequent popularity in Royal circles, and Sir Thomas enjoyed, among many favours, the practical distinction of having made the largest fortune ever amassed by a member of the legal profession in Scotland.

But to come to the days of my own youth! I may say that my young days—and indeed my later ones, too—were singularly uneventful, and I fear I have little to tell likely to be of any general interest.

One of my earliest impressions was the very unusual one for a boy—a violent dislike for riding, a dislike engendered by my being forced to ride constantly, whether I felt inclined or not. From obstinacy, or some other cause, innumerable tumbles came to my share. Although during the latter half of my life I have been closely associated with horses and hunting, in which I take the keenest delight, yet the memory of this early feeling dwells with me so keenly that my own boys are always left to their own choice in the matter of riding.

At ten years of age I went to a private school at Brighton kept by a Mr. Lee. I felt the separation from home very much at first, but on the whole I was happy there. At that time Mr. Lee's school, which was attended by a great many sprigs of nobility, was known as the 'House of Lords,' while another school at Brighton, kept by a Mrs. Cooke, and much patronised by the sons of members of Parliament, was dubbed the 'House of Commons.' That the late Lord Conyngham, Sir Alexander Acland Hood, and I, who were all pupils of Mr. Lee, married three sisters, is, I fancy, a singular event in connection with a private school.

I spent four and a half years at Eton, where Mr. Austen Leigh was my master, and where I was very happy. I was then extremely fond of rowing, but never took part in a big race. I did enough work to keep out of trouble, but had nothing exceptional to my credit. I belonged to the House Debating Society, but never to any other, as my dislike to public speaking was as pronounced then as now. During the holidays I always had a thundering good time, especially with a team of beagles, and a small cutter, which I used to sail on the Forth with the carpenter, keepers, and other servants dressed up as men-of-war's men.

At that time I was very enthusiastic about joining the navy, but I outgrew that fancy, although I have always retained a warm interest in the elder branch of the service, and have been for some time very closely associated with the Institute of Naval Architects.

After leaving Eton I had a tutor at home, and crammed for the army. I passed, but never entered, as the affairs of the family estate, to which I had succeeded at thirteen, seemed to call for my personal attention.

In 1881 I travelled right down the Mediterranean, visiting Turkey and Egypt, as well as the more generally frequented places. The following year I went to America, and spent six weeks in the Rockies, where I slept in the open air every night, and thoroughly enjoyed roughing it.

It was in 1883, when in my twenty-third year, that I first thought seriously of politics, and in that year I was appointed House of Lords whip, an office rarely fraught with exciting incident. During his absence I acted for the regretted Earl of Lathom, to whose last appointment I subsequently succeeded. Two years later I was made a

Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, and in 1886 I was re-appointed.

In this year I married Miss Hersey de Moleyns, the third daughter of Lord Ventry. The two families lived next door to each other in Ennismore Gardens, and I had known her from early childhood.

I remember at eighteen years of age, when I regarded myself as a very experienced and important person, she was still busy over nursery games. I hope in my suit later I was not so impatiently importunate—although I proved equally successful—as one of my ancestors, the second earl, who, having been already married twice, without any warning one day offered his hand to the unsuspecting Lady Elizabeth Leslie. Her ladyship asked time to consider, but her suitor would not hear of it. 'Now or never!' he pressed. 'No, no,' she pleaded. 'Yes, yes!' he urged, and without any further waste of words it was 'Yes!'

I received the appointment of High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland in 1887, and held that office for three years in succession—an office previously held by several members of our family.

At the close of 1889 I went out to Australia as Governor of Victoria, in which colony I spent quite the happiest years of my life. The parting from home and friends was, of course, a wrench, and one of the most pathetic of my farewells was with one of my old neighbours, Mr. Sheriff, who was over eighty years at the time, and represented three generations of the Hopetoun tenantry.

The Australian office, the people, and the climate were all most congenial, and should public duty again take me



Elliott & Fry

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA



outside the British Isles, I should like the call to come from the land of the Southern Cross.

The first impression I got of the colonies was that the people and institutions were all thoroughly and unmistakably British. At my first *levée*, held at Government House, Melbourne, one of the earliest presentations was that of a Waterloo veteran.

On the day of my arrival, while waiting for the regular procession which always turns out to meet a new Governor, a party of about a hundred light-hearted Australians agreed to amuse themselves at a vantage-point in Collins Street by cheering and jeering each alternate passing carriage. This reckless selection of objects for public demonstrations led to some amusing blunders, and many of the most popular residents, at this important crossing, found themselves greeted by a storm of groans, while others, who had no earthly claim on public favour, were cheered to the echo. The puzzled expressions of the recipients of these demonstrations led to a friendly inquiry and subsequent explanation.

In the Australian back blocks I travelled a great deal, and, wherever feasible, always wore the dress favoured by the native bushmen—riding-pants, coloured shirt, and broad-brimmed hat. I recollect once, at the close of a hard ride—undertaken at the instance of some members of the Ministry, who were my travelling companions—I emerged from the mallee scrub well in front of the others. Mud-covered and generally dishevelled, I rode up alone to the heart of the township, Lars, where the principal residents were waiting to present an address of welcome. After a few minutes I ventured to ask what they were waiting for.

'We're waiting for the Governor,' said the spokesman of the party. 'Well, I'm the Governor!' I said. My remark was greeted with incredulous laughter, and it was only when my friends overtook me that the unbelieving mallee scrubbers were persuaded of my identity—small blame to them!

At silent and remote Lake Tyrrell on another occasion I met a Highlander who was pipe-major in the '42nd' when my uncle was second in command. Another day, in the Gippsland backwoods, which I explored in the dress already described, my approach to the township was heralded by an Irish piper, who played 'The Campbells are Coming'!

Of the Australian horses, I may say that I found it easier to ride fifty miles a day on a grass-fed knock-about than to do twenty at an English hunt.

When I visited New Zealand with Lady Hopetoun, we went in for deerstalking a good deal in the northern island, and once, near Auckland, she shot a very fine buck. This drew attention to her skill, and a few days later she made some fine hits at a rifle-range. On marking a bull's-eye, an enthusiastic bystander amused the spectators by loudly shouting: 'Isn't she a nailer?'

I said 'Good-bye!' to Australia with the most sincere regret, and soon after my return was appointed Paymaster-General in her Majesty's Government. I also had the honour of being presented with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh, which I shall always remember very particularly.

I had taken infinite pains to prepare a suitable speech of acknowledgment, and rather flattered myself that I had struck something graceful and appropriate. Imagine my surprise and disappointment when the Lord Provost, in

making the presentation, not only used every point I had selected, but used them with such superior ability and effect that I was left, when the time for response came, absolutely without a puff of wind in my sails.

This brings me up to very recent days, in which my appointment as Lord Chamberlain is the chief event. No one could have been more surprised than I by the offer, and none more deeply touched by the flattering terms in which it was placed before me. The question of acceptance I naturally approached with the greatest diffidence, but despite the odd moments of anxiety and embarrassment which must come to any chief of an office almost entirely personal, I must say that in mine the pleasure of its discharge is commensurate with the honour of its tenure.

HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM

From old records at Canterbury it would appear that the Maxim family was driven out of France on account of its religious opinions in the days of the Huguenots. About two hundred years ago they emigrated to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and settled in that part which is now known as Plymouth County. The records of Rochester, Plymouth County, show the transference of property and the probate of wills that were made at a very early date.

Some members of the family held commissions in the Colonial forces. Some were present with Wolfe at Quebec, fighting on the British side, while, later on, others were taken prisoners whilst serving under Montgomery in a vain attempt to wrest Quebec from the British.

About one hundred and sixteen years ago, Samuel Maxim, my grandfather, and Ephraim Maxim, his brother, started out from Wareham, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, for Maine, then called the district of Maine, and a part, I believe, of Massachusetts. Among other things, they took with them a lot of small shoots of apple-trees. They continued their march through the then unbroken forests of Maine until they reached the shores of a beautiful lake in sight of the White Mountains, where they settled, and planted their apple-trees. This place is now known as

Wayne, and in 1898 the town celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation.

My father, Isaac Maxim, was the youngest of a family of seven children. He was considerably over average size, both in height and weight; nevertheless he was the smallest of the family. My grandmother was a descendant of the Ryders and Boyntons, who were considered in the early days of Massachusetts to be the largest and strongest men in Plymouth County, and this trait has been transmitted through all their descendants down to the present time. My aunt, Eliza Maxim, who married an Upton, was a remarkable woman in many ways. She was very tall and very large, and although the facilities that she had for learning were very limited, she managed somehow or another to acquire a great deal of information. I don't know that I have ever met a more brilliant woman.

About ten years ago, I visited Maine, and called on this aunt, who was at that time over ninety years of age. She said: 'Hiram, I do so wish I could have been born and brought up in London, Paris, or New York, where I could have had an opportunity of learning, and where I could have met congenial spirits.' She then went on to talk of Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Stuart Mill, and so forth. I was rather surprised, and remarked that the theory of evolution as propounded by Darwin, and the works of Herbert Spencer, were not, as a rule, appreciated much by old people.

Her reply was: 'Hiram, every word that Darwin has written is absolute truth! It cannot be controverted. I found out nearly all of it before Darwin wrote a single book, and I did it all by thinking. I knew it must be so.

But then, there was my husband who never was guilty of a thought in his whole lifetime. So you see my surroundings have not been such as they should and ought to have been.'

Shortly after my father came of age he visited Boston, and spent some time in other parts of the State of Massachusetts. He then returned to Maine, and emigrated still further east. He married my mother at Blanchard about sixty-three years ago. At that time my father was twenty-four and my mother twenty-three, and I was born on February 5th, 1840. My first recollections were a little farm with a little house and a big barn, completely surrounded by great forest trees. At that time the early settlers used to cut down the trees, and burn them, and then sow wheat and plant potatoes between their stumps; and on account of the great richness of the soil, very large crops were obtained.

The inhabitants of the State of Maine are, and always have been, very susceptible of irregular religious influences, and in 1843 there came a peculiar kind of religious craze which would be quite as hard to account for as the Tulip Craze in Holland. I speak of this because the whole subsequent history of our family was modified by it. The Millerites claimed that by a careful search of the Scriptures they had ascertained the exact moment when the world would be destroyed by fire. My father was a firm believer, and had satisfied himself that no mistake had been made.

He neglected his work, and allowed other people to get possession of his property, while he got everything ready for his ascent; but my mother, on the other hand, ridiculed the whole idea. She had two children at the time, and,

while my father was preaching Millerism, my mother was taking care of the children.

The eventful morning came at last, and all the 'saints' assembled at Gilman's Corners, in Sangerville, many of the ladies in their 'ascension robes.' Moses Gilman, at that time, had a little shop, where he sold groceries, calico, and so forth, and, as the roof was being repaired, a ladder had been left standing. One of the feminine saints, who had on an elaborate ascension robe, commenced her ascent by ascending the ladder, and, at the instant that the world was supposed to come to an end, she sprang off the roof into the air, but, instead of ascending, she fell into a deep snow-drift, which was sufficiently cold to cool her religious enthusiasm, and it was said that she never had another attack. As may well be supposed, the whole thing collapsed, and my father had to go to work again, a very much poorer, but a wiser man.

He was, however, a clever mechanician, and when I was six years old we left our little farm in the woods, and settled where there were saw-mills and other machinery for cutting up lumber. My father established works where he did wood-turning, and I learnt to turn wood before I was intrusted with a pointed knife.

At the time we lived on the little farm I remember distinctly how the wild animals used to come out and chase the sheep and the pigs, especially in the spring, when the bears were said to be very hungry. I remember that the woods were infested with lynx, and that the streams abounded in fish, and I learned very early to use a gun and a fishing-rod.

It was no uncommon thing to meet wild animals even

in the villages at night. My grandfather, Levi Stevens, used to pay his taxes by catching bears and selling their skins, and I remember one old man, called Hunter Ellis, who, at the time I left Maine, had killed over ninety bears. He said he should kill a hundred, and then die happy.

At the time we lived in Maine the schoolhouse was the great institution. Every little village had its schoolhouse. All the social life, and all meetings, religious and secular, centred at the schoolhouse; in fact it was the first substantial building to be erected, and the one around which everything else clustered. The children went to school at four years of age, and the boys continued, summer and winter, until they were about fourteen. Then they worked in the summer and went to school in the winter only, until they were twenty-one, while the girls attended continuously until they were married or were twenty-one.

School was, indeed, a great institution in Maine in those days, and I remember that when I left the State and settled elsewhere, how surprised I was at the comparative ignorance of the common people. I expected that the facilities for learning in the larger towns would be so much greater than they were in the State of Maine that the people would be infinitely more intelligent, but, as a matter of fact, I found that the learning of the townspeople was in many ways extremely superficial.

During my boyhood, my attempts at mechanics were very highly prized by the neighbours, and looked upon as curiosities. I was particularly expert in making cross-bows, bows and arrows, and various little guns for shooting peas.

I remember the few books that we had. One day my father brought home Comstock's *Natural Philosophy*. It



Elliott and Fry

HIRAM MAXIM

appeared to me that this was the greatest book that had ever been written, and I stuck to it day and night until I had mastered its contents. I was particularly interested in that part which related to astronomy as applied to the navigation of ships, and I at once resolved that I would be a sea-captain at all costs. My thoughts were all of the sea and of ships. I used to dream of the sea, and of the ships that up to that time I had only seen in pictures, and in order to be quite ready for the position which I expected to occupy, I began to make myself some nautical instruments.

The first attempt was an instrument for ascertaining latitude. It was a kind of a sextant, carefully made of wood, and provided with sights and a piece of thread, to which a bullet was attached. While I held the instrument in my hand one dark night and sighted it to the North Star, my sister Lucy examined the position of the thread, and declared that it marked 45. We had ascertained that we were living at 45° north latitude. An examination proved our observations correct, which was very gratifying to us at the time.

At the age of fourteen, I had become a very big and strong boy, and my father put me out as an apprentice to learn the carriage-making business. This was at East Corinth. The place was a very hard one, and the food and manner of living very rough indeed. I stood it for about six months, and then ran away in the autumn. I went to school all that winter at Sangerville village, and the next spring I entered the service of Daniel D. Flynt, of Abbot, Maine, who at that time had a carriage factory, which was equipped very much better than a great many European factories are to-day. Mr. Flynt made the greater part of

the machinery in his works himself, and it was certainly very creditable to him. There were many things he did at that time, and systems which he established, that were infinitely better than those which obtain in many shops to-day.

All inhabitants in that part of the country were descendants of Puritans, who had either come from Massachusetts or from New Hampshire. They might be considered a distillation of a distillation. Where the early Puritans in Massachusetts had been the cleverest and hardiest of Englishmen, they were still more intensified by the rigours of the climate in which they lived, and the difficulties in obtaining sufficient food. This killed off the weaker ones, and we had a still tougher lot of Englishmen, and the most adventurous of these emigrated to the State of Maine, where again the weaklings died off, leaving a race of people who, as natural machines, could work up to a higher efficiency than any flesh and blood ever developed before or since.

At Flynt's place, notwithstanding that the hours were long and the pace terrific, I was able to occupy the front rank, and it was very gratifying to me in after years, when I visited Maine in company with my wife, to hear Mr. Flynt say in my presence that I was not only the best workman he had ever had on his premises, but that I could do more work in a day than any one he had ever known. But what pleased me even more was his assertion in regard to my conduct. He said my deportment was perfect, that I had lived in his house four years, and he had never known a boy whose conduct was so faultless. I mention this because I believe that well-behaved boys stand the best chance of getting on in the world.

At Mr. Flynt's works the whole carriage was made, from beginning to end, and at that time both carriages and sleighs were decorated with landscapes, bunches of flowers, scrolls and stripes. I took a great interest in this, and also made a study of drawing, and I had not been long in the place before I did all the decorative painting. At eighteen I determined to make myself a tricycle, but the only time I could work on it was on Sundays or holidays, or perhaps an hour or so on Saturday afternoons after five o'clock. It took a long time to make, but in the end it was finished, and it is now known that this particular tricycle was the first one ever made on the American continent in which the weight of the carriage was suspended by the tension of the spokes on the top side of the hub instead of being supported by the thrust on the bottom side of it.

When my apprenticeship was finished, I left Abbot—and my tricycle. Shortly after this, it frightened a horse, the owner of which attempted to destroy it. It was, however, extremely tough, and he only succeeded after many efforts in breaking one wheel.

At Abbot I lived at Mr. Flynt's house during part of the spring, the whole of the summer, and part of the autumn. The rest of the time I lived at home, and went to school in the winter. My father had a wood-turnery at Abbot, and also a grist-mill with three run of stones. He used to attend the mill in the daytime, and occasionally at night; sometimes I had to attend at night instead.

My principal work was to grind fodder. This would arrive about eight or nine o'clock at night, and would have to be delivered the next morning. The run of stones that I attended ground a bushel a minute. The bags of grain

had to be handled with great rapidity, and as the meal, though more bulky than the grain, had to be hammered back into the bags that the grain came out of, it was rather a lively job, very much like a foot-race. However, during that winter I never was absent one minute from school, and I never was idle one minute out of school. I have often thought that this last winter in a grist-mill did more to develop the size of my shoulders and the muscles in my back and arms than anything I ever did in my life. The following spring I looked more like an acrobat than a mechanic.

Having served my time in Abbot, I went to Dexter, a larger town, where I soon became foreman.

My next work was in a threshing-machine factory in Northern New York, and finally, at about the second year of the war, I found myself in Fitchburg, Mass., where I had obtained a situation in the engineering works of my uncle, Levi Stevens, who at that time was building gas-machines.

I had not been long in the factory before I could do more work than any other man save one, and that one was a Scotch-Canadian, by name Sam Lawson, who is now in business in New York City.

It must be remembered that in these early days the workmen, instead of attempting to see how many hours could be put in on a job, or how long a job could be made to last, as is the case in England nowadays, tried their utmost to beat the record, and the record was consequently not easy to beat.

When I left the employ of my uncle, I entered the service of Oliver P. Drake, of Boston, who was one of the finest gentlemen and cleverest mechanicians I ever met.

From Boston, I went to New York, where I received very high pay as a draughtsman. I lived economically, and laid up money, but in the meantime my father had been taken ill, and was unable to work. The family being very large and I being the eldest, it became necessary for me to put my shoulder to the wheel, and to assist them, which I did. But notwithstanding this, I succeeded in putting a considerable sum of money in the bank. It was the first time in my life that I had had a bank-account, and I felt very proud, for each dollar represented a good deal of work done.

It was at this time that I received a letter from my father, in which he had much to say of the advantages of purchasing a certain house and little farm for the family. I did not hesitate. I drew every penny of my savings from the bank; it was just sufficient to purchase the place, and I do not think I ever felt so happy in my life as I did at that time.

It was whilst I was working on electricity that I conceived the idea of making a gun which would load and fire itself by energy derived from the burning powder. This gun has become a great success; but as it has been so extensively commented upon and described in the public press, I think it would be superfluous for me to enter into any details regarding what may be considered my principal invention.

I was appointed a kind of utility man—drama, of course, included—at the fabulous salary of £5 a week. I never got one farthing of this, and I ended by lending my proprietor £25 out of my modest War Office salary, with which he promptly levanted. The name of that journal, in the interests of the age in which we live, ought to be recorded; it was called the *Victoria Press*.

But my first real and actual work as a dramatic critic began in 1863. Tom Hood told me in Pall Mall one morning that Foard was going to retire from the *Sunday Times*. My old friend James Foard, of Manchester, is alive and well now, and I saw him recently in the best of health. Up I started at this intelligence. They called me at the War Office in those days 'The Kitten,' and Tom Hood at once caricatured me as a sober old cat, sitting and purring in the stalls, with an opera-glass and a playbill. It created roars of laughter. I wish Louis Wain would reproduce the picture now.

The *Sunday Times* in those days belonged to an elderly and rather pompous gentleman named Seale, who kept a bank in Leicester Square. By a side wind I heard he was amenable to flattery—as indeed we all are—and an ardent Freemason. So I set to work to capture my Seale.

My father was a very celebrated journalist on the old *Morning Chronicle* and afterwards the *Saturday Review*, and had, of course, many influential friends of high degree. I tapped them all for testimonials. I am not sure that one did not come from our present Prime Minister, then Lord Robert Cecil. All these golden testimonials I poured into Seale's bank, and I suppose he thought he had landed a likely fish.

Amongst them was one from a very celebrated Freemason who adorned his letter with various cabalistic signs which I did not understand. I think the Freemason's letter must have done the trick, for I was sent for to Seale's bank and formally presented with the post of dramatic critic to the *Sunday Times* at the salary of £2 a week. I nearly stood on my head with delight. My first duty was to attend at Cremorne Gardens to see a tournament.

I promptly took down Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, and studied my subject with all its apparent reality, its colour, its life, and its technical terms. The readers of the *Sunday Times* had apparently forgotten or neglected their *Ivanhoe*, and the excellent Mr. Seale, when he had studied my tournament article, confided to some of his friends that he had discovered a Leigh Hunt and an Oxenford in disguise.

I worked on bravely with the *Sunday Times*—worked like a young nigger. I went religiously all through the Stella Colas and Walter Montgomery period at the Princess's. How well I remember those days in the top-floor printing-office behind Exeter Hall! I had to do every theatre and music-hall. An excellent fellow, Cockrell, was my sub-editor, and as no human being could go to every minor theatre, even then, all over London, alone and unassisted for £2 a week, I called in the services of the foreman printer—one of the best men in the world, his name was Crane—who, for a small salary and the *Sunday Times* card, did the 'minors' for me, and sent them when done for my revision and correction on slips of yellow paper; and these I had to translate into English suitable to the *Sunday Times*.

Animosities and jealousies began at that early date. I was young, energetic, and enthusiastic. I wanted to encourage free trade in dramatic art, to welcome to London the best artists in the world. The old school of actors did not like my independence. They kicked at it and at me. I had all the Chattertons, Vinings, and Kinlochs on my back. The stage for the first time rebelled against a critic. Its professors combined to ruin an independent lad. They did it again thirty years after when the lad was a man.

During one holiday I went to Rome, and came back a Catholic. And when I returned, to put it vulgarly, I got the sack. The gentleman I had asked to do my work when in Rome had independent views, also, on the subject of the drama. He, like me, was somewhat violent and arbitrary in his methods. His name is W. S. Gilbert, but he meant well. I returned with no more two pounds a week paid regularly in arrear. I was an outcast. Dear old Joe Knight, like the gentleman that he is, called on me in Pall Mall, and with chivalry and courtesy explained why he had taken my place. It was not his fault, it was mine; but I had to go.

Then began a wild and wandering career. I wrote for the *Era*, and went up to entertainments, amateur and otherwise, all over London. I was never at rest, and determined I would not give in. At last the case became desperate, for I pined more than ever for regular work. I was ever on the alert; my ears were ever open. I heard through a dear friend that the *Weekly Dispatch* had been purchased by a wealthy solicitor, one Baker, who lived in Russell Square. With supreme audacity, I asked if he

would see me. He did more—he asked me to dinner. Never shall I forget that day or hour. He knew very little of the drama and cared less. Over a bottle of splendid port wine—think of it, Sedley in Russell Square, with an Amelia in the drawing-room upstairs—I poured out all the eloquence I had at command. I left that house—it is not a stone's-throw from the one in which I live now—the dramatic critic of the *Weekly Dispatch*.

Then came another fierce and violent conflict. The Chattertons, the Vinings, the Websters were on my poor back again. They wanted to break it. But my glorious editor, George Emerson, and my proprietor, George Stiff, would not allow their critic to be sand-bagged by actors or managers. They fought for me and for independence tooth and nail. The case grew desperate. They threatened to withdraw their advertisements, 'Withdraw them,' said George Emerson. They threatened to keep me out, or kick me out, of every theatre. 'Do if you dare!' said George Emerson. He was a staunch Radical (which I am not)—God bless him!

Then came along one of the best friends I ever had in the world, James Mortimer, the pioneer of freedom of speech. He sent for me to his hotel in Craven Street, Strand, said he had heard I was a good plucked one, and asked me to be the dramatic critic of the *London Figaro*. I was the first 'Almaviva.'

Then the fight began in grim earnest. The fur and feathers began to fly. Once again came the Chattertons, the Websters, the Vinings, *et hoc genus omne*. Once more they swore to ruin me and smash me out. 'Go on!' said

James Mortimer. 'Come back!' said my cautious friends. Actions for libel, actions for defamation rained down like hailstones. All I did was done in the direct interests of dramatic art. But they would not have it. James Mortimer defended action after action, all brought on by me! He was hissed and execrated in every London theatre, all through me! I went into the football scrimmage. He stood back and defended the goal, and a better goalkeeper never existed in this world.

Actor-managers had to take a back seat in those days, when we were fighting for the advancement and the beauty and the dignity of dramatic art. Society was beginning to take up the actor and actress. Why? Because it was being lifted to dignity and importance. Actors and artists came from France, from Germany, from Italy, from Holland, and from that great America, that is producing the best actors and actresses in the world. The art so long sleeping began to bound into life. But it was a desperate fight in those early days against obstinate conservatism, pride, and prejudice. And it was a fight carried on by a desperate young man, assisted by loyal comrades and forceful employers.

At last came a very important night in my career. I was on the *Weekly Dispatch* and the *London Figaro* also. Emerson was fighting for me; so was James Mortimer, like trumps as they were and are. I had been to see a very important play one Saturday night. I had done my work. I was dead tired. I was smoking a pipe at the Arundel Club amongst the best companions a youngster ever had. In rushed Edward Dicey—now C.B.—who was editing the *Observer*. He had come in search not of a

C.B. then, but a C.S. At once he buttonholed me. He had come to ask a favour—a great personal favour. His own dramatic critic had not turned up. It was long after the days of 'Joe Langford.' They had not a word ready for the morning's issue; would I come round to the office—then in the Strand, next to the Strand Theatre—and write a few lines?

'Of course!' said I.

But I did not write a few lines. I saw my opportunity, and grasped it. It was very late; but the *Observer* in those days went to press very late. I sat down and wrote about a column and a half at lightning speed, and it was printed with success on Sunday morning.

I never knew what became of the then dramatic critic of the *Observer*. I never asked. But on the following Monday morning, Edward Dicey, C.B., sent for C.S., and appointed him there and then dramatic critic of the *Observer*.

This was my great chance. I came prominently into notice as dramatic writer of an important paper. Away I went at it again, hammer and tongs, fighting for the dramatic profession that I loved, and that contained most of my best friends. The 'notices,' as they were called, had been getting a little flat and flabby. There was little energy in this department of daily journalism. For the most part—with the vigorous exception of John Hollingshead, of the *Daily News*—the reviews of new plays dribbled out sometimes one, two, or three days after the production of the play, and they were written in a somewhat formal and pedantic style.

The editor and chief proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*

—the best friend a young and ambitious man ever had, staunch, loyal, true—Mr. J. M. Levy had noticed my work in the *Observer*. It rather attracted him, and he, I dare say, said: 'Here is a young, wild colt, who, if properly trained, will turn into a useful horse.' So he sent for me, treated me with the kindness and affection of a father, and asked if I would be the understudy or 'devil' to E. L. Blanchard, who had been the dramatic critic for many years, and who knew more about the stage than any man living, being the son of a very famous actor. I consented to go; Blanchard willingly accepted me. He gave me his hand and he never took it back. All the best encouragement in this part of my struggling life came from Mr. J. M. Levy and E. L. Blanchard. The one was taunted with encouraging a madman; the other with helping a foolish enthusiast. But they did encourage me and did help me. I worked under Blanchard for many delightful years. I stood over the good fellow's grave as I did over that of J. M. Levy—not, I assure you, without deep emotion.

For thirty years, or very close upon it—for I started in 1871 on the dear old *D.T.*—I was connected with this mighty paper, not only as dramatic critic, but as a descriptive writer of races, cricket matches, regattas, royal marriages, royal funerals, and, I suppose, I have described nearly every watering-place and country nook, from the Land's End to Blackpool, from Tenby to Poppy Land, in fact, all over the United Kingdom, to say nothing of pictures of the world—Egypt, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, and America! And now I think it time to sit down by that last milestone and pull out my pipe, and dust my boots, and wipe my brow, and realise the truth of that beautiful saying that was im-

pressed on me when I was ten years old, 'Take courage and endure.'

Now it is all over, I am convinced that I have done what I should have done years ago. The old life is dead; a new life seems opening to me. I go gladly to meet it! Whatever my faults or failings may be, I think I have carried out that first hint suggested to me by a literary father, *Do your best.* No man can do more. Can he?

RIGHT HON.
SIR EDWARD BALDWIN-MALET, G.C.B.

I WAS born in the year 1837 at the Hague, where my father, who was in the Diplomatic Service, occupied the pleasant post of Secretary of Legation. Four years previously he had married Miss Spalding, the step-daughter of Lord Brougham, who was at that time Lord Chancellor of England, and in the zenith of his popularity on account of the passing of the Reform Bill.

The first six years of my life were spent at the Hague, but my recollections of it have faded, and nothing remains but a memory of canals, avenues of trees, and the beach at Schevening, and the only incidents that stand out are visits to the play.

My first pantomime was the first epoch of my life. I still tingle with delight at the recollection of seeing the clown fishing in a tub, which was suddenly caught up to the flies, when the bottom came out, and clown and pantaloon were precipitated into the water below and caused a tremendous splash. I was also taken to the Opera, and saw *William Tell*. I can remember the awe with which I gazed at the *salle*, with its glittering tiers and crowds of well-dressed people, but my eye was caught by a loved face in the upper gallery opposite to me, where my nurse had been provided with a seat. To the con-

sternation of my parents my clear young voice suddenly rang out across the house: 'Rachel! Rachel!' I cried, and clapped my hands in delight.

About the same year, when on a visit to Paris, I was taken to the Grand Opera to see a ballet called *La Fille du Diable*, but when the little devils came on I cried with terror, and had to be taken home. Nevertheless, the theatre was always my favourite pastime. I saved up my pocket-money and bought a little toy theatre of my own. By the time I was eight I had learnt to draw my own figures and paint my own scenery, and I next proceeded to write my own plays, surmounting every difficulty except that of obtaining an audience. There I was beaten.

At Paris I was taken to see the second funeral of the great Napoleon. I think it was in the year 1840. Later on I was present at the funerals of the other two great military commanders of the century, the Duke of Wellington and Field-Marshal Moltke. No one living has, I think, seen so many striking funerals as I have. In addition to the preceding, I attended those of the Archbishop of Paris, shot in the Commune, King Victor Emanuel, Pope Pius the Ninth, the last reigning Duke of Brunswick, the unhappy King Louis of Bavaria, the great Emperor William, and the Emperor Frederick the Good.

When we came over to England during my childhood we used to live at No. 4 Grafton Street, the residence of Lord Brougham, of whom I stood in great dread. I was always made to go into his study to say good-morning to him. It was a short ceremony, equally disagreeable apparently to both of us, for I, advancing in a tremor to where he sat alone at breakfast, would say 'Good

morning,' and he invariably replied 'Good morning, that will do, go away'; and I trotted out.

At ten I went to school, first to Dr. Burnays' at Elstree Hill, to prepare for Harrow, whither my brother, two years my senior, had already been sent, but where he had a fight with a bigger boy than himself, in which he was nearly killed. My parents blamed the discipline of a school which rendered such an incident possible, took him away, and sent him to Eton. I was thereupon removed from the care of Dr. Burnays, and went to Mr. Westmacott's at Feltham, who prepared me for Eton. There I was very happy, and my affection for my master gained me later on my first flogging.

It came about in this way. It was my first half at Eton, and a boy who had been with me at Feltham proposed to me to shirk church one Saturday afternoon, to which I readily assented, as he explained that the prepositor in chapel would mark us in, and we resolved to go to our old school and pay Mr. Westmacott a visit. We did so, and were as jolly as sand-boys, but retribution came on Monday morning; an unforeseen incident had upset all our calculations. As luck would have it, my companion's tutor, Mr. Joynes, was 'in desk' in chapel, and perceived that his pupil was not in his place. So on Sunday morning he sent for him, and my fellow-culprit avowed to me with contrition that he had confessed everything, and had told his tutor that I had been with him, and ended with the melancholy information that his tutor intended 'to complain of us.' This is the euphemistic term for sending in our names to the headmaster to be flogged.

We sat side by side on a bench in the upper school, and

presently the prepositor came towards us with the dreaded bill in his hand, on which are inscribed the names of the young victims of the morning's birch. 'You are to stay,' he said, and passed on. Ten minutes later we were in the awful presence. My companion asked for 'first fault.' 'Certainly not,' said Dr. Hawtrey; 'you not only shirked chapel yourself, but you induced the prepositor to mark you in, and you got a boy who is in his first half to go with you. It is a most grievous offence,' and he gave him eight cuts with the good birch-rod. Then other names were called. I came last. The Doctor looked at me. Thinking, after what he had just said, that it would be quite useless to plead 'first fault,' I said nothing, but gently knelt down on the block, and, to my surprise, received but three half-hearted cuts.

In the afternoon Mr. Joynes sent for me. 'Malet,' said he, 'I hear you were flogged this morning. Who complained of you?' 'You did, sir,' I replied. 'Certainly not; I did nothing of the kind. I learnt your name by cross-questioning my pupil, but it would not have been fair of me to take advantage of that. I am afraid you have been flogged by mistake. Never mind, I will intercede with Dr. Hawtrey to give you "first fault" next time.'

I was often flogged afterwards, for floggings in those days were of very little account, and sometimes my tutor, the Rev. W. J. Cookesley, would have his whole house flogged for making a row at night. It was true we were a small house, not over sixteen. Sometimes we collected together in the biggest bedroom and did the 'Bounding Brothers.' The noise became terrific. Then in came my tutor furious. 'Boys,' he said, 'this is infamous! You

know that I never come round the rooms at night because I trust to your honour to behave like gentlemen, and this is the way you reward my confidence. I shall complain of every one of you.' And he did. We loved him dearly, but he was the most eccentric of men.

Frank Burnand, the present editor of *Punch*, was in the same house, and I acted in the first piece of his that was ever performed, a roaring farce, called, if I remember rightly, *St. Valentine's Day*.

I have mentioned that I was present at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. It was in 1852. Lord Douro sent my brother and me three tickets for the ceremony in the Cathedral, and to ensure our being allowed to go, we thought it would be advisable to offer the third ticket to our tutor. He was delighted, and took us up to town with him on the previous day. He was clad in decorous black, with swallow-tails and a white tie. We alighted from the train at Vauxhall, and on arriving at the bridge where there was a toll of a penny levied at the further end, he suddenly turned round upon us, being himself slightly ahead, and cried, 'Now, boys, whoever arrives at the other end last shall pay for the lot.' Then, before we really had taken in what we were to do, he took off his hat, caught hold of his coat-tails, and flew along the bridge, crowded with foot-passengers, as hard as his legs could carry him, arriving an easy first at the toll-gate.

The ceremony at the Cathedral left one out-of-the-way impression upon me. The simultaneous turning over of the leaves of the specially printed funeral service by the vast numbers of people under the dome sounded like a sharp and sudden fall of a rain.

To show the pitfalls which Fate digs for even the most prudent boy when he is doing wrong, I will relate what happened to me at Wiesbaden when I was about fourteen. The gambling-rooms were flourishing there at that time, but printed regulations forbade any but adults from playing. Nothing, however, prevented one from looking on. The crowd round the roulette-table was always two deep or more. Led on, perhaps, by finding that no notice was taken of me, I one day ventured to try luck on my own account.

It was a hot summer afternoon, and I had on a pair of white linen trousers with one florin stowed away in the pocket. There was a sleepy feeling on every one. The ball went round lazily, the croupiers were nodding in their seats. I thought I might venture to shove my florin on to the nearest spot of the green cloth without being detected if I stood well concealed behind a fat old lady who was sleepily pricking a card in front of me. On went the florin, staked on the middle twelve. Round went the ball lazily. I could hear my heart beat. Remember that that florin was all I had in the world, and that I knew very keenly that I was doing wrong. The ball dropped into eighteen, and I picked up my stake and two florins besides. Then I waited, and seeing that no one interfered with me or even looked at me I tried again—and won again. I continued with almost unvarying success, until fate overwhelmed me with an avalanche of catastrophe.

I must explain that all my winnings came in florins, and the natural course was to ask the croupier to change them for gold as they accumulated. I could not do this for ear of detection, so I dropped all the florins into the

pocket of my linen trousers. It must at least have contained sixty or seventy pieces. Suddenly the pocket gave way, and the florins fell down my leg with a crash to the ground, and rolled in every direction. Never shall I forget that awful moment. The game had to be stopped, every one was cleared away from the table while the servants of the casino groped beneath it on their hands and knees to collect the coins; and I—but I will not pursue the subject further. I prefer to drop the curtain on that awful tableau.

My father and mother had but two sons; my brother was always destined for the army and I for the diplomatic service. He began work by going out to the Crimea as an officer in the Grenadier Guards, and Lord Clarendon gave me an appointment as attaché to the Legation at Frankfort, where my father held the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. It was easier to get into the service in those days than it is now, as there were no examinations. The fiat of the Secretary of State went forth, and I found myself a full-blown attaché on my sixteenth birthday. I was anxious at the thought of my English education coming to a final close at so early an age, and I besought my father to allow me to go to Oxford.

I urged that if I was hereafter to represent my country efficiently, I could only do so if the imprimatur of English ways of thinking and habit of life were more clearly stamped upon me. There were great difficulties. I had to insist. It was my first 'battle of life,' and I have always been grateful that I fought it.

I was for nearly two years at Oxford, and though I fear that they did no credit to my college, they did me infinite

good. I gained no honours, I took no degree, but the result of passing the two most impressionable years of youth in the midst of healthy surroundings and honourable emulation in all that was good and straight was of lasting service to me.

I stepped back into my profession with the cares of manhood before me. 'The days of my youth' had come to a close.

J. NEVIL MASKELYNE

I WAS born at Cheltenham in 1839. The subtle aid of mathematics will reveal the fact that I was sixty years of age last Christmas, and for about forty years of that period I have been more or less before the public.

At an early age I displayed a natural aptitude for mechanical pursuits. That may be taken to mean that I had a taste for filing and scraping. I was fond of making things, and of inventing things; and a boy naturally likes to do what he likes. The boy who has no taste for mechanics can never become a mechanician; and a boy who has such a taste can never become anything else.

The study of mechanism is one of those pernicious things whose influence undermines the will, and renders its victim the slave to an all-absorbing passion. So it was with me. From wanting to 'see the wheels go round,' I passed, by natural transition, to wanting to make them go round. At this distant date I can look back with pity upon a family of seven sisters, afflicted by the untutored efforts of a mechanically-minded brother. Over these harrowing details, however, I will draw a veil.

Speaking of my boyhood, there are two incidents which stand out vividly in my recollection. Firstly, the fact of my having been drowned. Secondly, my visit to the 1851 Exhibition. Whether or not the former experience

is an enviable one I cannot say. At any rate, I am one of the few who, having passed through the Valley of the Shadow, have returned.

Bathing in a canal, I was carried out of my depth, and after the usual period of struggling, I was drowned. Saving my subsequent resuscitation, I was, to all intents and purposes, dead. I am painfully aware of the fact that there are some persons in the world who would rather I had remained so; but it was not to be. So far as my experience goes, drowning is by no means an unpleasant death. After the first few seconds, it is quite painless. One has not much time for reflection or introspection; and I am compelled to admit the unpoetical truth that all the past events of my life did *not* crowd through my memory in those few moments.

One thing, however, did appear to my mental vision, as plainly as though it were actually before my eyes. That was the form of my mother, engaged upon her household duties. Upon returning home, I was utterly astonished to find that she had been as conscious of my danger as I had been of the occupation in which she was engaged, at the moment when I was so near death. There are, of course, innumerable records of such occurrences, in which a mutual influence appears to be exercised between mind and mind. Whether or not it may be possible to establish any physical law bearing upon the subject, I cannot say. But, to me, this mental action during times of stress and danger, call it 'telepathy' or what you will, is bound to remain an undisputable fact, which no amount of reasoning can explain away.

The principle event of my boyhood, however, un-

doubtedly occurred when my father took me to the 1851 Exhibition. It was there I saw the 'Piping Bullfinch' for the first time. It was difficult to get near this exhibit, the throng of people constantly around it was so great. But if I found it difficult to approach, I found it still more difficult to leave. To me, it was the Exhibition. I had no eyes for anything else. The delight of seeing the miniature bird emerge from its hiding-place, and sing with all the life and movement of Nature's handiwork, was inexhaustible. I firmly believe it was that which first aroused within me a taste for all that is fine and delicate in mechanism. Since then the one thing of all others which has had the greatest fascination for me is a mechanical problem, doing anything in mechanism which has puzzled others, overcoming some mechanical difficulty, producing some mechanical effect which appears impossible.

This, of course, necessarily implies a liking for conjuring and natural magic. In those days there were no works on conjuring, such as Hoffmann's treatises. The few books available were, for the most part, rubbish, being intended to confuse rather than to enlighten the reader. Still, I contrived to gain some knowledge of the subject; and, at the age of sixteen, I was quite capable of giving conjuring performances, in an amateur way.

My great desire, however, was to learn watchmaking. Accordingly I was apprenticed to a watchmaker, and was happy. During business hours I worked hard at watchmaking; during my leisure I worked harder at magic. Thus, until I arrived at manhood, I was occupied in discovering the secret of success. I learnt by experience that hard work is the only path to success. Whatever merit the

world may kindly ascribe to such things as I have achieved, I can only claim one merit for myself. I have worked hard and honestly.

No doubt, sooner or later, I should have adopted magic as a profession. The matter was settled for me, however, in 1865, by the visit of the notorious 'Davenport Brothers' to Cheltenham. Those spiritualistic impostors gave *séances* at the Town Hall. Everywhere they went they made a sensation, and Cheltenham proved no exception to the rule.

Their performance, it will be remembered, was given with the aid of a cabinet; in which the brothers were secured, hand and foot, with ropes. The cabinet, in appearance, was something like a wardrobe, having three doors. In the centre door was an aperture, covered by a piece of black cloth. The brothers sat facing each other, one at either side of the cabinet. Thus the two doors, right and left, being closed, it was only by looking sideways into the cabinet that either brother could be seen. The light in the room was always dim, so that, even when the centre door was open, it was difficult to distinguish any movement within.

Although the men sat there, apparently tightly bound, no sooner was the middle door closed than hands would be thrust out through the aperture. Instruments placed within the cabinet were performed upon. Bells were rung and tambourines jingled. Then suddenly the centre door would burst open, and the instruments would come flying out into the room. Yet, upon opening the side doors, the brothers were found to be tied, just as they were previously. Not a single knot was disturbed. Numerous

effects were produced in the cabinet, all of the most startling and inexplicable character. It was an extremely clever performance.

Well, it so happened that these Davenports gave a *séance* at Cheltenham one afternoon, the windows of the Town Hall having been darkened for the occasion. I was one of the committee of investigation elected by the audience, and in that capacity I was seated at one side of the stage. Once, whilst the centre door was opening and the instruments were flying out of the cabinet, a small piece of drapery fell from the window behind me. A ray of sunlight shot into the cabinet upon Ira Davenport, whose actions thus became visible to me. There sat Ira, with one hand behind him and the other hand in the act of throwing. In an instant both hands were behind him. He gave a smart wriggle of his shoulders, and, when his bonds were examined, he was found to be thoroughly secured; the ropes, in fact, were cutting into his wrists.

But I knew the secret then. Ira's movements had taught me the trick; I knew that, with a little practice, I could do it, and I told the audience so. I said that I not only could, but would do it, and before very long. My friend Mr. Cooke agreed to assist me in the performance, and, together, we reproduced the whole of the tricks performed by the Davenports. Thus the names of Maskelyne and Cooke became associated, as they have remained ever since.

The success attending the Davenport exposure, and the numerous applications I received from persons desirous of securing a repetition of the performance, rendered it practically impossible for me to devote my attention to

anything else but magic. Through sheer force of circumstances I became a professional entertainer. The public, at the same time, by a kind of tacit understanding, saddled me with the responsibility of investigating and exposing the frauds of spirit-mediums and other impostors.

I had no wish to go out of my way to interfere with those humbugs; but the Davenport business, as it were, set a hall-mark upon my work. Whether I would or not, I was perforce obliged to become a psychical researcher, or the public would want to know the reason why. From the Davenports to Eusapia Paladino, I think no medium of any note has appeared in this country whose frauds I have not laid bare. Naturally, the spiritualists do not love me. Impostors do not like to be exposed; and dupes do not like to admit that they are duped.

Therefore the 'truth-seekers' in the paths of occultism are perpetually angry with me, because I have so frequently sought out the truth. Of course, I cannot definitely say that there is no truth in so-called occultism. I can only say I have never found any. At any rate if there be any truth in it, it is a strange thing that an ordinary individual, such as I, should be unable to discover some sign of it after all these years. Let the occultists trot out their genuine phenomena, and they will find me perfectly willing to accept them.

Exposures of this kind used to be most popular, but, for the past eight or ten years, the public has taken practically no interest in the subject. People regard it all as exploded humbug, and will have none of it.

For some years after the Davenport exposure, the

entertainment which had become my sole occupation was presented in the provinces. I was rather diffident of appearing before a London audience; feeling doubtful as to whether or not the entertainment was strong enough. Eventually, however, the experiment was made, and at the St. James's Great Hall the first representation was given on April 1st, 1873.

The entertainment achieved an immediate success, and, from that date to this, an ample measure of success has always attended it. Periods of good and bad business, of course, alternate with more or less regularity. But, averaging the whole, I think I should admit that I have been fortunate.

In the June following my first appearance in London, the entertainment took up its permanent abode at the Egyptian Hall. Almost without intermission for nearly twenty-six years I have given two performances daily at 'England's Home of Mystery.' I venture to believe that constitutes a record in the history of London amusements. It is at the Egyptian Hall that most of my work has been done, and most of my productions have seen the light.

The greatest success I have ever achieved was made with my automaton, 'Psycho.' It was the first automaton I ever constructed, and probably the best. The construction of that machine occupied me for more than two years, during the whole of which time I was giving two very trying performances every day. But whatever the day's duties may be, I have always found I could work better at night than in the morning. My rule, therefore, was to get home immediately after the evening entertain-

ment, have a cup of tea, and work until about four o'clock A.M. Then to bed until 8.30 A.M., and work again until obliged to leave for the Egyptian Hall.

Like all my other mysteries, Psycho was the subject of any number of supposed imitations. Generally speaking, these consisted of a figure, which looked like Psycho, seated upon a box, wherein a small boy was concealed. Such an imitation, for instance, was produced at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. I dare say the majority of the public failed to see the difference between the original and the imitation. Indeed, I am just now beginning to learn that a correct imitation of a mystery is anything which looks like the original to people who don't know anything about it. Following the usual course, however, this particular imitation was doomed to exposure. At Gloucester, upon one occasion, a door in the side of the apparatus flew open accidentally, and the scared face of the boy within was seen peering out in wonder as to what had happened.

Well, there are some things which a mechanician cannot stand, and an 'android' with a boy concealed inside is one of those things. I was compelled to take steps to prove that, whatever may have happened in the case of supposed imitations, the secret of my whist-player, Psycho, had never been discovered. To this end, I offered a reward of £2000 to any one who could discover the secret. That reward has not been, and I firmly believe never will be, claimed. I suppose there is no conjurer on the face of the earth who does not think he knows the secret of Psycho. But the difficulty arises when he tries to reconcile his theories with the conditions under which Psycho works. As a matter of fact, there are only two persons

in the world who know the secret. Others do not even know wherein the secret consists, or where to look for it, although it is before their eyes when the machine is open for inspection.

The reward of £2000 was extensively advertised; and in this connection an amusing thing happened on one occasion. In a certain periodical, immediately below my advertisement, there appeared a notification to the effect that a correct imitation of my automaton was to be disposed of, together with a dress-coat, suitable for a stout gentleman, for the very reasonable sum of £8! I wonder if that assortment found a purchaser?

Of all the mysteries I have produced, Psycho has always been my favourite child. He has not been exhibited for many years now, but he is not done with, by any means. Four thousand consecutive performances told upon his constitution, and he became almost a physical wreck. Therefore, his career had to be temporarily closed during extensive alterations and repairs. Various improvements in his mechanism are in course of development. When his rehabilitation is complete, I intend to re-introduce him to the public as the only genuine Mahatma in existence.

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